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Collier's

JUNE 4, 1949

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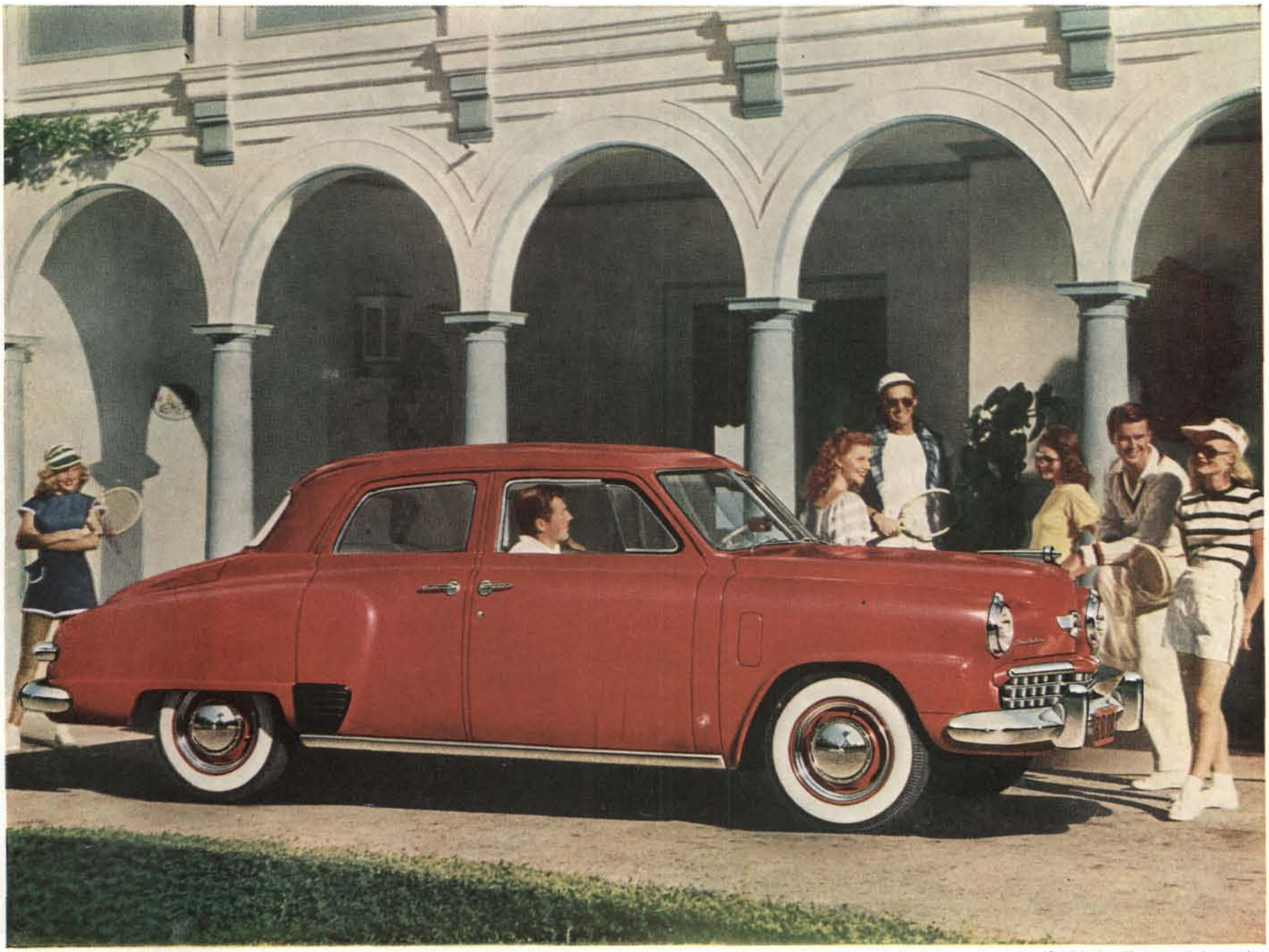

Studebaker Champion 4-door sedan

Studebaker's the '49 buy word

for out-ahead thrift as well as smart looks

WHY do you suppose smart car buyers are switching to Studebakers more and more today?

People want to save real money on their driving—that's one important reason.

Operating economy speaks out to everyone from every graceful, low-swung line of every '49 Studebaker.

You don't see a trace of gas-wasting excess poundage in a new Studebaker's dreamlined structure.

A new Studebaker's a new vision of loveliness inside and outside—an all-out thriller of a car in sparkling performance—a marvel in restful ride—easy to park—easy to maneuver in tight traffic.

No other automobile dollar buys you what a Studebaker dollar does today. Studebaker's out ahead in style—in timely new thrift—in wear-resisting craftsmanship!

White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings available on all models at extra cost

Superbly styled interiors! It's a lift to anyone's spirits just to look inside the door of a beautiful new Studebaker. Pictured here, a Commander Starlight coupe with distinctive decorator-fabric upholstery.

Gas mileage that amazes everyone! You like the way they say, "Welcome stranger!" at the gas pumps, when you drive up in a low-swung Studebaker. It's an impressively thrifty car with oil, too.

New self-adjusting brakes! A postwar Studebaker's brakes seldom require a service mechanic's attention. The brake shoes automatically adjust to "like new" efficiency as the brake lining gradually wears.

Wear-resisting master craftsmanship! Father-and-son teams and other expert craftsmen build Studebaker cars so soundly they seldom need major repairs.

© 1949 Studebaker Corp'n, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

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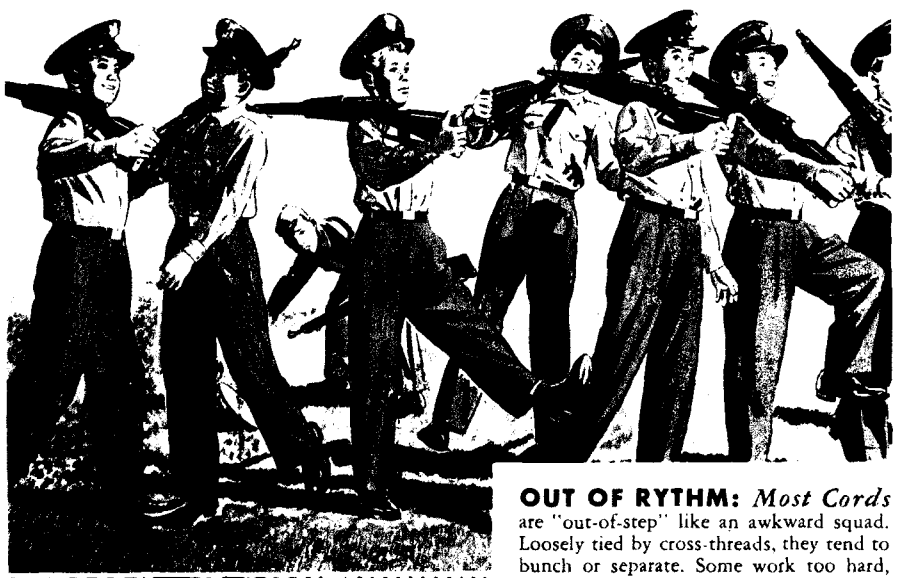
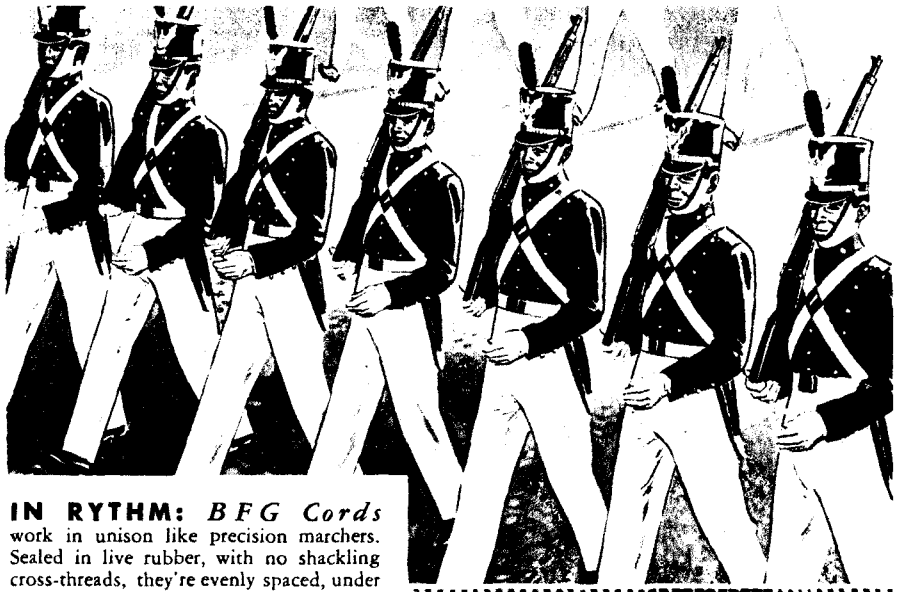
New B.F.Goodrich *"Rythm Ride"*

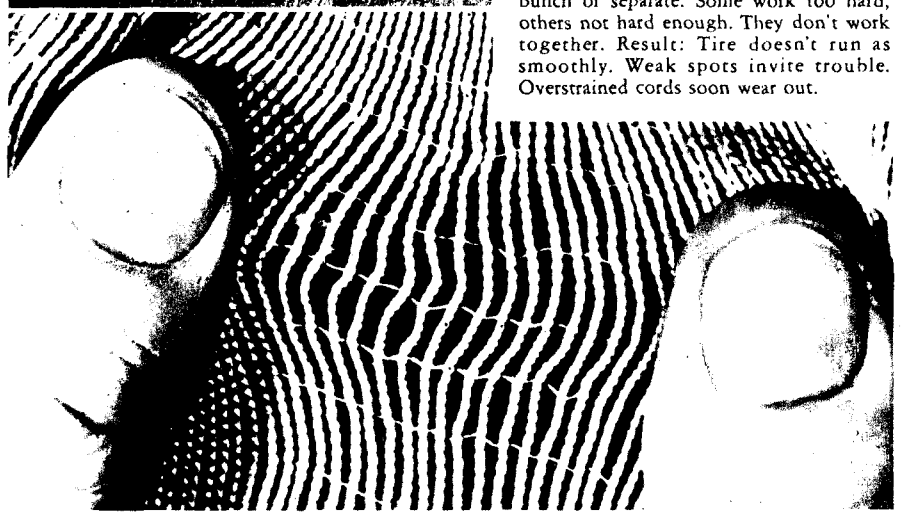
GIVES YOU GREATER COMFORT, SAFETY, MILEAGE

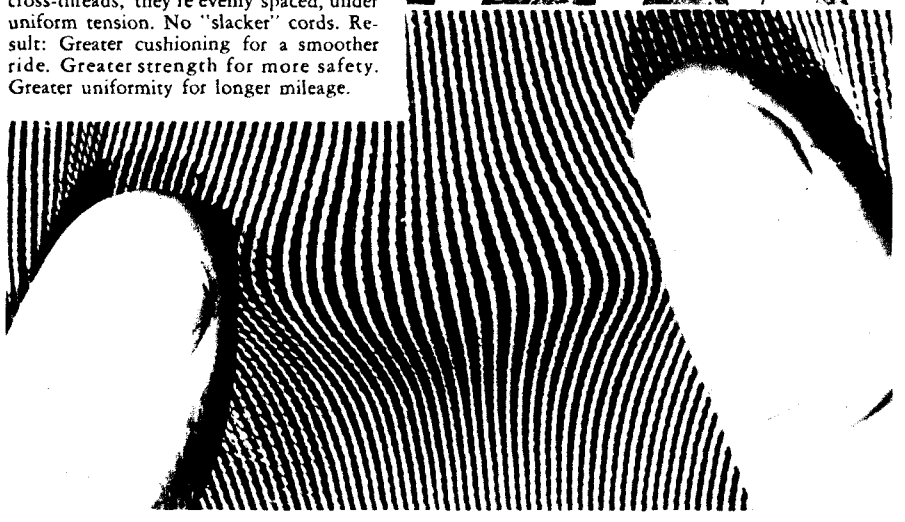


OUT OF RYTHM: *Most Cords* are "out-of-step" like an awkward squad. Loosely tied by cross-threads, they tend to bunch or separate. Some work too hard, others not hard enough. They don't work together. Result: Tire doesn't run as smoothly. Weak spots invite trouble. Overstrained cords soon wear out.



IN RYTHM: *BFG Cords* work in unison like precision marchers. Sealed in live rubber, with no shackling cross-threads, they're evenly spaced, under uniform tension. No "slacker" cords. Result: Greater cushioning for a smoother ride. Greater strength for more safety. Greater uniformity for longer mileage.





"RYTHMIC-FLEXING CORDS" MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Here it is—a basic difference in tires. A difference you can see for yourself.

It's the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown—with "*rythmic-flexing cords*" that give you a "Rythm Ride"! More *comfort*, more *safety*, more *miles!*

In every tire there are thousands of cords that flex as you ride. Comfort, safety, mileage depend a lot on how well they work together.

In *most* tires, cords are "hobbled" by cross-threads. Some are too loose, some too tight. They bunch in places, gap in others. Some carry too much strain, some loaf.

GREATER COMFORT BFG engineers have done away with cross-threads. Cords are evenly spaced under uniform tension and sealed in live rubber. As a result, BFG cords flex together in perfect rythm to give you more cushioning effect and a smoother ride.

EXTRA SAFETY Each cord carries its share. No overstrained cords to break under stress. No "slacker" cords. BFG "*rythmic-flexing cords*" take the gaff—flex right back for more.

LONGER MILEAGE *See* this basic difference in tires at your B. F. Goodrich dealer. Once you compare "*rythmic-flexing cords*" with old-type cords, you'll never want anything less than the B. F. Goodrich "Rythm Ride"! The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

P. S. COLD RUBBER ADDED FOR EVEN MORE MILES! ***Pioneered by B. F. Goodrich in 1941—the new longer-mileage cold rubber is now being added to the treads of all BFG passenger car tires.***

Only B. F. Goodrich gives you "rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every purpose

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

SPENCER TRACY
DEBORAH KERR
"EDWARD, MY SON"

in

with IAN HUNTER • LEUEEN MacGRATH
JAMES DONALD • MERVYN JOHNS
HARRIETTE JOHNS

Based on the Play by
ROBERT MORLEY AND NOEL LANGLEY
Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART
Produced by.....EDWIN H. KNOPF
Directed by.....GEORGE CUKOR

This seems to be the year for transforming great Broadway plays into greater Hollywood hits. First came M-G-M's picturization of "Command Decision". Now, "Edward, My Son", which took New York by storm as a legitimate offering, comes before us trebled in intensity and dramatic impact as another fine M-G-M film.

It is readily understandable that "Edward, My Son" should be a hit. It is the story of Arnold Boult's ruthless rise to power, how he stopped at nothing to make a life for his son. This is the story of the pitfalls that are in the path of success. The forces gather to corner him, reaching even into the little hide-away that the tabloids have come to call a "love-nest".

This amazing central figure penetrates the lives of a remarkably realistic group of characters, the beautiful wife who couldn't be bought, the family friend who secretly adored her, the partner who paid for Boult's crimes and Boult's secretary drawn irresistibly to him by his power and cunning.

Great as was Spencer Tracy's performance in "Cass Timberlane", this one is greater. As for his wife, beautiful Deborah Kerr, comes before us once again as an actress of rare talent and personality.

We also call your attention to a lovely newcomer, Leueen MacGrath, who, as Arnold Boult's secretary, combines super-efficiency with super-everything. We hope to see lots more of her. In addition, Ian Hunter, James Donald, Mervyn Johns and Harriette Johns provide astonishingly exciting performances.

From the original play which was notable, Donald Ogden Stewart has created an excellent script. The direction by George Cukor is Superb (note the capital "S"). It was produced with vigor and dramatic vision by Edwin H. Knopf.

"Edward, My Son" is the kind of film that will be discussed wherever and whenever great movies are mentioned. To miss it would be denying yourself a fascinating entertainment experience.

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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June 4, 1949

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Week's Mail

Life-Saving Article

DEAR MR. RUPPEL: An incalculable number of lives will be saved by 101 Answers to Cancer (Apr. 16th).

Terrible, also, is the certainty that many thousands of cancer sufferers will die because they cannot pay the cost of the preventive and curative treatments outlined in the article. These thousands are too poor to afford to live: Radium and surgery treatments are not available to them. They deserve to live. Congress is now spending billions of dollars to save millions from the ravages of war.

AVERY C. MOORE, Sonora, Cal.

Our Friend Irma

DEAR EDITOR: Just wanted to tell you that Kyle Crichton's nice piece about me in the Apr. 2d issue (Oh, You Beautiful Blonde!) has caused an overwhelming increase in my fan mail. Guess Mr. Crichton emphasized my generosity and my bank account too much. At least 150 people I've heard from to date could use money—much more than my friend Uncle Sam wants just once a year. One man needs $10,000 to pay off a mortgage, another wanted $6,000 to invest in a

This check is for taxes

business. A nurse would like plane fare for a vacation in New York and Bermuda. "I know from the article," she wrote, "you never write letters. So you simply can wire it directly to the air lines for me."

In order to keep enough money on hand for my taxes, I'd like your readers to know I'm not quite as dumb as My Friend Irma. I'd still like to know the person who gets my money, and enjoy seeing the results.

MARIE WILSON, Hollywood, Cal.

The Kicker

M'SIEURS: I do believe Collier's is coming out of its long coma. Forty years ago I was never without a copy of Collier's in my hand. It was a kicker in those days.

How I used to exult when it exposed patent medicines, fake stock promoters, frauds and Big Business bilkers, without fear or favor.

Later it became soft, innocuous and I withdrew my support. In a moment of absent-mindedness I glanced through a copy of April 2d issue and saw the title Our Reeking Halls of Justice. I couldn't believe my eyes. Now you're doing something, feller. We need a lot of such exposures. There's a feeble spark of life with the old carcass yet. How I love a kicker!

A. L. BARBER, Los Angeles, Cal.

Braves' New World!

GENTLEMEN: Bill Fay is far out in right field with his Baseball's Winners of 1949 (Apr. 16th).

He rates Brooklyn to beat the Braves?

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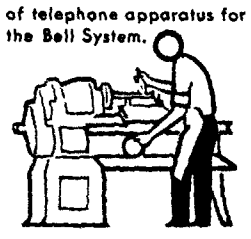
All lines lead to YOU

You may be thousands of miles from the ones you want to talk to—yet the telephone brings you together quickly, clearly. Western Electric helps to make it that way.

Our part within the Bell System is to furnish the things that make good telephone service possible. Bell scientists *design*, we *produce* and telephone company people *operate* the equipment, a triple-action with one aim—good service for you. Result: Americans have the best telephone service on earth at the lowest possible cost.

MANUFACTURER
of telephone apparatus for the Bell System.



PURCHASER
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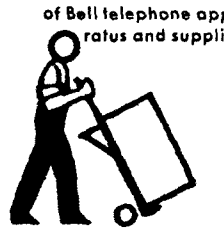
of Bell telephone apparatus and supplies.



INSTALLER
of Bell System central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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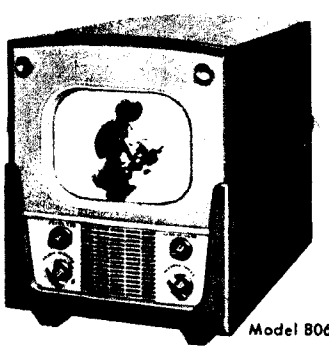
BIG PICTURE

GE TELEVISION

Save money! Save space! $239.95*

You cannot buy more television performance per dollar! This new G-E table model has unmatched features: Big 10" conventional tube. G-E Automatic Clarifier assures sharp, steady pictures. Long range—gets distant stations in fringe areas. Beautiful rosewood plastic cabinet. Model 805—above. $239.95*

*Plus tax. Installation extra. Prices slightly higher West and South —subject to change without notice.



NEW GE DAYLIGHT TELEVISION

Model 806

Here's amazing G-E Daylight Television—performance-engineered at Electronics Park. At least 80% brighter than ordinary television under the same conditions. Big 10-inch direct-view tube. Smart, mahogany-veneered cabinet. Model 806. $279.95*
Also available in blond oak—Model 807. $289.95*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

With what? The Braves will breeze again into the National League pennant this year. With Johnny Sain and Warren Spahn going good and with the fastest infield in the entire league, Braves rooters will just sit back and yawn when Brooklyn comes to town!

The Boston Red Sox will also come through on top—*if* they get the pitching.

FRED E. LANGLEY, Waltham, Mass.

. . . Bill Fay picked the Cleveland Indians to finish second. Bill is entitled to his opinion. But it's blasphemy to say Lou Boudreau's lifetime batting average is .292. It's .299 and will be over .300 by next October, Bill.

ROBERT OBOJSKI, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Ever since Collier's added Inside Sports, I have not missed a single copy.

JACK WENSINGER, Marion, Ohio

Weeks' Work

FELLAHS: Perhaps I'm mistaken but it seems this Jack Weeks hasn't gone to too much trouble checking ring rules before tossing his story Day of Glory (Mar. 19th) on your desk. Doesn't a fighter who is knocked down three times in a single round (especially during a championship show) *lose* the fight on a T.K.O.?

BRUCE W. OSTERMAN, Syracuse, N. Y.

The N. Y. State Boxing Commission says: "In New York the three-knockdown rule applies only to nonchampionship bouts. When the title is at stake the bout is not stopped, no matter how many times a fighter is dropped, unless the man, in the opinion of the referee, should not be allowed to continue."

Bradford

EDITOR COLLIER'S: I have followed Roark Bradford's Little Bee Bend ranch stories for years and it is with sorrow that I have learned of his death. I am writing to ask if there are any plans for publishing the stories in book form.

MARGARET SMITH, Portland, Ore.

Harpers will publish two collections of stories that appeared in these pages. The Green Roller this spring, Little Bee Bend in 1950.

Madras 7, India

EDITOR: Permit me to express my gratitude for the masterpiece painting of The Life of Christ (Jan. 1st) by Mr. Ayres Houghtelling. I am sure it was a new inspiration to Christians and non-Christians alike.

S. SRINI VASAN, Madras 7, India

Modest Texas

DEAR SIRS: We would like to know if Captain James Gallagher (My Hop Around the World, Apr. 16th) is trying to out-Texan us natives. On page 66 he states (we) "broke out into beautiful clear weather over east Texas, near the Mississippi River."

Texas is a mammoth state, one that requires some time to fly across even in a globe-circling B-50. At one time we claimed a huge slice of the Rocky Mountain area, but to the best of my knowledge we never have made any claim to that area east of the Sabine River. If Captain Gallagher will consult his map of the United States he will note that there is a narrow strip of lowland between the Sabine and the Mississippi that is called Louisiana.

ROBERT E. BAYLESS, Greenville, Texas

Reader Bayless, possibly thinking in terms of auto driving, is nevertheless right. Captain Gallagher was about a half hour from the Mississippi—not far, considering that it was a global flight.

Heathens Here Too!

DEAR EDITOR: Re Betty Betz's article Jap Kids Are Our Job (Apr. 9th) I suggest 5,000,000 copies of the Primers of Democracy be distributed in our own schools and a few of the same principles be applied by some of our own home-grown li'l heathens.

With approximately 300 years of American ancestors our little son, aged seven, serves his Anglo-Saxon schoolmates as the school's punching boy, because of his olive skin, dark hair and eyes, and Latin name. Several years ago in a neighboring town, Spanish-speaking people were not allowed to sit in the same pews with other worshipers.

My husband was asked (in a whisper) to leave a restaurant "because we don't serve Mexicans here." The following day he left for a POE and "fought valiantly for his country" for 18 months before a Jap sniper sent him to the hospital for 18 months. Yah, Yah, poor li'l *Jap* heathens.

C. SALAZ, Denver, Colo.

. . . Can the Japanese love and respect us if we restrict them and refuse them such a small thing as a candy bar, as Miss Betz says?

Have we forgotten Roosevelt already? "Today we seek a moral basis for peace. It cannot be a real peace if it fails to recognize brotherhood. It cannot be a sound peace if small nations must live in fear of powerful nations. . . ."

MISS JOANNE CORKLE, Frostburg, Md.

The 0-Cent John L. Lewis

MY DEAR SIR: Re your very enlightening article Stampede in Stamps (Apr. 2d), we of the national coal industry wonder about the commemorative U.S. postage stamp setup. While the 200th birthday of the great and vital coal industry has passed by four years —and 55,000 coal miners killed in the coal mines of this country in the past 30 years, 125,000 crippled and 2,000,000 injured—a plain barnyard fowl, a *chicken*, was featured on a commemorative U.S. postage stamp, last year! Whatever hatred that some might nurse against John L. Lewis—the coal industry is *not* John L. Lewis—he is only *one* person connected with it.

COAL MINER ARTIST, Eldorado, Ill.

Graziano

DEAR SIR: Orchids to Collier's for the Rocky Graziano series (Trouble Is My Middle Name, Apr. 9th–23d). As a frequent visitor at Mr. Stillman's Eight' Avenue Sock Shop, I have seen Rocky work out and heard him talk. Author Walter Bernstein and his wire recorder got the real Rock for you. The sequence where the Rock's gang play football with the boys with hard hats is one of the funniest bits of writing I've read in a long time. Congratulations!

FRANK L. HARVEY, New York, N. Y.

. . . The story of Rocky Graziano is a waste of space in my opinion. Rocky is allergic to education, work in any form, and Army life. Why anyone should be interested in the story or performance of this bum is beyond me. MRS. J. BALDWIN, Schenectady, N. Y.

. . . The series has a sock like Tony Zale's. . . . PHIL BURNEF, Newark, N. J.

Pittsburgh in Black & White

EDITOR: Re that masterpiece of color photography, Face of the U.S.A., entitled Pittsburgh, Pa. (Apr. 9th), picturing it as an allegorical inferno of smoke, flame and bulging muscles is all nonsense. People have been born, lived and died within the limits of this noisy town without having even seen a Bessemer converter in action.

Pittsburgh is this—a town of bad weather, much rowdyism, poor eating places, dirt, high rents. The barrooms and movies are always full and the libraries empty; men sacrifice whole lifetimes working for indifferent large corporations. A city of slums and also extravagantly landscaped estates, where the highest ambition is to have a job paying "big dough" and to have a well-polished automobile. Men live and die here in a way God, I am sure, never intended.

WALTER E. FORNOF, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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A FRESH BLADE IN A FLASH!

A CLEAN SHAVE IN A FLASH!

NEW! GEM PUSH-PAK
Floats Edges in Air!

- Perfect dispenser ends blade unwrapping—no cut fingers!
- Just push the arrow—blades can't jam!
- Blades won't rust. Edges can't touch—no dulling contacts!
- With 10 of those heavier Gem Blades that outlast all others—regardless of number of edges . . . **49¢**

Exclusive 'window' shows unused blades!

An A.S.R. Product

NEWLY ADJUSTED GEM RAZOR
Gives Clean-Sweep Shave!

- Wonderful how a once-over can leave your face so *clean!*
- Astonishing that a shave can be so gentle and so *fast!*
- The secret is Gem's newly adjusted blade-setting that 'finds' your best shaving angle and compels the keen Gem Blade to get whiskers at the *base*.

Shave with GEM and avoid '5 o'clock Shadow'!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try this amazing, newly adjusted one-piece Gem Razor. If it does not live up to every claim—return razor and remaining blades in original package to Gem Razors, B'klyn 1, N. Y. and your money will be refunded in full!

GEM GUARANTEES ONCE OVER...AND YOU'RE CLEAN!

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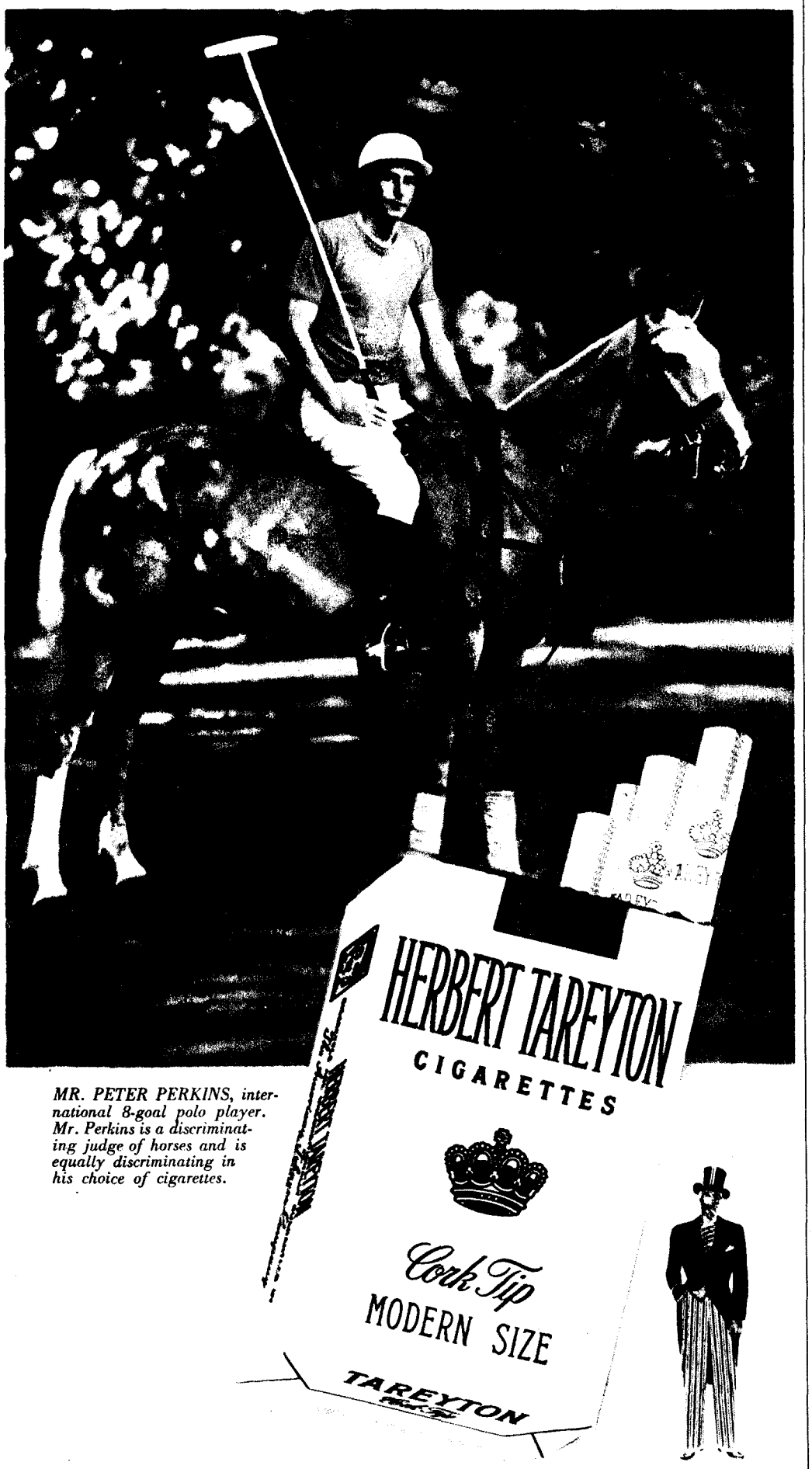
DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MR. PETER PERKINS, international 8-goal polo player. Mr. Perkins is a discriminating judge of horses and is equally discriminating in his choice of cigarettes.

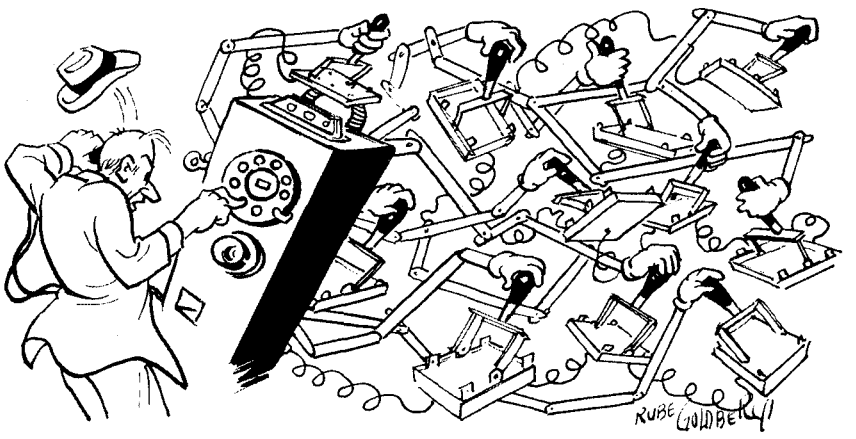
Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



During the few seconds that pass between the time a person starts to dial a local telephone number and the time he begins to hear the ringing sound, at least 1,800 electric circuits have either opened or closed.

Scores of articles in use in Vatican City were manufactured in the U.S. including, for example, most of the city's fountain pens, safety razors, typewriters and motorcars. All its telephone equipment was made in America and was installed by American workmen. The library keeps its books on shelves made in Jersey City and has them filed in accordance with the cataloguing system of the Library of Congress in Washington.

Few beauty aids were ever as clumsy and difficult as the cheek plumpers that were in vogue among the women of America and Europe about a century ago. Consisting of two hollow silver balls, placed in each side of the mouth, they rounded out flabby and wrinkled cheeks. A connecting wire, under the tongue, held them in place so the wearer could laugh, talk and eat without danger of having them slip and choke her to death.

Because they are born, spend their lives and die aboard small vessels in the Sulu Sea, the Bajaus, a tribe of Malays, are so used to the motion of their boats that, when they go ashore, walking on the steady ground makes them dizzy and "earthsick."

One of the most malicious and widely accepted falsehoods is the yarn about the Black Hole of Calcutta, the small cell in which 123 of 146 British soldiers were allegedly imprisoned and died of suffocation on the night of June 19-20, 1756. A disgruntled British army officer, who had suffered defeat at the hands of the Indians, told the tale for revenge months after the tragedy was supposed to have occurred, and the story has since been published as historical fact. Yet no mention of any such deed is found in the dispatches and articles written at the time; and the story has been definitely disproved by numerous eminent scholars. In 1902, a large volume of irrefutable facts on the subject was presented to the authorities, accompanied by a petition to have the falsehood omitted from future books. The authorities, however, replied by erecting a memorial on the site.—*By Dorothea Claus, Longmeadow, Massachusetts.*

In 18th-century Sweden a country-wide controversy arose over the possible injurious effects of tea and coffee. So the king chose twin brothers to act as guinea pigs. He released them from a prison, where they were serving life sentences, on condition that one would drink a large quantity of tea and the other a large quantity of coffee every day. Decades later the question seemed settled when the tea drinker died at the age of eighty-three from senility, and the coffee drinker died at ninety-four as the result of an accident.

Fish sometimes get their heads stuck in food containers thrown from vessels and are never able to free themselves completely. Evidently, these incidents are not uncommon, because so many fish have been found with their necks or bodies tightly encircled by such objects as rims of tin cans, hoops of barrels and rings of wire-bound boxes. Not long ago the crew of a Cape Cod trawler discovered 12 of these fish in its net in one afternoon. And a European, whose hobby is to gather and mount small specimens, has nearly 400 in his collection.

Real Scotch whisky is made only in Scotland and is usually aged from five to ten years before it is blended. But the secret of its smoothness and uniformity lies in the skill of the blender who may use as many as thirty different straight whiskies, out of the some one hundred available, to produce a particular brand.

The Chinese tell fortunes by reading the lines of the feet, believe the seat of intellect is in the stomach and consider the left side the place of honor. They also have five elements—earth, fire, water, air and ether—as well as five directions—north, south, east, west and center.

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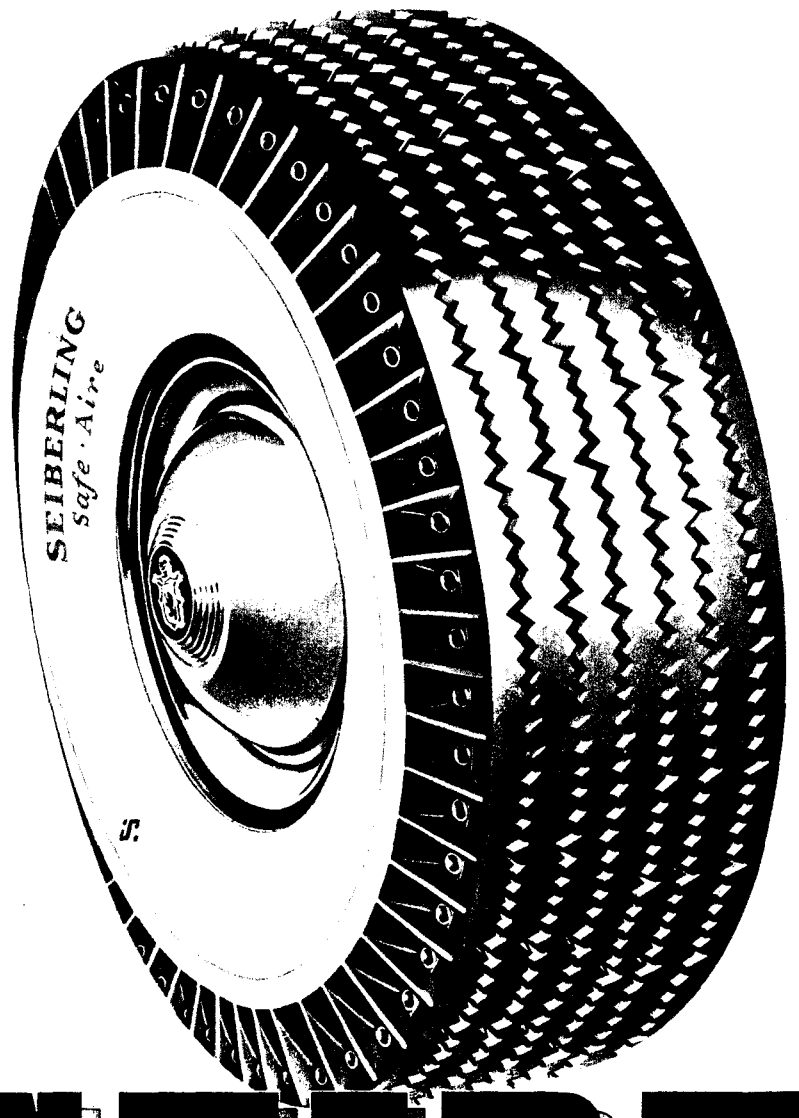

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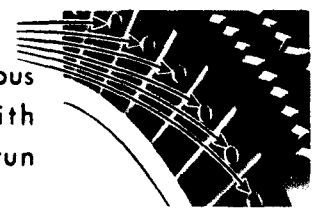

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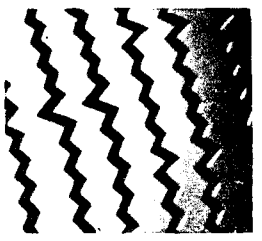

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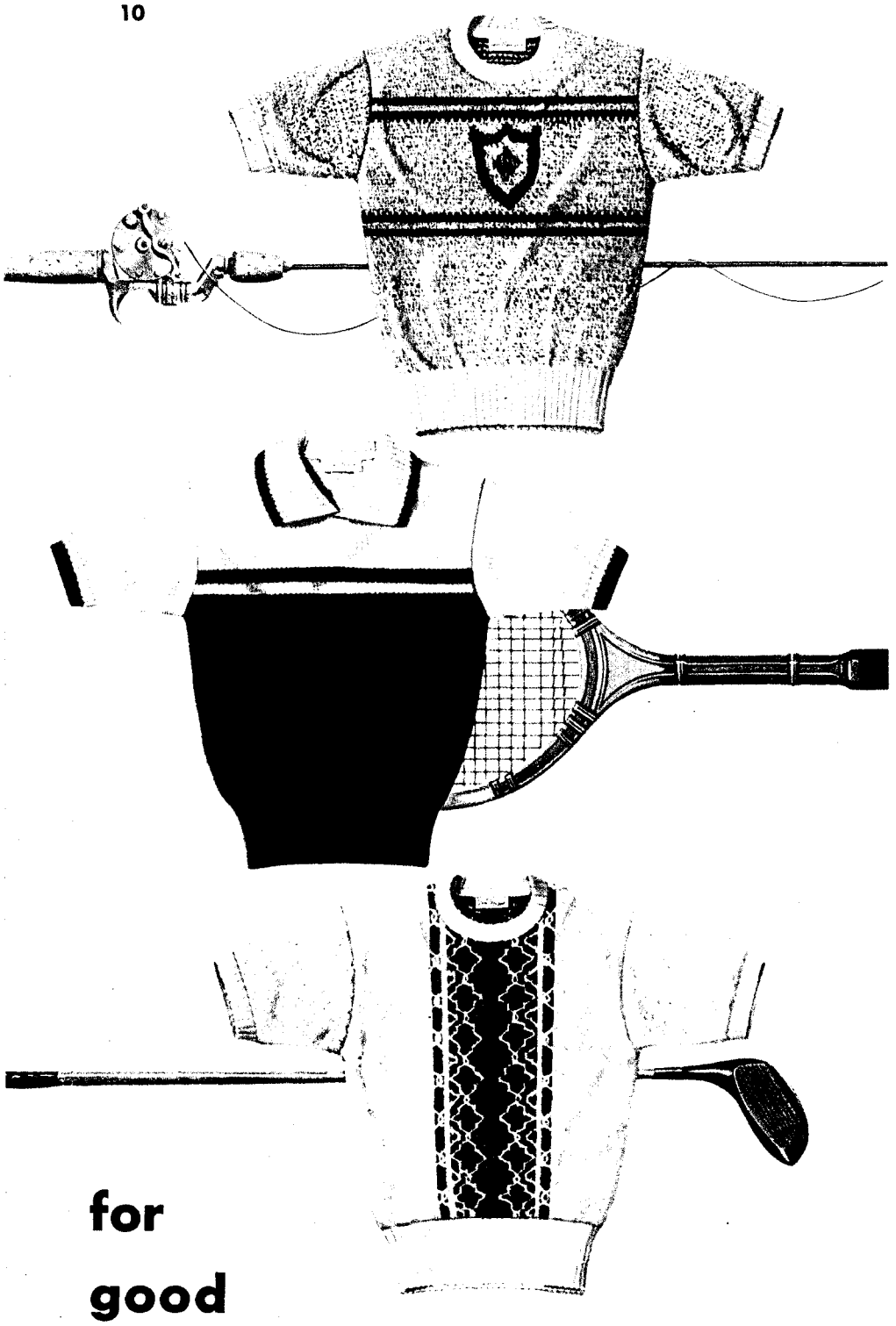

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The Week's Work

RESIDENTS *of Chillicothe, Missouri, where Artist Fred Irvin was born, may recognize parts of their town in this week's cover, although the statue is strictly imaginative. In planning the picture, Mr. Irvin first photographed friends and models in various poses. Result: more than 150 citizens in or watching a parade anywhere in the U.S.A.*

EARL WILSON'S article, The Crazy Dreamers, p. 27, is unique for Earl in that it doesn't mention his Beautiful Wife, generally described as B.W. "I usually mention her," he says, "because the way for a man to get ahead is to use his wife's."

Actually Wilson, syndicated columnist and author, always takes his missus along with him when he goes saloon-editing around New York and Hollywood. "If I didn't take her along, when I interview the glamorpusses," he explains, "I'm afraid people might talk, especially my wife."

Incidentally, Wilson's references to "the B.W." has led to the formation of a few "B.W. Clubs," the aim of which is to get members' husbands to take them along when they go out at night. Sounds sort of dangerous to the gentlemen.

Wilson, however, didn't take his B.W. along to get the dope on dope as he presents it in the marijuana piece. To find out how the marijuana traffic works, he has occasionally bought some "sticks" around Fifty-second Street in New York, but he's never had any desire to smoke them. When researching the article he was perfectly willing to go the whole way for Collier's and smoke one, just to report the sensation. We turned him down, of course, being unwilling to encourage a crime. But he got A for effort.

As a café prowler, Earl leads scandalously little home life. He seldom stays home at night and reads a book—but he sometimes stays home and writes one. The next one, Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake, will shortly smack your risibilities. After it gets well along, he tells me, he's launching his newest crusade—Justice for the Mother-in-Law. He has an understanding with the B.W. that in case they ever split up, she gets to keep all their books and dishes, and he gets custody of her mother. His first book has a nice compliment, by the way, for the B.W. It is dedicated this way:

"To the wonderful little woman who cooks my meals, darns my socks and rears my son—my mother-in-law."

OLIVER LA FARGE can't think of any salty incidents leading up to writing The Runaways (p. 26) except that in his time he's lost several masts and mainsails on his sailing craft. The time he lost the mast he was very benevolently taking a fourteen-year-old cousin out for a sail on a beautiful day with a spanking whole-sail breeze.

"The shrouds were old, and I knew it, but I was too lazy to use the backstays," he reports. "So I learned the hard way, when in the sight of God and man, in the middle of Narragansett Bay, and to the intense delight of the entire population of Saundertown, I lost the works. I lashed the boat hook to the stump of the mast, hoisted the jib on it, and crawled home in a state of shame."

On the following day, nothing daunted, me hearties, Mr. La Farge rigged the boat exactly as described in The Runaways and though it was blowing enough to remove the hinges of hell, he was surprised to be able to sail the boat to a shipyard six miles off for a new mast. When he got to working on The Runaways, Mr. La Farge decided that he wanted to exploit a sensitive adolescent boy's feeling for an attractive gal. "I wanted to give him a moment of triumph before the inevitable ending in which I had to pull the chair out from under him. It was then I remembered my own jury rig, and that, in turn, controlled the actual construction of the story."

WHILE looking up something else in an old book, William Lindsay (Bill) Gresham reports, he came on the life of one Tommaso Aniello, popularly tagged Masaniello (1623–1647), leader of a revolt against Spain's rule in Naples.

"Masaniello's life crammed into a few weeks a pyramid of climaxes which needed very little rearranging to make a fiction story," confesses Gresham. "That's how The Seven Days of the Fisherman (p. 13) got born. Most true stories have no beginning, no middle and no end. Or rather, they are all middle. Not so Tommaso."

Naturally Mr. Gresham made alterations. He changed Masaniello's tag to Carlitos Galán (not a relative of Augie Ditto). The oppressive tax which touched off the real rebellion was on fruit. However, Carlitos Galán was a fisherman, so a tax on fish seemed indicated. The incident of Carlitos swimming out to the man-of-war and taking it with nothing but knives is the McCoy. Masaniello actually did it.

"The real-life hero, on being made governor, suddenly went crazy," continues Gresham. "His supporters claimed he was poisoned. Anyhow he had an old couple, caught short-weighing on bread, burned up in their oven. And the mob took him apart, later repented, gathered up the parts and mourned him as a martyr. To me all this was simply a parable of the corrupting influence of power. My thesis is that unchecked personal power leads to tyranny, no matter how patriotic or idealistic in its origin."

Of the life of Gresham, the author says there's little that will get in the history books. "Just another freelancer trying to scratch out a living while combing two small boys out of my hair," he offers. "Have a novel, Limbo Tower, out; enjoy speaking in public or private—will address any group within easy distance at the drop of a gavel." Moral: Read old books. . . .

TED SHANE

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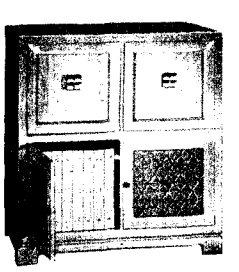

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The SEVEN DAYS of the Fisherman

The people had made him a hero, and it was the people who said he must die

By WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

IF THE *señor* will kindly seat himself . . . ah, *señor,* what you say is true: Our city is not very large but peaceful. With cool nights and a breeze continually from the sea. The *señor* has traveled much? Then he may, perhaps, find little excitement here in San Cristóbal del Mar. But it was not always so, *señor.* I have seen our plaza running with blood.

The *señor* would like the shoes to be soft for walking, with good soles, the heels not too high, is that right? I shall take many measurements, *señor* —I have my own little ways. But you shall see—they will be your very own shoes, old friends from the moment you put them on.

The days of blood? It was when I was a youth and San Cristóbal was under the dictatorship of Cabrera: the *señor* has perhaps seen the palace he built of white marble up there in the mountains where he established his capital.

Twenty years he ruled. There were plots against him—plots in the army, plots in the government. But the thing which destroyed him in the end was set in motion by a young man, hardly older than myself at the time, the fisherman, Carlitos Galán. I saw the *señor* pause to look at the fountain in the plaza just now. You wondered perhaps that it bears no name, simply the inscription, *"El Pescador."* That is how he is always called here: The Fisherman.

The fountain is the work of Ramón Yradier, who went away to study sculpture and never came home again. But years later a ship docked, bearing huge crates and in them was the bronze statue of the Fisherman, about to cast his net, just as you see him out there, except that time has softened him and made him as green as the sea itself. And at his feet, jetting water into the marble basin which our own stonemasons carved for it, is his emblem, *el Pez Volador* —the Flying Fish.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

That first speech of Carlitos Galán's was not oratory; it was a man blazing like a torch. And we took fire from him. There, on that day, the emblem of the flying fish was born

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

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The Lady

When John L. Lewis tried to prevent confirmation of Dr. James Boyd as director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, he figured without Mrs. Boyd, who said: "We've never backed out of a fight before. We won't do it now!" That was when the thunder-voiced mines chief began to go down to his Waterloo!

THERE have been two crucial decisions in the life of Ruth Brown Boyd, of Denver, Colorado. The first crisis occurred in the winter of 1931, when tall, rangy Jim Boyd, a mining student, asked Ruth, a shy, brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, to marry him. They had met only three weeks before but it was not a difficult decision for Ruth to make. She had fallen in love with Jim, too.

Ruth and Jim were innocent victims of the second crisis, in the summer of 1947. For six months thunder-tongued John L. Lewis, the virtually omnipotent boss of 600,000 miners, had blocked Senate confirmation of Dr. James Boyd as director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines. Lewis charged publicly that Jim Boyd was "unqualified"; he vowed privately he would never accept any appointee of Secretary of Interior Julius A. Krug. Krug rates high on John L.'s lengthy personal-hate list.

So there was Jim Boyd, caught in the middle of a vendetta, when President Truman offered him an important job with the Atomic Energy Commission. Jim phoned Ruth Boyd long-distance, Washington to Denver. Her reply was unhesitant, unequivocal: "We've never backed out of a fight before, Jim. We won't do it now."

Both Jim and Ruth Boyd fully understood the significance of their decision. Up to now, a set of circumstances beyond their control had made Dr. Boyd the target of John L. Lewis' fulminations; from now on, Jim and Ruth were deliberately challenging John L. on their own.

Lewis is the most colorful and perhaps the most powerful individual to appear in the history of the American labor movement. The man with the famed leonine head, lowering, bushy eyebrows and jutting jaw has dominated the labor scene since 1933. He fought and rode roughshod over the mighty coal barons and steel tycoons. He defied the chieftains of the American Federation of Labor by launching the rival Congress of Industrial Organizations, only to break away again and declare war on both.

He has repeatedly clashed with two Presidents, Congress and the courts, and more often than not left the field as victor. Even during the last war John L. was big enough to strike the coal mines, not once but several times, and get away with it.

Such was the glaring Goliath who confronted the Boyds. Jim and Ruth were well aware of John L.'s enormous power and of his implacable enmity once he was aroused. Yet they decided to stay and continue the fight. Why?

Ruth's answer is simple enough, if you understand and believe in the old-fashioned virtues.

"There never was any question in our minds as to what we ought to do," she says. "You just don't step out in the middle of a fight. Sure, Jim was offered an easy way out, and a higher-paying job, but money isn't the only thing you work for. You've

Ruth Boyd proudly displays home-canned fruits and vegetables, weapons with which she defended her family during her husband's 15 payless months

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR ELLIS

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Who Licked John L. Lewis

By SAM STAVISKY

got to live with yourself, and with your children. The children must learn by example the decent thing to do, and what integrity stands for."

Then, too, Dr. Boyd's professional reputation was at stake. Lewis had charged again and again that the man sponsored by Secretary Krug to head up the Bureau of Mines was "unqualified." This, after the Secretary of Interior had told a Senate committee he had found Jim Boyd, dean of the Colorado School of Mines, largest school of mineral engineering in the world, the best qualified man in the country to carry out the most important work of the bureau.

Krug, who had been a chairman of the War Production Board, told the Senate committee that with the ending of World War II, "it was clear to everyone that we had drawn heavily upon our mineral reserves to furnish the needed munitions of war." The Interior Department was responsible for developing sources of strategic minerals so that we would be prepared for any eventuality, and Krug had persuaded both the school and Dean Boyd that it was important to the country's interest to have Jim Boyd directing the security projects.

"It was the opinion of all who knew James Boyd," Krug told the committee, "that he was an ideal choice to be director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines." Dr. Boyd came to Washington, Secretary Krug added, even though, after five years of wartime Army service, he preferred the soothing life of the campus—and at considerable sacrifice and expense to himself and his family.

Scientists Are Not Acquisitive

Why do top-flight men of science accept the comparatively low-salaried jobs with the federal government when they could be earning large salaries in industry? I asked that question of Jim Boyd. He pondered a few moments before replying.

"When I was a young instructor," he said, "I heard a lecturer say that every man has, more or less, three desires—to acquire, to accomplish, to serve. I believe the scientist has a great desire for accomplishment and service, and little desire for acquisitiveness."

Dr. Boyd pointed out that, even while he was under continuous attack by Lewis, scores of engineers and other scientific men had written him asking for the opportunity to work for the government at some important task. "Some of these applicants were earning $15,000 a year in industry, but said they'd be willing to work for Uncle Sam for half the pay," Jim Boyd said.

Ruth Boyd answered the same question more simply. She said, "Jim felt the country wanted him for the job." Then she added, "The government is full of people doing a job who could get more elsewhere. They feel their work is essential. They get the satisfaction of doing an important job well."

In September—just about one month after their momentous telephonic decision—Ruth arrived in Washington with the Boyd household, consisting of their four boys, Mrs. Olsen the housekeeper, and the latter's little daughter.

Jim, who had been in Washington since March, when the President first sent his name up to Congress, had purchased a red-brick Cape Codder near Colesville, Maryland, a farming community 10 miles outside of Washington. They had had to sell their Denver house, a commodious, 12-room affair, and buy the smaller place in suburban Maryland. Even so, the new house cost $10,000 more than what they got for their Denver home.

Ruth and the family arrived at the Colesville place to discover that the four bedrooms on the second floor were still in the rough two-by-four stage and uninhabitable. That meant the household of eight had to be jammed into the first floor of the house until the second floor could be put into shape—a little job of six months.

Because Uncle Sam does not pay for the transfer expense when a citizen first takes a post in federal service, it cost Jim and Ruth approximately $2,000 to move from Denver to Washington. Then they discovered that because of the poor transportation facilities from their new home to Jim's office, they would have to buy another car. Jim needed the old car to get into the city and Ruth needed one to get the kids to school and for shopping. That meant again digging down deeply into savings.

Sam Stavisky, a veteran newspaperman and Marine Corps combat correspondent is the labor writer for the Washington Post

The Boyds had yet to settle down in their new house when the U.S. Comptroller General announced that he was cutting off Dr. Boyd's $10,000-a-year salary until the Senate confirmed him in his new post. Such was the law, the Comptroller General said. Jim would collect all back pay due him if and when the Senate confirmed his appointment; he would get no back pay at all if the Senate failed to confirm. Meanwhile, he could hold onto his job without compensation.

The ruling was not unexpected, yet when it came it was a shock. Family and friends offered to help, but Jim and Ruth told them all that this was a fight the Boyds intended to battle out by themselves.

From the start of their parenthood the Boyds had begun putting part of their income aside for the education of their children. At first, in their dire

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

IKE VERN

John L. Lewis claimed that Ruth Boyd's husband was "unqualified" for the post of director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, but that was his way of fighting Jim Boyd's sponsor—J. A. Krug—whom he didn't like

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"Now, listen—" Jerrold said. "It's none of your business who I hire," Betty broke in angrily. "George Jerrold is a gentleman"

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Justice MacGruder Presides

By LOUIS PAUL

Jimmy had to choose between his wife and Mrs. Minniver. Mrs. Minniver was a horse

GLANCING over his glasses at the group gathered below him, Justice MacGruder asked, "Who represents the complainant?" He stared down from the bench as though he couldn't believe what he saw.

"I do," said a young man. "George B. Jerrold, Your Honor."

"What about the respondent?"

"That's me, Judge." Jimmy stood up. "I guess that's me. I haven't got a lawyer."

Justice MacGruder's sharp stare lighted upon an individual dressed in a natty pin-stripe suit. "Who are you?"

"Judge," said the individual, "I never come here of my own free will. I'm Homestretch Kelso. I—I run a sort of news service."

"You mean you peddle race-track information," said Justice MacGruder. "You mean you're a tipster, a tout."

Homestretch Kelso flushed indignantly. "Your Honor, I gather and sell authentic information. Anyway, I'm not on trial here. Some badge hands me a subpoena to testify, that's all I know. How could I figure this character is an Oscar?" he said, nodding at Jimmy Williams. "He sails up to me one day and—"

"Never mind," said Justice MacGruder. "James P. Williams."

"Yes, sir."

"You say you're not represented by attorney. Are all your witnesses in court?"

"All except Jack and Harriet. That's Mr. and Mrs. Oberman. I think they're still up in the Canadian Rockies somewhere."

"Elizabeth Williams," the judge called. "Are your witnesses present?"

The young lady turned to Jerrold. "We're ready, Your Honor," her attorney said.

"In view of the youth of the parties involved," said the judge, "I have decided to hear this case in chambers."

"But, Your Honor," cried Jerrold. "I've prepared a brief! I demand that it be held in open court. I want a stenographic record of the proceedings in case I have to take an appeal."

"Are you making a motion?" asked MacGruder.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Motion denied. Do I suspect correctly that this is your first case?"

"Certainly it's his first case," said Jimmy. "He couldn't defend a puppy that got caught going around without a leash. Only somebody like Betty would ever hire him."

"Now, listen—" Jerrold said.

"It's none of your business who I hire," Betty Williams broke in angrily. "George Jerrold is a gentleman, which is something you wouldn't recognize if you saw one."

"We will all repair to my chambers," Justice MacGruder announced. When they were settled comfortably around the judge's desk, he added, "This hearing will be based on the presentation of facts. I have no intention of listening to interminable arguments. But at the same time I intend to give both parties a fair chance to be heard."

"Your Honor," said Jerrold, "it is an open-and-shut case. My client seeks a decree under Paragraph IX, Section III of the Legislative Statute, which relates to mental cruelty, desertion, intimidation, nonsupport and general, all-around incompatibility."

"That's right," said Betty. "He's a brute."

"We propose to show," continued Jerrold, "that the respondent did persistently violate eight of the eleven sections of Paragraph IX, namely—"

"Look, Your Honor," said Jimmy. "If I thought she really wanted a divorce, I'd let her have it. But all she wants to do is get me in here and embarrass me. I ought to know her by now—we've been married nineteen months."

"I assume, then, that you are contesting the action."

"Certainly I'm contesting the action. Gee whiz! Where would you be if you let a woman get a divorce every time she wanted one?"

"Your Honor," said George Jerrold, "may I protest? The respondent's remarks are most irregular."

Homestretch Kelso looked unhappily at his watch. "Your Honor, with all due respect to the court, I sure would like to be out of here in time for the fifth race at Greenmeadow. Can't I testify now and get it over with?"

"The complainant will state her case," ordered the judge. "I have every reason myself to hope that we shall reach a speedy decision."

"Do I have to stand up?" said Betty uncertainly.

"Just tell us in an informal way exactly why you think the court should grant you a decree of divorce."

"Well," said Betty, "it sort of began with Dr. Johnson, this owl."

"Did you say owl, madam?" Justice MacGruder asked.

"Yes, sir. At first we were very happy. I mean at first. I was kind of in love with Jimmy back in high school. He was sort of shy and all. Mostly it was the way his hair grew in back of his ears. I mean, it wasn't just the hair. It was because he was sort of like a little boy, sort of—"

"If I'm my own attorney," Jimmy interrupted, "how about objecting?"

"Objection overruled. Go on, madam. Tell us why you want a divorce."

"Well, I was trying to work up to this owl. Up to then it had been mostly stray kittens and dogs. As I was telling you, Jimmy is sort of like a little boy, even when he does hold a responsible position as head draftsman for the Harrington Construction Company. We had this little house, and were getting along fine.

"The trouble is, he can't look at anything alive without adopting it. I didn't mind the cats and dogs, but the afternoon he came home with a wild owl, I thought that was a little too much. Judge MacGruder, did you ever wake up in the middle of the night with an owl sitting on the bedpost staring you in the face?"

"Frankly, no," said the judge.

"It had a busted leg," said Jimmy. "You can't let an owl go around with a busted leg."

"Ask him why he didn't let it go when its leg healed up," said Betty. "Ask him why it had to sleep in the living room. Ask him why he had to sit up half the night teaching it to do tricks and answer to the name of Dr. Johnson."

The baby that Grandma Stevens was holding in her lap suddenly decided to cry.

"Who's the mother of that child?" demanded Justice MacGruder.

"It's the Oberman baby."

"And who are you?"

"I'm this girl's grandmother, if it's any of your concern," said Grandma Stevens, pointing at Betty.

"Well, take it out of here."

"Your Honor," said George Jerrold, "this is the Oberman baby. I'm afraid its presence is required. It's a witness."

The judge wiped his damp brow with a handkerchief. He looked around helplessly.

FINALLY Betty came to his rescue. "I'm sorry, Your Honor, but we're only at the beginning. I was coming to Consuelo. Jimmy brought her home also."

"Well, you couldn't expect me to leave a helpless child in the street," declared Jimmy.

"I don't see why not," said George Jerrold. "After all, *she* didn't have a broken leg."

"I object again," said Jimmy. "As my own lawyer, I object to this lawyer injecting himself into my affairs. I think it's illegal for a guy to come into court who has a crush on a married woman and help her get a divorce."

"How *dare* you suggest such a thing?" exclaimed Betty.

"You see what I mean, Your Honor?" said Jerrold. "He always had a jealous disposition. You should have seen him the time we ran against each other in the sixty-yard hurdles."

Justice MacGruder, for lack of a gavel, rapped his desk with a bottle of fountain-pen ink. He turned to Jerrold.

"If this wasn't your first case," the judge said, "you'd know that an infant cannot testify in a court of law. However, I will permit you to offer her in evidence if and when the proper time comes. Proceed, madam. You were asking me if I had ever seen an owl sitting on my bedpost and I said no. Continue."

"My husband has one of those peculiar senses of humor—sense of humors—whatever that is," said Betty. "He taught Dr. Johnson to say, 'Boo, boo.' Whenever I'd make a serious statement about anything, Dr. Johnson would go, 'Boo, boo.' He went 'boo-boo' to everybody. I put up with it the best I could, but when he came home one Saturday afternoon with Consuelo, I thought that was going too far."

"Consuelo is the infant?"

"Yes, Your Honor. I mean, after all, when I got married I thought it was a kind of a sacred thing and all. I didn't think my husband was going to walk into the house nineteen months later and present me with a baby. I mean, I'm fond of babies—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

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The Indianapolis 500

By BILL FAY

All the daring in a world of speed, bottled up on an oval brickway, is delivered once a year to perspiring fans at Indianapolis: an artist's-eye view of the big race

BILL HOLLAND was only a few laps from victory in the 1947 Indianapolis Memorial Day auto race when his mechanics flashed the E 2Y signal. That meant "take it easy." Holland slowed down. Mauri Rose passed him—and won.

Last year, Duke Nalon was only 27 miles from victory when he ran out of gas. Rose won the 500-mile classic again.

Moral: The world's biggest auto race is won and lost in the car pits along the infield railing. There, partially hidden from the 160,000 speed spectators, master mechanics make lightning repairs (wheel changes in 20 seconds!) and plot the strategy of the race.

Roaring 160 miles an hour down the straightaway and skidding around the oil-slick turns, all the drivers can know is what the mechanics chalk on the signal boards: P-6, *You're in sixth place;* L-30, *You've got 30 laps to go.*

Somebody in Holland's pit miscalculated. Somebody in Nalon's forgot to fill the tank to the brim. Tired men make mistakes, especially under tension, and there is no tension in sports comparable to the stretch run at Indianapolis.

"That tension can do strange things," testifies three-time winner Wilbur Shaw. "I started the 1936 race with an open gash on my left hand. At the finish—five hours later—that gash was covered with a heavy scab. Doctors said it represented a week's healing under normal conditions. Evidently the tremendous tension speeds up the whole chemistry of the body."

There is a thrill to the start when the sputtering cars skid into the first turn, jockeying for the pole position. But in a little while, fast cars lap the slow ones, pit stops jumble the order of laps and all is confusion.

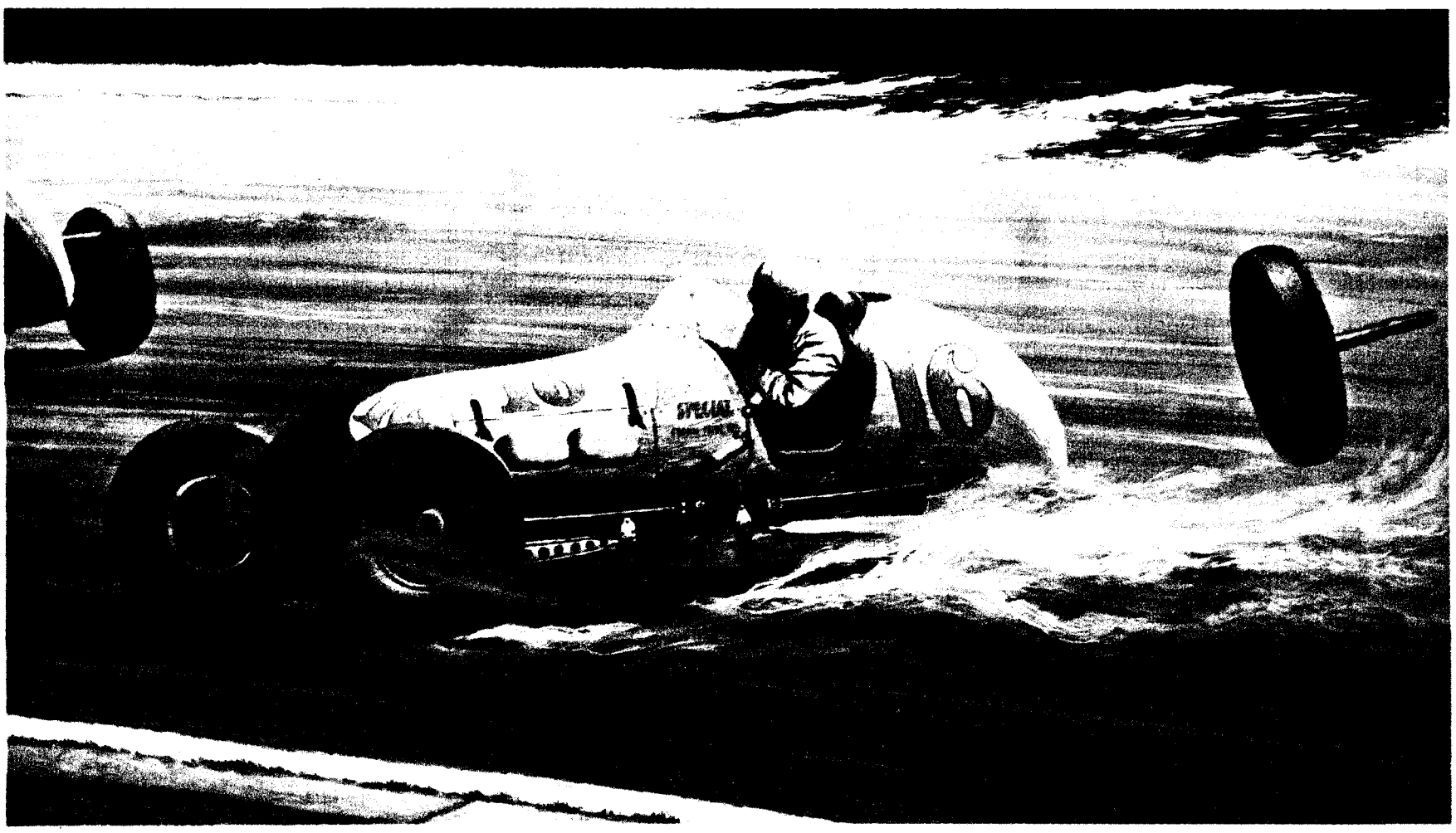
"Once the cars get strung out," says Rose, "you follow one simple rule—stay out of traffic. You don't race the other cars, you race time. I figure the likely winning average—say 119 miles an hour—and keep to it."

Skillful drivers can avoid heavy traffic, but they cannot always avoid the hazards of the track. Lou Meyer was out in front with 1½ laps to go when he glanced back to check his right rear tire. "The car swerved slightly on a patch of oil," Lou recalls. "Next thing I knew, I was going through the wall."

There have been 30 fatalities at Indianapolis, the thirty-third 500-mile race is imminent, and the field is limited to 33 entrants. A driver does not have to be a mathematician to figure his chances of losing the Big Prize.

THE END

A day at the races is a mighty hard grind if you don't bring some comforts of home



Smashup at 116 miles per hour! Duane Carter goes into a spin as he loses a rear wheel and axle in the 1948 race—but he lives to tell about it

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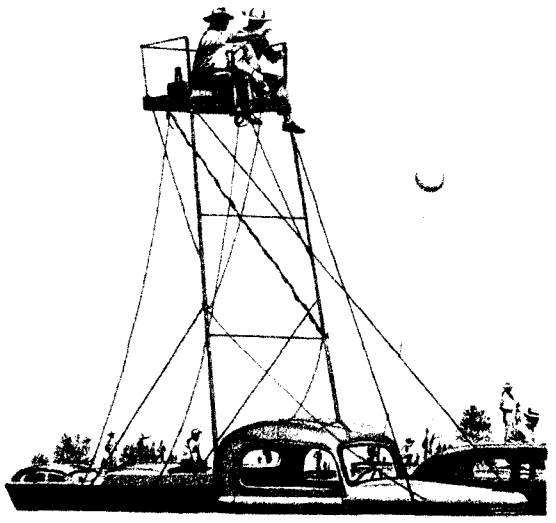
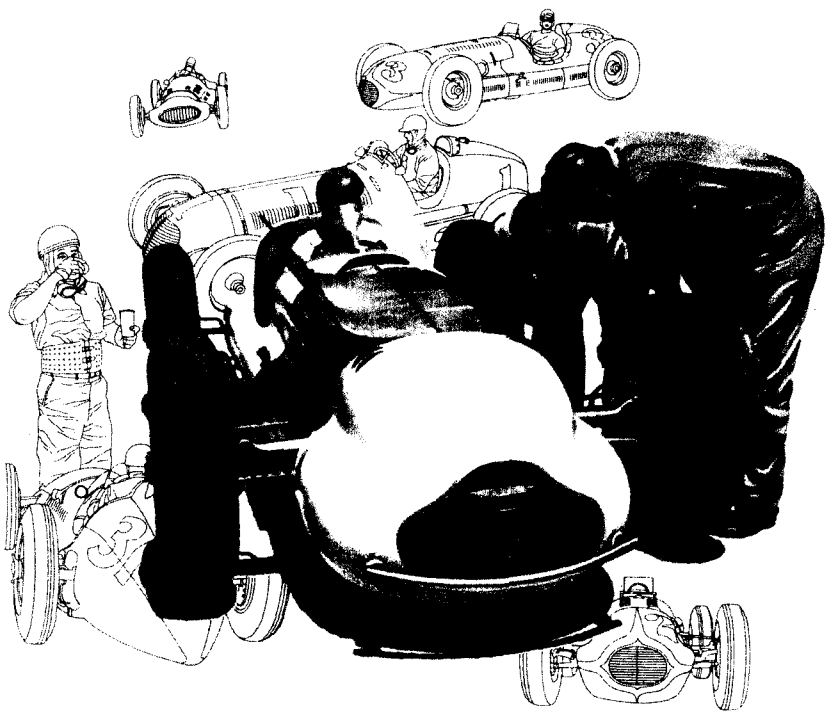
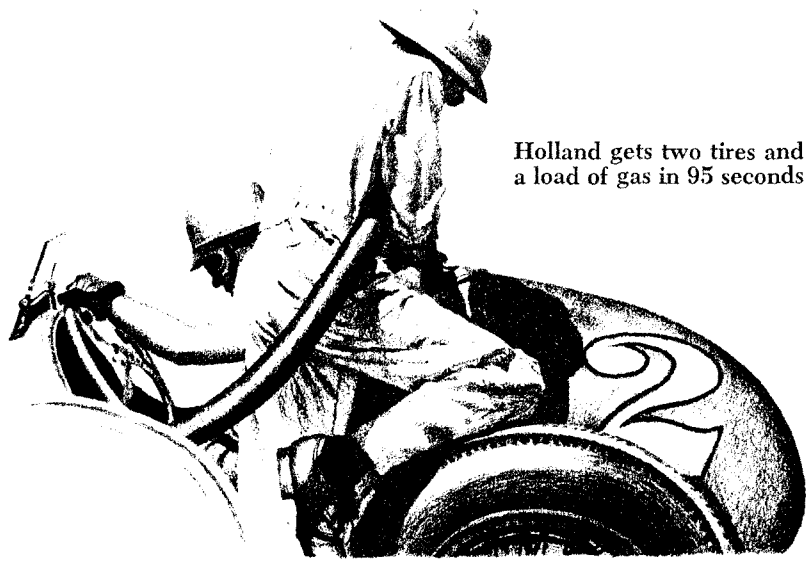


Fans bring their own grandstands. They get a place in the sun and a clear view of the whining race cars

Rex Mays leads the pack into the treacherous first turn—the drivers' graveyard. Holding a skidding car on the oil-slick bricks takes skill, muscle—and luck



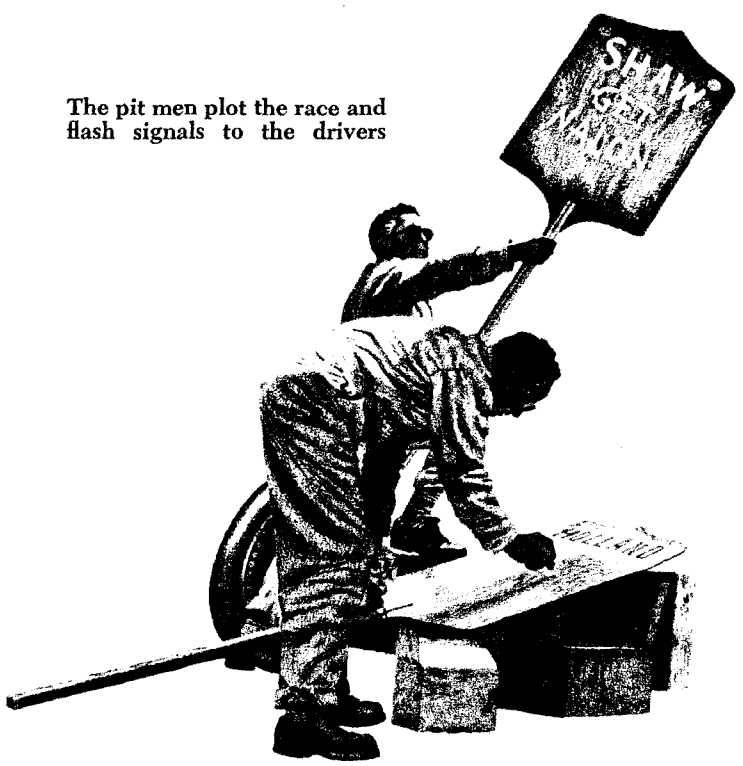
The mechanics are always listening for trouble. They usually can tell what's wrong before the car comes to a stop in the pit



Holland gets two tires and a load of gas in 95 seconds

The checkered flag waves in the winner—and it's Mauri Rose for the second year in a row. Average speed: 119.814 mph. Time: 4:10:23 hours. First prize: $25,650

The pit men plot the race and flash signals to the drivers



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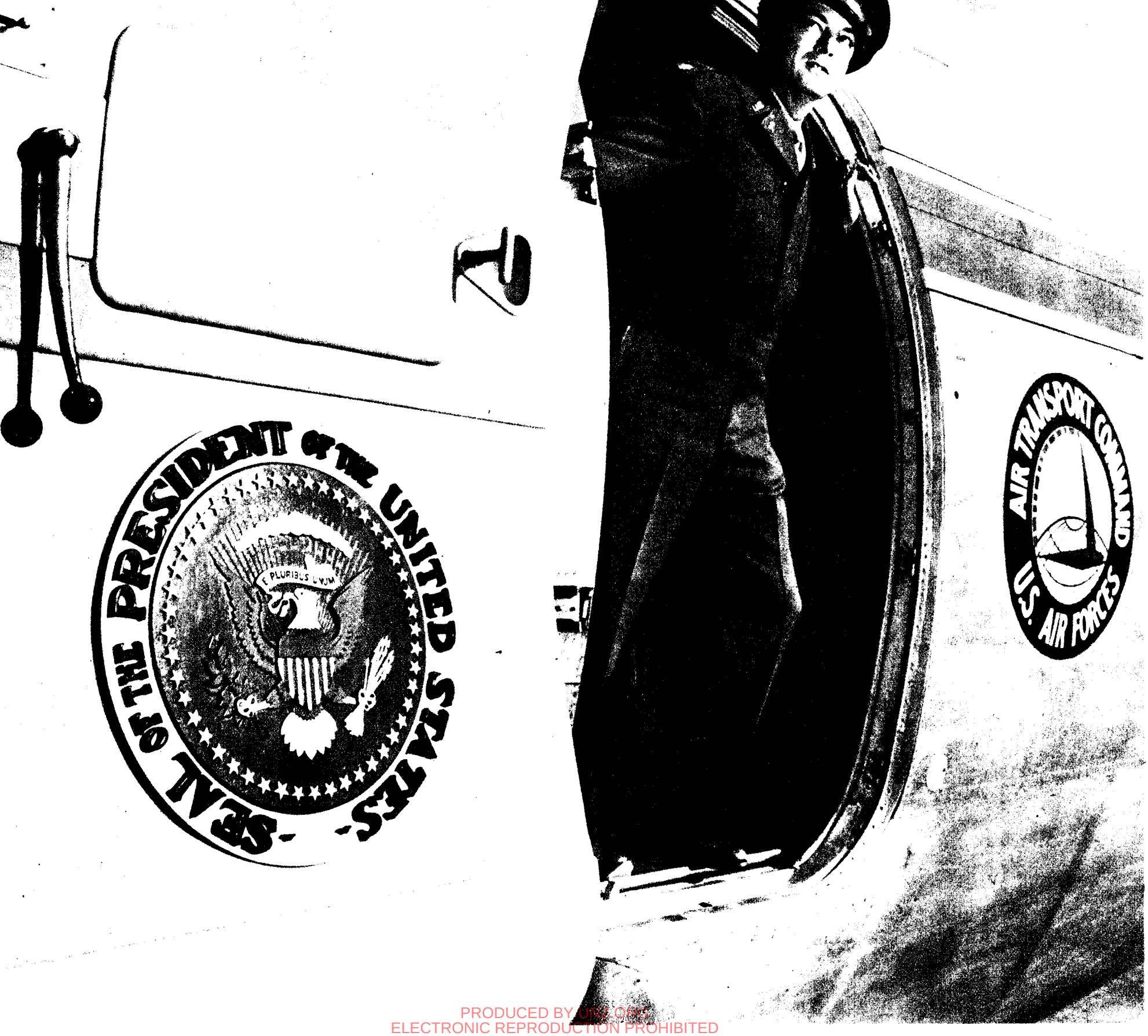
Hank Myers—

Hank Myers—more formally Lt. Colonel Henry T. Myers—sizes up the sky from the door of the Presidential plane, Independence



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PILOT TO THE BIG BRASS

By DICKSON HARTWELL

Presidential pilot for eight years, Hank has borne the world's great to the ends of the earth and back. Presidents, kings and puppets have enjoyed his wit and depended on his steady nerve in 2,500,000 miles of no-accident flying. Once he saved Margaret Truman's life

SOME ages hence, archaeologists assembling relics that will reconstruct for them the mores of this kinetic era may find near Fort Worth, Texas, a small but rich treasure. Stuffed in the right-hand drawer of a desk there are items which even today are of more than passing wonder. From them a future professor of 20th-century culture can piece together one of the dynamic career stories of this decade.

In the drawer, for example, is a hatful of assorted medals of World War II. There is a watch bearing a royal seal, a sandalwood perfume bottle from the suicide chamber of Eva Braun, a jeweled lighter initialed by the prince regent of Iraq, a pen with the engraved signature of the prime minister of Poland, a coin from the purse of Haile Selassie and an ivory-handled dagger, in a sheath of pure gold, and with a carved inscription making its possessor a member of the royal family of Saudi Arabia and as such entitled to numerous deferences and privileges.

There is a short-snorter bill thirty-five feet long, signed by Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Truman, Eisenhower, Arnold, Hull, Byrnes, Marshall, Baruch, two kings of Greece, the presidents of Peru, Czechoslovakia and Mexico and 436 other big and little history makers.

These and other curios are a revealing backdrop to the incredible story of Hank Myers—Henry Tift Myers to his birth certificate. Myers gave wings to the high brass during the critical years of this decade. As one of our top pilots, flying first for Franklin Roosevelt and then for Harry Truman, wherever Myers was, you could find a major circumstance. Potsdam, Yalta, Leyte, Rome, Casablanca, Rio, San Francisco, Cairo, Washington—he was there when the heat was really on, sometimes in and out of 15 countries within a week. The people he carried, the VVIPs—in State Department language Very, Very Important Persons—literally were running the world.

Myers is a man of bright wit whose charm has engaged the world's great. Even stony-faced Stalin signed his short-snorter (but inscribed it on the reverse side so as not to put his name below those of Roosevelt and Churchill). During his 2,500,000 miles of no-accident flying Hank held open house for prime ministers and puppets, G.I.s and potentates, a sultan in full regalia and a king in underdrawers, on the flight deck of his planes.

The royal disrobing occurred in 1942, when Myers was assigned to fly the late King George of Greece on a tour of several U.S. cities. It was hot and sultry in mid-July. Head winds made low flying essential so there was no altitude cool-off. Hank had settled down to sweaty discomfort when he heard a step behind him. Turning, he did a double take. Dapper and smiling—and cool—the king was standing unconcerned in the royal shorts and skivvy shirt. In Oxford English he asked to be notified a few minutes before landing so he could put on his uniform to meet the formal delegation awaiting him.

Before the trip was over, everyone was in his underdrawers. It was as informal as a Hoboken fish fry.

At each landing the king came forward and congratulated Myers on his smooth handling of the plane. But the tour ended at New York's La Guardia Airport where the runway's peaks and valleys give pilots many headaches. Coming in, Hank hit a peak, bounced, hit another and bounced, hit another and bounced again. When he had stopped the plane and cut the engines he felt the now familiar tap on his shoulder. "Captain," said the king with a twinkle, "that was a stinker."

Surrounded by souvenirs—and his wife and son Henry T. Myers, Jr.—President Truman's former pilot relaxes in his home near Fort Worth

Though he is no wings-shot-away-engines-gone-and-still-she-flies pilot, Myers has several times almost met disaster. Strangely, one of his closest squeaks was on the ground. In the Presidential plane, Sacred Cow, he was flying President Truman and Barkley, then a senator, from Paducah, Kentucky, the latter's home town. No police had been assigned to manage the great crowd that lined both sides of the runway to watch the plane take off. Myers poured on the coal and started his run.

As he began to gather real speed, a woman leading five children started across the runway in front of him. In the center of it, suddenly realizing her danger, she became panicky and froze, her screaming youngsters clinging to her skirts. It was too late to stop. But flashing through a cross runway, Myers jammed on the brakes, turned the nose wheel and with tires screeching swung the plane onto it. It was like taking a corner in an automobile at 40 miles an hour, but it did the job.

Later Myers chided Barkley, implying that some of his Kentucky constituents were less than bright. "Why, man," said Barkley indignantly, "my people aren't dumb. They just aren't afraid to die."

By accident, Myers stumbled on one of the great secrets of the war: Stalin's doubles. In Berlin for the Potsdam Conference, he went with a friend to buy a boxer pup from the once wealthy janitor of a partially bombed apartment house deep in the Soviet zone of the city. In the dimly lighted basement the janitor was about to sell them one of the pups for a pound of coffee when without warning out of a freight elevator stepped a pair of tommy-gunned Russian guards.

Myers and his friend, in a dark corner, were unnoticed but they could see the guards clearly by the elevator light as they suspiciously searched an exit corridor. Then from the elevator walked three men, each a carbon copy of the Stalin whom Myers had seen the day before at Potsdam: the same gold-striped white pants, grayish, olive-drab tunic—even the insigne of a marshal!

To see what the triplicates were up to, through a tiny basement window Myers watched them enter a waiting sedan. Stalin favors his left arm. It was obviously awkward but, as they climbed into the auto, each leaned heavily on his right hand.

Though he had been undetected the janitor was pale and unnerved. "Leave here at once," he implored. Refusing an offer of twice the pup's value, he literally pushed them out of the building.

Of the great among his passengers Myers found Roosevelt the most indifferent to flying. A man who loved to travel, the airplane's speed merely shortened his joy in a trip. Once he told Hank, "I'm in no hurry. The sooner I get where I'm going the sooner a lot of people will be wanting something from me."

Busy Mrs. Roosevelt was one of the least social. "Flying her around South America and the Caribbean," Hank recalls, "she never stopped working except, briefly, to sleep. She wore out a new set of generals every two days." Planning her trip Mrs. Roosevelt refused to accept a VVIP plane; she insisted she be taken as just another passenger on a routine flight.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ULRIC MEISEL

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"What have you done! Let loose a murderer. That's what you've done!" he shouted. I said: "No, Father dear, I've let loose a friend"

The Golden Dart

By SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO DARED TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERY OF A DANGEROUS MAN

The Story: When SOPHIE, COUNTESS OF INDERSWICK, telephoned me to ask me to meet JAMES BELSIN she was quite insistent. "EVE," she said, "you must come." That same morning I got the call a strange cabin cruiser pulled up to our beach. I was worried, fearing the cruiser might belong to an Iraguayan named di Calancar, who at one time had threatened to kill Father. A man left the cruiser and deposited two bundles on the beach. When Father and the BOY and I investigated we found a pile of some woman's clothing, a suicide note and a two-year-old girl who said only one word: "Basin." I followed the cruiser and discovered that one of the men had a huge red mustache. The dead woman was LOUISE FREMPTON and the police were convinced it was suicide. I was not. That night when I met Belsin I was startled to see that one of his bodyguards was the man with the red mustache. James Belsin was very ardent and lost no time in letting me know he meant to marry me. When I got home JONATHAN PENROSE was waiting to tell me he loved me. For a year Jonathan had hated me because I had proved that the woman he loved was a murderess. Next day on my twenty-fifth birthday, HOOKER, the man with the red mustache, showed up with an expensive car for me, a present from Belsin—a Lagonda. Hooker became excited at seeing Louise Frempton's child in our hands and talked enough to let me know that he and BILL JONES, the other bodyguard who was with him, had had a hand in the "suicide." Angry with Hooker for talking too much, Jones knocked him unconscious and threw him into the car. As they drove off I realized that Jones would tell Belsin about this and I hurried to telephone him myself, telling him what had happened with Hooker and pretending I didn't know what it meant.

PART FOUR OF EIGHT PARTS

I OUGHT to have remembered about Charlie Bedlington who was always tinkering with automobiles. He had not been content to raise the Lagonda's bonnet; he had taken up the carpet and floor boards and was now lying under the car with only his legs visible, large in faded blue jeans.

"You, Charlie! Put everything back as you found it—and be good enough to drive the thing into the coach house out of the way, throw a tarpaulin over it, and don't dare touch it again. It's not our car!"

Later I apologized for my temper.

"Not your fault. Someone is pushing you around. Know the signs. Nerves."

"I will tell you about it."

"At the last possible moment," he observed.

The Boy, already sitting in the Austin, now remarked as I climbed in that it was five past eleven. I started the engine. Charlie closed the door for me.

We drove in silence almost as far as the main road, when the Boy's ability to contain his curiosity finally gave way.

"I saw that business with the two men. It was the quickest thing—when he hit him—ker-*bop*, and down he went, cold. Eve, why did he do that to him?"

"They had an argument about whether or not we knew they were the men in the cabin boat."

I turned north toward Kessingland. I wished I could tell him more, but the thing was too big for him; it wouldn't have been fair. After another, shorter silence he came back to the subject, as I knew he would.

"They're murderers, aren't they?"

"We only think so. We are by no means certain yet. Besides, the police insist on dealing with murderers themselves. If private citizens mix up their business, they get absolutely wild."

"Old Bull wouldn't get wild. Not with you. He likes you."

"That's just what would make him even wilder."

Presently he said wistfully:

"I ought to have brought my catapult. It's a wonderful thing for distracting policemen."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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Geniuses Have It Tough, Too

By STANLEY FRANK

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS ENGEL

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, the great Polish pianist, had a phobia against anyone in the audience sitting behind him when he played. He insisted on looking at the house, to count the customers—a fact which may account for the $15-000,000 he earned on the concert circuit, the all-time high that never will be approached again.

Of course, several advantages operated in Paderewski's favor. He had towering talent and a magnetic personality. But most important, he flourished in an era when virtuosos were regarded as individuals and not as box-office bait peddled in wholesale lots like so much fresh fish.

Music lovers and hopeful parents of gifted children would be shocked if they could look behind the chaste façade of long-hair concerts. Genius and mediocrity are thrown into one package and sold throughout the country by New York managers who have tied up so many local concert outlets that they virutally dominate both the audiences and the artists.

Distinguished musicians are used as teasers for block bookings and are offered at "special introductory rates" to communities which often end up listening to second raters from the bureau's stable. Worse still, promising youngsters are often either submerged or suppressed by powerful agencies which cover up their strictly commercial objectives with fancy, cultural double-talk.

Step behind the chaste façade of long-hair music and see the rough-and-tumble, often questionable tactics which provide us with our most angelic art. Music lovers and hopeful parents may be shocked by the facts

Sheer talent is no guarantee that an unknown will achieve success or even passing recognition. To survive in the jungles of the concert circuit, a serious artist must have the influential connections of a jury fixer, the luck of an Irish Sweepstakes winner, and the determination of a bird dog holding a point.

There are 1,200-odd—some very—professional musicians trying to make a living in concert work today and the chances against a newcomer earning enough to afford such luxuries as food, rent and clothes are approximately 150 to 1. There are only about twelve top-notchers commanding fees ranging from $2,500 to $4,000 a performance—Vladimir Horowitz, Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, Lily Pons, Marian Anderson, Jose Iturbi, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy and James Melton. Another 60, perhaps, get from $750 to $1,500 for an appearance. The remainder starve gracefully after paying commissions, traveling expenses and promotion costs.

Bitter complaints are inevitable when a minority gets the gravy in a fiercely competitive business cluttered with self-anointed geniuses. However, when you consider that half the money paid at box offices for concerts and recitals is cornered by 250 musicians, there seem some grounds for griping.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

To win his way into the vastly competitive world of concert music, Joseph Rabushka must (first) get the applause of Columbia Artists' Arthur Judson (right)

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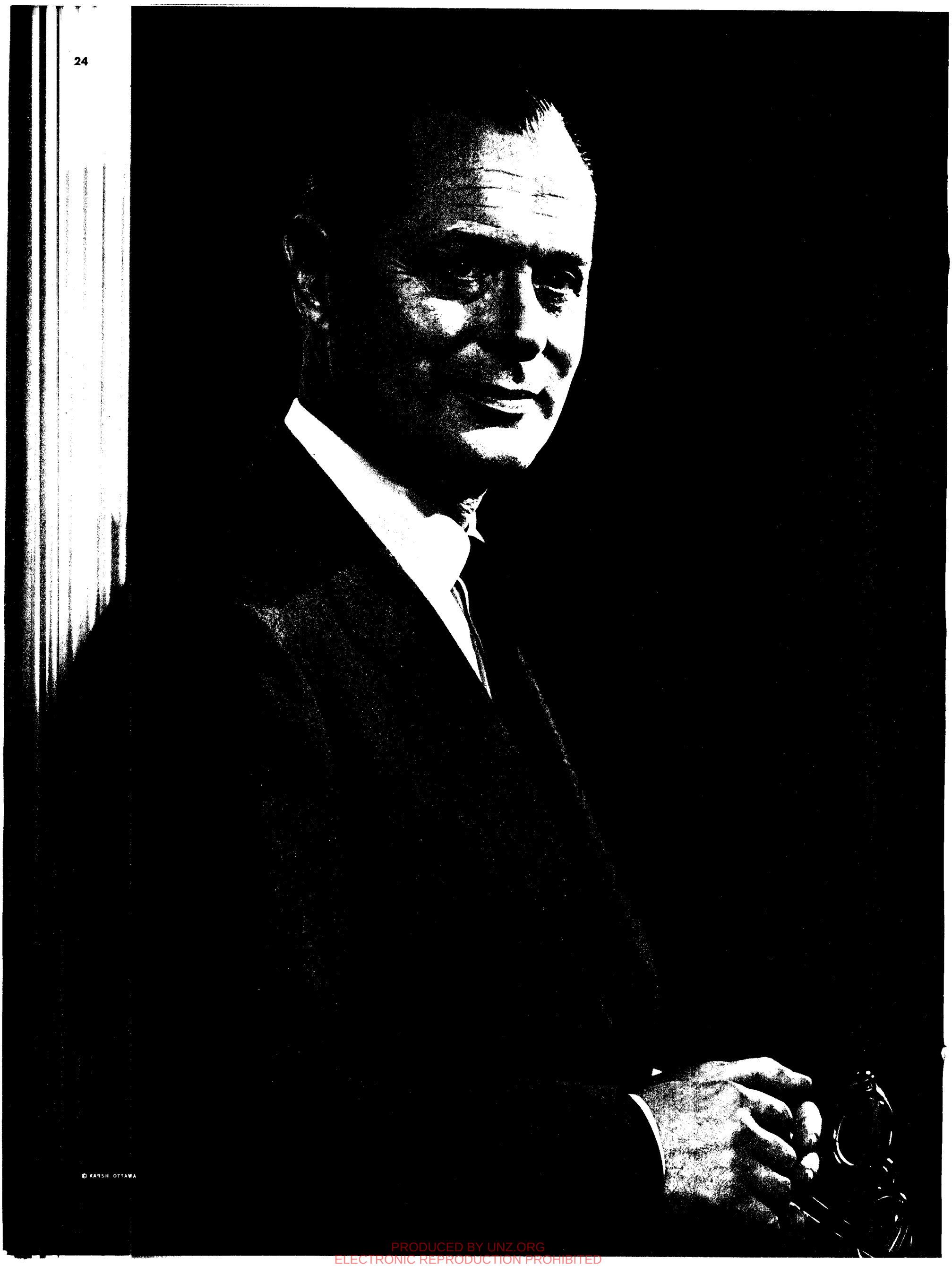

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Nobody Pushes Bob Around

By GEORGE FRAZIER

Robert Montgomery, the man who defied gangster Willie Bioff and helped put him behind bars, is now 45 and still ready for a scrap—if it is for a good cause. Tall, lean and impeccably conservative, Bob is a blithe spirit and Hollywood isn't likely to change him a bit

TEN years ago this month, Willie Bioff, a swarthy, thickset, squinty-eyed hoodlum whose flair for dealing with stubborn unionists made him a handy man for the Capone organization to have around, set out to intimidate Robert Montgomery, the motion-picture star. His ambition was to persuade the actor that it would be prudent to place the Screen Actors' Guild, of which Montgomery was president, under the jurisdiction of Bioff and his associates. On the face of things, it did not look like a project that would give a Capone man much trouble.

For one thing, Montgomery, a slim, rather elegant young man who collected and read first editions, played polo, liked to get into hunting pinks, and refused to carry cigarettes because he felt that their bulk spoiled the drape of his coat, did not appear to be the sort of person who would defy the underworld. For another, he was an actor, and, as such, open to the suspicion of not being sufficiently unselfish to risk his neck in the interest of others.

Bioff apparently believed these things so unreservedly that he saw no need to scout Montgomery any further. If he had, he might have proceeded more gingerly. A brief chat with James Cagney, for example, would undoubtedly have had a somewhat sobering effect. "The one thing Montgomery loves besides his wife and children and a few friends," says Cagney, "is a good fight."

What Cagney probably does not think it necessary to add is that Montgomery never weighs the possibility of personal harm when he engages in battle. He refuses to be silenced even by such considerations as the ill will his outspokenness might conceivably engender in Hollywood columnists and broadcasters.

Indeed, on one occasion he felt so strongly that his integrity was at stake that he did not hesitate to insult an individual whom most of the film colony treats with conspicuous deference. This occurred during the early part of the war, when he received a wrist watch from Jimmie Fidler as a reward for "Good Americanism." He was so outraged by what he considered the broadcaster's presumption in setting himself up as a judge of patriotism that he returned the gift.

Not in the Hollywood Pattern

A more observant man than Bioff would have realized, of course, that Montgomery is about as representative of the Hollywood to be seen in Schwab's drugstore or the Vine Street Derby as, say, a New York cleric would be of the Manhattan on nightly display in Lindy's or the Roseland Ballroom. Nothing shows this quite so clearly as the manner in which Montgomery's two children are referred to in a community where people are usually identified in terms of their relationship to celebrities. Unlike, for instance, "the Robert Young kids," or "Jack Benny's brother-in-law," Elizabeth and "Skip" Montgomery are known simply as Elizabeth and Skip Montgomery.

Despite his disdain for the quaint folkways of the gingerbread world in which he has been living for all but a few of the past 20 years, Montgomery is actually a more integral, influential and solicitous member of the film community than any other individual. His faith in the dignity and high purpose of the acting profession is unassailable. As proof of this, James Cagney, who, with George Murphy and Elliott Nugent, is one of his three intimates in Hollywood, likes to recall an evening when he and his wife dined with the Montgomerys.

"The simplicity of the surroundings, the quiet of the canyon and the wonderful taste of the food," he remembers, "made us all feel that this was as high in life as we could go. I turned to them and said, 'Mr. and Mrs. M., there are some people I know who would think this too good for actors,' and Bob said, 'My dear boy, there is *nothing* too good for actors.' "

Willie Bioff, among others, could testify from experience that Montgomery was not merely turning a felicitous phrase when he said that, for no one in the annals of motion pictures has ever taken a greater personal risk to fight for his conviction that actors are human too. In doing so, he began by spearheading a tough and protracted struggle to gain recognition for the Screen Actors' Guild. Having accomplished this, he then had to thwart Bioff and his hoodlums in their violent efforts to utilize the Guild as a tool for their plundering.

Dispassionate observers have called the battle to gain recognition for the Guild "the most altruistic undertaking in labor history." This, together with the Guild motto, "He best serves himself who serves others," scarcely seems excessive praise when one realizes that the success of the organization has never meant a penny to those who started it. Indeed, so far as Montgomery was concerned, it meant, instead, placing his career and physical welfare in jeopardy. Understandably enough, no appraisal of him would be valid without at least a précis of the guild's history.

Prior to the advent of the Screen Actors' Guild, Hollywood producers had been given reason to believe that no established player would dare go to the lengths to which Montgomery was eventually to proceed. For one thing, Actors' Equity, the union which watches out for the interests of stage performers, had made an attempt to organize movie players in 1929, only to be defeated by the refusal of certain stars to endanger their contracts by cooperating. It has been alleged, indeed, that the studios determined to preclude any future efforts to unionize by black-listing some of the organizers of the Equity move.

In any event, between 1929 and May, 1933, when the Guild came into being, movie players were in constant danger of being subjected to the arbitrary sort of studio whims which Clifford Odets has attacked in his play, The Big Knife. Motion picture work is not all it may seem.

Of the approximately 20,000 extra players registered at that time with Central Casting, the clearinghouse for all such jobs, only a few hundred were used each day in a busy period. (The record number of extras employed on a single day, incidentally, were the 3,000 used during the chariot race in Ben Hur.) The Guild was conceived in an effort to equip extras with a weapon to brandish in negotiating for a way of life superior to the one provided by the $3.20 then being paid for an 8-hour day.

The Guild was born on a balmy May evening in 1933, when six actors—Ralph Morgan, Grant Mitchell, Kenneth Thomson, Berton Churchill, George Miller and Alden Gay Thomson—met to determine what, if anything, could be done to prevent the blanket 50 per cent salary reduction which had just been announced by the studios. When the meeting broke up that night, the Guild had been formed. Two months later it was incorporated.

Battling for Union Recognition

The sudden and, presumably, shocking realization that players now had an organization to represent them caused the uneasy producers to withdraw the pay cut after it had been in effect some four weeks. As things turned out, however, this was only the first shot fired in a four-year battle to gain the union-shop contract without which there could be no real security. It was a battle the Guild had to wage without the inspiration of public sympathy.

"When the average person thinks of motion-picture actors," Ronald Reagan, president of the Guild, has said, "he thinks of glamorous stars and fabulous salaries. Unfortunately, big sums, like big names, make big news; and the public has been misled consistently by violent exaggerations in publicity reports of salaries paid to top stars . . . More than 50 per cent of the members of the Screen Actors' Guild earn less than $5,000 a year."

Although the Guild gained a certain strength by affiliating in 1935 with the American Federation of Labor, it was still far from its goal. On the morning of Sunday, May 9, 1939, however—just a little more than ten years ago—two members of the negotiating committee, Montgomery and Kenneth Thomson, met with studio spokesmen at Louis B. Mayer's Santa Monica beach house and announced that unless their union was immediately recognized as a bargaining agent, the whole membership would go out on strike. (The Guild was actually pulling one of the most colossal bluffs in labor history, since 80 per cent of the members hadn't paid their dues and were not, therefore, in good standing. In point of fact, Montgomery and Thomson were voicing the demands of fewer than 500 authentic trade-unionists.)

At Mayer's house that morning there was on hand besides the producers a man named Willie Bioff, who, because of certain concessions he had won for the I.A.T.S.E. (The International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Motion Picture Operators), was presented as a friend of labor.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH

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The Runaways

By OLIVER LA FARGE

It was a bitter summer. It brought him his first adventure—and his first love

WHEN Tom Weatherbee was sixteen his father gave him the Nancy outright, to be his own boat. By then, Tom's knowledge of boats was profound, he was big and solid for his age, and his father could be sure he would really take care of her.

To get the Nancy to his standard of seaworthiness, after she had been laid up for nearly three years, took all the pocket money Tom had saved that year at boarding school, and still left him needing a good bit more before she would be fit to put out to sea beyond the bay. For that reason he reluctantly took a job tending Mr. Taylor's shiny great sloop, the Sunbeam.

The job, unexpectedly, led to his getting to know Jennifer Taylor which, in turn, led to his involvement with Bradford Ransome, that dubious character, and to his first, small taste of the high wine of adventure and of the bitter wine which all of us in time must learn to sip.

Jennie Taylor was a year or so past twenty, tall, finely made, a long-limbed blonde with classically regular features. An older man would have said on early acquaintance that she was exceptionally pretty, if not more, intelligent, and that she had a surface sophistication which did not go very deep. The first impression she made on Tom, whose experience of young women of fashion was almost nil, was one of hardness, of a too shiny, lacquered manner, like her fingernails.

He likened her to her father's sloop. You might say that a comparison between the Sunbeam and his own Nancy pretty well set forth the gap between the Weatherbees and the Taylors. The Sunbeam was long, narrow, showy and modern. With her great mast and enormous mainsail she showed up magnificently out on the bay on a fair day, but you would not want to take her out in a blow.

Her fine innards were partly occupied, and in Tom's mind befouled, by a powerful motor, and the water under her counter concealed a correspondingly large propeller to drag the heart out of her when she was under sail. So you wouldn't want to race her. Except for the fixed propeller, there was not a recent gadget that she lacked.

The Nancy had been bought when the Weatherbee fortunes were better than they had become. Gaff rig and canoe bows were the last word then. She was a little thing as such boats go, too small, really, for the open ocean, but she had made some notable cruises. She had become old-fashioned, out of date, and then emerged into the status of being archaic enough, with her essentially sweet, sound lines and sturdy qualities, to have dignity and distinction.

The country people roundabout remembered when she was new. She had a reputation, and she gave rise to remarks about how boats weren't built solidly and honestly like that any longer, and that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

He had been prepared to dislike Jennie, but the very first time he saw her he concluded that she was what was meant by the adjective "gorgeous"

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. FREDERICK SMITH

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reeling, grotesque wo[illegible] marijuana smoker, in which gyrating dreams replace a steady normalcy, is vividly pictured in this photographic montage

Dreamers

By EARL WILSON

A famous Broadway columnist takes up the cudgels against a murderous weed—marijuana, and writes a straight, hard-hitting account of the way bodies and minds can be wrecked by even one "adventure" taken "just for the thrill of it"

NOT long ago, a young Virginian, sitting in an 18th-floor Manhattan apartment and comfortably adrift on the wings of a marijuana cigarette, glanced out the window. There, lying on the green carpet of Central Park, it seemed there was a string of pearls. He was just stepping out the window to pick up the street lights and stuff them into his pocket when someone pulled him back inside.

A few blocks away, at that same wonderful moment, a Broadway musician was walking around in his soul. "I was in the country one week end," he explained, "and I was standing by the dresser. I looked over and saw my body lying on the bed. I buried my body in the woods. Then I got on a train and came back to town. Since then, I've been a soul."

A Temple University professor, in an effort to approach the drug scientifically, smoked a marijuana cigarette during a research experiment. The professor immediately leaped into an open ink bottle and flew around inside it on blue wings for 200 years.

This is the sort of whimsical reaction with which users of marijuana are familiar, and it probably explains why the arrest and conviction of movie actor Robert Mitchum on a charge of conspiring to possess marijuana was so uniquely received. His studio asked that judgment be withheld; his idolators took up the familiar cry of "persecution"; and millions of Americans, with utterly no idea of what marijuana is or what marijuana does, were ready to assume that Mitchum was involved in no more serious an escapade than a schoolboy caught throwing erasers at the teacher.

The ignorance displayed was appalling. Narcotics experts, who have been hammering away for years in a frantic effort to educate the public, were completely discouraged. Worse, the ever-present amateur experts popped out of their holes again with the weary old argument that marijuana is not habit-forming. That, of course, is not the point, although that argument, too, bears scrutiny. The point is that people smoke marijuana, and, having smoked it, set off a chain reaction no less ravaging socially than the physical destruction caused by a string of dynamite sticks.

Just how much marijuana is smoked in the United States is not known. But the addiction to all kinds of narcotics is roughly estimated at one person in every 3,000. It is definitely known, however,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAYDEN-NORTON

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TRANSFER AT KHARTOUM

By LAURENCE KIRK

**They looked enough alike to be twins—
enough alike to have married the same man**

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN HUR BAZ

"I'm a no-good—and you've probably guessed that. But I'm not so bad that I will stay with a man who's kidding himself all the time that I'm somebody else"

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HE Grand Hotel at Khartoum faces south across the Blue Nile a mile or two above the point where it joins the White Nile at Omdurman. It is a two-storied building with porticos and arches, and inside, big electric fans revolve slowly under the ceilings of the lofty rooms. All day long on the terrace outside, the traders from Omdurman squat patiently with their wares exposed. At nightfall the round globes on the terrace are lighted up and shine brightly in the gathering darkness. That is the pleasantest hour there and cars keep arriving along the shady avenue. Out of them come men and women, some still in shorts and some in full evening dress, they find a table on the terrace and soon they are having long, iced drinks.

These are the residents of Khartoum who have been working there in hot offices all the day. But about the same time there is another influx of a more transient population. All the great air lines of the world seem to crisscross at Khartoum. Skymasters from London meet Skymasters from Johannesburg, and Dakotas come from all over the place. So in the evening, busses keep arriving from the airport loaded to the brim. And the people in one bus will be talking French, the people in another Dutch or English or Norwegian; and they troop wearily up the steps and drop heavily into any vacant chairs while the management tries to sort them out.

The travelers are tired, but once they have been allotted a bed and had some food they feel a little less jaded; and they too come onto the terrace for a long, cool drink. And the residents look at them curiously, wondering why they are all rushing about in such a hurry: Khartoum tonight, Heaven knows where tomorrow morning. For not only is there the mixture of nationalities, but a mixture of all types in each nationality. Some are running away from something and some are running away with someone. Crooks and smugglers and honest people are all mixed up together.

Claire had arrived in a Skymaster from Johannesburg and was scheduled to leave for Athens and London at five thirty the next morning. They had been flying since two in the morning with one stop at Kisumu, and she was very tired. She was secretary to Sir Patrick Beeswing, and so she had gone and fought in the crowd at the reception office, explaining that Sir Patrick was far too important a man to share a room with any one. It had been a long, hot fight, and an unsuccessful one. The best she had been able to achieve was to get him doubled up with an earl going to Nairobi. Then she came back and collapsed into a chair near the reception office, wondering what was going to happen to her, but not really caring.

As often happened when the present was disagreeable, she thought not of it, but of the past which was disagreeable and distasteful in a more important way. She was still quite young, but she had been nine years younger when she had come over from South Africa in 1939 to join the Wrens. What a wonderful life it had been then, although she had not always known it at the time! How natural it was that she should fall in love with Hilary and he with her! And how proud she had been when she became Mrs. Lieutenant-Commander Snowden, R.N. And how happy!

It was strange how four years of such happiness could be followed by two of such discontent. He was within a year of his demobilization and they were already making plans to settle in East Africa, when her mother had fallen seriously ill in Johannesburg, and Claire had gone out to nurse her.

Hilary had agreed that she must go. But he hadn't realized that it would be nearly a year before she came back, or realized the temptations he would meet during that time. He was unfaithful to her. He told her about it when her mother had died and she did get back. And Claire could not forgive him for it. She began to watch him whenever he looked at another woman. And so they began to get on each other's nerves and to suspect and to quarrel. When he said he couldn't bear it any longer, she packed up and went to South Africa again.

To Claire, looking back now, it all seemed very unnecessary. Her loneliness had brought some belated wisdom to her. She realized that there were men— quite nice men, some of them— who could not live without a woman of some kind. Even though it was for the best of reasons, she *had* neglected him.

But it was no good being so wise now. She did not know

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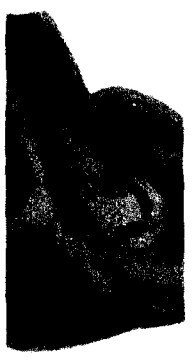

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The scheme Herbert Wilson used to pull off one of his most daring robberies is shown in this artist's sketch. The gang cut a hole in the partition, pulled the safe into the next room and replaced it with a cardboard duplicate. Then they blew the door, while the cop on the beat glanced unsuspectingly in the window

I Was King of the Safecrackers

By HERBERT EMERSON WILSON *as told to DEAN JENNINGS*

Synopsis: HERBERT WILSON *turned from the ministry to crime, determined to outwit the police and make a successful career as a safecracker. He recruited a gang and on his first big burglary he successfully blew the safe of a Detroit department store. But Wilson's approach to crime was scientific: He went to work in a safe factory and then studied all the information on safes and vaults that he could get at the Bureau of Standards in Washington. On his next job, he had his first experience with cheating by a member of the gang. Undaunted and flushed with success, Wilson decided to pull off a daring job in Detroit—cracking a safe that stood in the brightly lighted show window of a Kroger grocery store. A watchman sat inside, waving to the cop who occasionally passed by on his beat. It was a challenge to the skill and cunning of the best of safecrackers.*

PART THREE OF FIVE PARTS

THE guys in the mob thought I had turned snowbird when I said we would blow the Kroger safe. We had called a meeting in my hotel room to hash it over. Even Big Harry Woods, who was a gorilla and once offered to burglarize a police armory just because he didn't like cops, got cold feet about this job.

"It don't sound like you, Chief," he said, chewing on his cigar. "I don't want no part of a job where the box sits in a sidewalk window with a light on it and a harness bull giving it the eye. Even with Houdini I don't like it, and you ain't got him."

I had to admit it was a tough proposition. But I thought I had a clever solution, and when I explained it to the boys, they agreed to give it a whirl. First I sent my girl friend, Helen Gillespie, down to the store to handle the casing job. Helen was one of those tiny, black-haired girls with big, wistful eyes that made most guys feel tender right away. Helen had a college degree, but she knew baby talk, too, and in a couple of days she had one of the Kroger salesmen combing his hair three different ways.

At the end of a week, he was dreaming about being the next sales manager; in ten days, he was telling her how much money went into the safe. When Helen finally gave him the brush-off, we had all the information there was—including a nice sketch of the safe, with dimensions, that Helen made while the guy was working late one night.

BOB AND IRA SPRING

Herbert E. Wilson

We moved fast after that.

Helen and I bought wood slats, cardboard, show-card paints and a lot of other stuff and rented an apartment. While the rest of the mob was busy checking last-minute details downtown, Helen and I took up our art work. We made a dummy safe which was an exact duplicate of the Kroger box, and if any scene painter has ever done a better job I don't know about it. The phony safe was a beauty, complete with wheels, combination door, hinges and gold lettering on the door, and was constructed so that it could be taken apart.

We loaded one of our sedans with all the equipment and drove down to the store on a Sunday night. I pulled the car into an alley behind the building and stopped it right over a coal chute in the sidewalk. We had equipped the floor of the sedan with sliding metal panels so that my brother Lou could slip down into the chute. We sent the tools down after him and, a few minutes later, he came to the rear door and let us in. We all wore sneakers —as usual—and the night watchman never knew a thing until we shoved a rod in his back.

He had on a pretty blue uniform with a neat little gun belt—the fanciest guard I ever saw—and he squawked plenty when we made him strip. I couldn't blame him, because I know how silly a man feels standing around in his underwear, but we needed that suit. Herb Cox, my original partner, put it on and went right into the watchman's routine. Besides this, we had one man patrolling the street and another at the rear door with a buzzer on which to give us signals. After that it was a fight against the clock.

We sawed a hole in the wood partition behind the safe the exact size of the safe, threw a black lasso around the big steel box and waited for the all-clear buzz from the street. It came through—and we jerked the safe backward through the hole. The dummy pete was already set up, and we rolled it into position. The switch didn't take more than 30 seconds and, an instant later, I was plugging the drill cord into a socket. I blew the safe door with a heavy rag-shot, and went to work on the inside door. I was soaping the cracks when three buzzes, the danger

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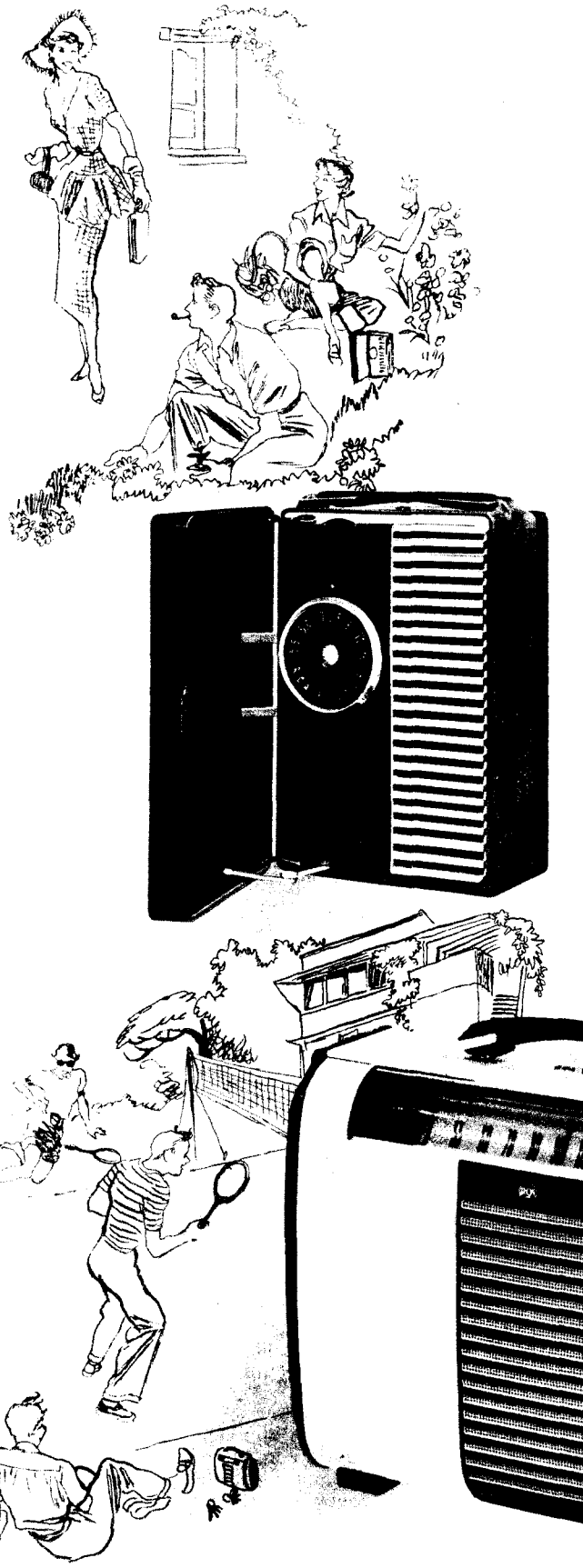

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THE CRAZY DREAMERS

Continued from page 27

that the consumption of marijuana has increased at least a thousandfold in the last ten years, and that it is still rising. In 1945, federal narcotics authorities confiscated enough marijuana in the United States to make 380,000 cigarettes; in 1947, they seized enough to make 900,000.

Every major city is confronted with the problem. In Los Angeles, in 1945, the city narcotics squad arrested 172 adult narcotics users; in 1947 they took 1,167, and last year, the haul was 1,516. Approximately 80 per cent of these were marijuana users. Six years ago 15 juveniles were arrested. In 1947 the figure was 115 and last year 74, all involving marijuana. One of them, a high-school girl of sixteen, told police defiantly, "This stuff doesn't hurt me! I've been to the library and I know all about it. Anyway, all you can give me is 90 days, and I can do that standing on my head!"

For every marijuana smoker who worships at the shrine of the "green goddess" and gets caught, police estimate 100 get away. It would be for their own good if they were all caught, for the road ahead is usually the highway to disaster.

Girl Addict's Tragic Story

The case history of a girl we'll call Geneva is typical of marijuana addiction. Now a prostitute in Los Angeles, Geneva came originally from a good family in a Middle Western city, where she spent her childhood in a strict girls' school and graduated at the age of fifteen. She was a bright and promising youngster, and in Los Angeles, soon after her arrival, she entered business college.

Unfortunately, she was adventurous and no longer under the parental thumb. Friends treated her to some strange, new cigarettes with turned-in ends; when she smoked them, she got an ecstatic "kick." It was fun and seemingly innocent, but gradually the marijuana kick became prosaic. As a substitute, she was encouraged to try a few puffs on an opium pipe.

In a matter of weeks she was puffing three or four times a week and couldn't stop. "When I tried," she said, "my whole body felt dull and prickly, like when your foot is asleep." Between smokes she sneezed and vomited, and her eyes watered. It took more and more pipes to bring her out of this state. Soon, for quicker results, she was shooting raw opium directly into a vein.

It was not long before even this type of administration failed to offset her craving. Moreover, she developed an allergy to the drug. Great welts were making a grotesque mask of her face. Her teeth were loosening, and her joints were like rusty hinges.

"I had to have something," she said. "I couldn't stand it the way it was. So I started to take pops."

A pop is a pellet of heroin dissolved in water in a spoon held over a flame and then injected either into a blood vessel or at random into the flesh. To hide the telltale injection marks from police, the charge is often fired between the toes, into the legs, or into the stomach. Some addicts, too desperate for caution, use an eye dropper, forcing it into the vein after digging out a hole with a safety pin. Others take the drug orally or by sniffing. "One horn" is up one nostril; "two horns" up both.

One or two shots a day and Geneva's joy-popping fixed her up. But her tolerance began to mount and the shots grew to six a day. At eight dollars a pop, this was an overhead of $48 a day. The solution, as for most women addicts without the money to support the habit, was the oldest profession. And Geneva had thought she could handle marijuana!

Perhaps the most dangerous aspect of marijuana lies in the assumption—not entirely incorrect—that it is not habit-forming. In 1945, the late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, of New York, in a controversial document which has since become the weed-head's Magna Charta, issued a report which said, in effect, that marijuana was not habit-forming and that it had no connection with crime. La Guardia's report was based on an examination by New York City physicians of 77 prisoners who had been given marijuana.

The American Medical Association immediately branded the report as "narrow, unscientific and inadequate," but the voice of the A.M.A. was lost in the furor that ensued. Down Beat, a popular music journal, contributed handsomely to the confusion with a headline which said, "Light Up, Gates! Report Finds 'Tea' A Good Kick." Subsequently, the magazine thought better of this frivolous approach and it now firmly warns against the use of the drug by musicians.

The La Guardia report was correct only in the sense that marijuana addicts can stop using the drug without suffering the violent withdrawal pains experienced by addicts of other drugs. Persons of strong will and reasonable intelligence frequently have no difficulty whatever in dropping the drug. But—and this is the stinger—the tendencies which lead a person to marijuana are the same tendencies which bring him back to it.

One veteran narcotics officer in Los Angeles has stated flatly that in the hundreds of youthful addicts he has arrested he has never found one who did not begin with marijuana. This may be an exaggeration, but there is no question that it is a simple hop, skip and jump from marijuana to cocaine, then to morphine or heroin, the most vicious of all opiates, and the one which has the most deleterious effect on the user.

Seconal, sodium amytal and nembutal, known respectively as "red smacks," "green dragons" and "goof balls," can also be used as pinch hitters. Nor is Benzedrine to be scoffed at, particularly if the tablet is crushed and the powder sprinkled into a marijuana cigarette. One delighted user of this combination said it made him feel as if his scalp were peeled back and his eyeballs popped out. Though drugs like these are presumably sold only by prescription, they are obviously easy to get. Even small drugstores often stock them in lots of 10,000 capsules or tablets.

Marijuana is also easy to get. It can be readily purchased in most cities from street peddlers, "connection" men or even from newsstands, as was once the case in Los Angeles. Thousands smoke the stuff daily. Yet few people seem to know what marijuana actually is.

Marijuana is nothing more and nothing less than a less refined form of the classic Oriental intoxicant called hashish. Marijuana is simply the Spanish nickname for the drug. The origin of the nickname is obscure, but one story has it that it was named for a lady peddler from Mexico, one Maria Juana.

Hashish was used originally by the members of a secret Mohammedan cult in Arabia to excite their courage to the point where they could fulfill the commitments of their strangely lethal fraternity. The commitments were simple, but harrowing. Members swore to kill and maim. The word assassin owes its origin to marijuana, or hashish. Assassin is derived from *hashshashin,* an Arabic word meaning hashish eater.

Marijuana has the same effect on the brain as a wrench tossed into a web of live electric wires. The ordered flow of current is broken and shorted. The smoker can be exhilarated or he can be depressed and sullen, but whatever the reaction, his five senses are pulled askew and he is completely irresponsible.

Time, space and movement become hopelessly distorted. What marijuana does to depth perception may be judged from the case of a motorcyclist who turned a corner in the middle of the block, crashing his head against a lamppost. "Tea" smokers may step blithely out of a window or they may climb up on a curb as though scaling a mountain. Time is frequently made to stand still. One war veteran, who had been caught smoking marijuana, presented himself at attention before the police officers, then went through the complete manual of arms.

The ways people behave while under the influence of marijuana are as varied as the range of human personality. A seventeen-year-old boy in a Southern state smoked a marijuana cigarette handed him in a poolroom. When he arrived home, he imagined that his family had been conspiring to dismember him. To forestall this, he hacked his father, mother, sister and two brothers to death with an ax while they slept.

Still, it is not accurate to assume that every marijuana user is a potential killer. Apathetic people experience only "mild delirium," according to medical authorities, although "a brute will have savage reactions."

Police authorities find marijuana a serious inducement to crime. In Michigan, Alcide Benoit after forty robberies and two murders, was accused during his trial for murder of having committed every one of his major crimes while under the influence of marijuana. In his murder of State Trooper Richard Hammond, Benoit knocked Hammond unconscious, fastened him to a post with his handcuffs, then calmly waited for him to regain consciousness before shooting him through the head.

Police and medical authorities have assembled a sort of composite marijuana addict from their thousands of case histories. This collective weed-head, young man or young lady, emerges as a pitiful figure.

The composite addict has no mental traffic cop to regulate him. He does not even try to meet everyday requirements, though he could not if he did try. He has virtually no capacity for social satisfaction. He works erratically, if at all.

He assumes he is superior to the entire nonaddicted world. He distrusts and lampoons normal people. He gives the drug precedence over food and drink. Delusions of persecution are common. Normal emotions are dull and insipid. Marijuana can be a strong aphrodisiac and for its users usually there is no such thing as normal sex relations.

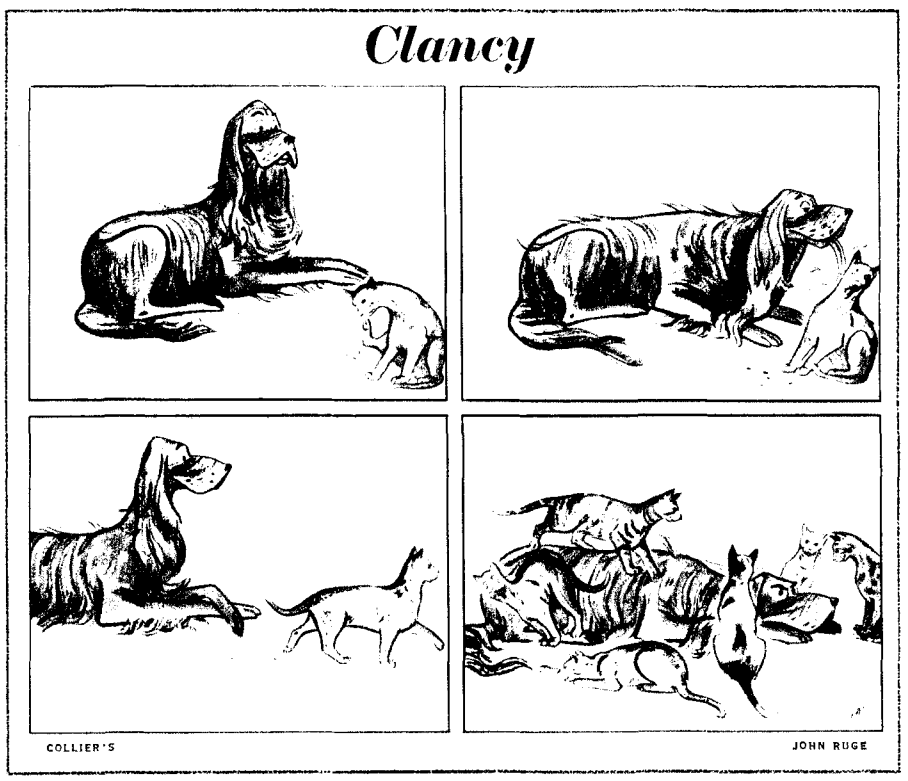
Abnormal Urges to Violence

Colonel Garland H. Williams, head of the New York office of the U.S. Narcotics Bureau, says that "even sex does not satisfy the abnormal urges induced by marijuana. There is still the necessity for further excitement, more emotional release. That is when the guns are grabbed, the knives waved, and the razors swung. And all that is a marijuana user's idea of what is normal!"

The effects of marijuana are lasting in still another way. An official report in 1942 on an extended study of the relationship in India between the users of marijuana and the incidence of insanity concluded that "there is definite anatomical injury to the brain." Twenty-five per cent of the insanity cases examined were found to be marijuana smokers. The report further stated, in even more precise terms, that "the prolonged abuse of the poison gives rise to progressive weakening of all the faculties of the brain, eventually leading to dementia."

This conclusion is supported by virtually all doctors. Dr. Herbert J. Kirchner, who has studied some 5,000 dope addicts in Los Angeles, said not long ago, "There is no question but that marijuana eventually breaks the user down mentally." The official attitude of the American Medical Association, a cautious, slow-moving body, is that "marijuana is a menace wherever it is purveyed."

A drug addict who has taken the easy step from marijuana to other drugs knows but too well that nearly superhuman mental discipline is necessary to maintain a cure. One addict, recently discharged from hospital treatment as cured, told an officer of the Los Angeles narcotics squad: "If you will give me your gun, I will show you the only cure for dope." THE END



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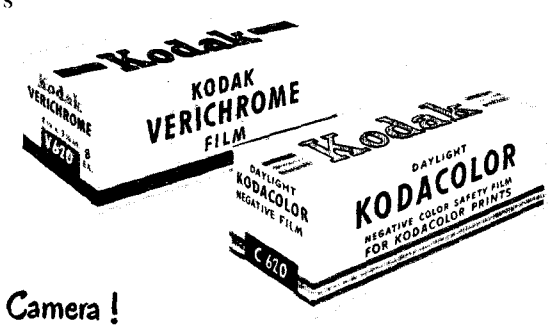

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THE RUNAWAYS

Continued from page 26

in the long run she'd outlast any of these modern skimming dishes.

The Weatherbees lived simply and were proud of it. Their mode of life was required by a genteel lack of funds, but they were New England enough to change their ways only moderately, and without ostentation, if they ever struck it rich.

The Taylors had been at Brent's Harbor two years. In that time they had built a large Georgian house, landscaped the grounds, planted trees already twenty feet high, built a jetty, and acquired the Sunbeam. Their guests often arrived in yachts, and their automobiles were a sight to see. The Taylors were the only people who could pay Tom for the kind of work he was most able to do, so he went to work for them reluctantly, suspicious because he did not know them and they were rich.

TOM saw very little of Mrs. Taylor, who disliked anything having to do with the water. Mr. Taylor was there chiefly for week ends. Tom disliked him partly because he was prepared to, and also because Mr. Taylor tried to be jovial in a condescending way. He was equally prepared to dislike Jennie. Even so, the first time he saw her he concluded that she was what was meant by the adjective "gorgeous." It was then purely an aesthetic judgment.

She swam beautifully and with pure delight in swimming. She honestly wanted to learn to sail, not just to be taken out, but to handle the boat, and without condescension she put herself under him to learn, accepting his greater knowledge. She talked to him levelly, as between equals and contemporaries. He had to become used to her habit of asking him extraordinarily direct questions in a very calm manner. She would produce these as if she had been studying him carefully and were sure of her ground, and he found them difficult to evade.

He encountered this trait the first time after he had been tending the Sunbeam for a little over a week. She had swum out to the boat and was watching him at work on the excessive amount of brass on board.

Without warning she asked, "Why did you take this job when you dislike it so?" Her tone of voice was purely curious.

"I don't dislike it."

"Why did you take it?" Her tone dismissed his answer.

He felt uncomfortable, seen through. "I've got to buy new shrouds."

"New *what?*"

Her ignorance was appalling. He gestured toward the stays on either side of the mast. "Those stays—wire ropes—there. If one of those parts, you lose your mast. Mine are rusty, too blamed old. If we get caught in a blow we'd lose the mast sure. I've got to buy them, and some other things."

"You love your boat."

"We've had her a long time. She's pretty good."

"You don't like the Sunbeam. Why not? No, tell me."

Cautiously he told her. The Sunbeam, he said, was a fair-weather boat, she was overrigged and so on.

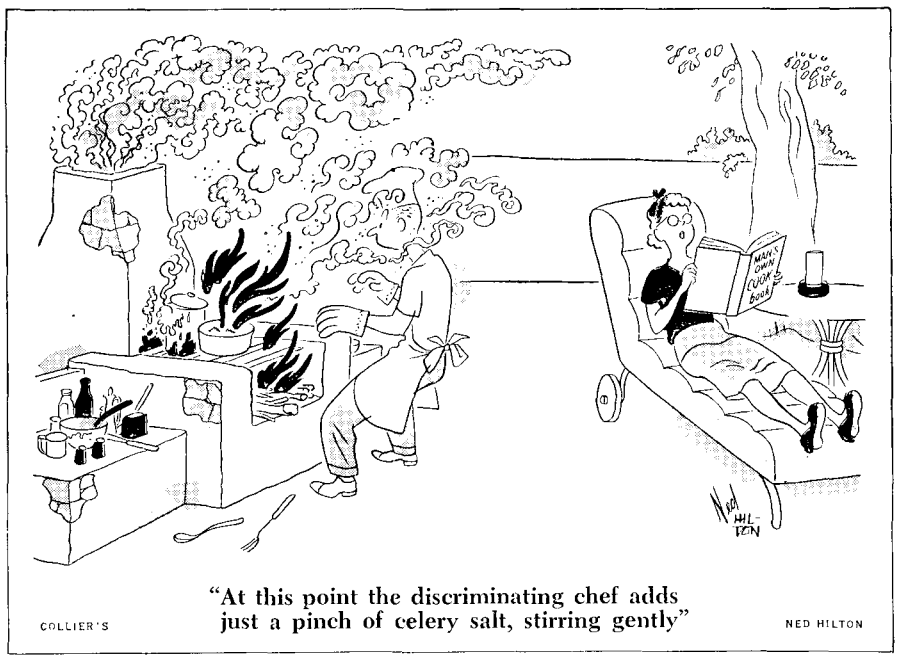
"Too much of a good thing," she commented, "and not enough of the right thing. A little the way you feel about us."

He blushed furiously. That was the high point of his dislike for her, and the beginning of liking.

She became a useful helper aboard a boat. Her sudden probings of his mind ceased to trouble him; in time, he found her interest flattering. Tentatively, as a kind of reward and a test, he took her out in the Nancy; she appreciated the boat; she passed. They came into August and by then he admittedly liked her a lot.

Young men came to see Jennie. Some had been invited for a visit. Others just happened to be passing by and dropped in. They tended to be active, tanned and tall. Many of them knew boats thoroughly. They were the kind of men Tom would expect her to have around her—their coming did not surprise him; he even selected and admired the one he thought most nearly equal to her. But their presence made him miserable. The idea of himself falling in love with a rich young woman five years older than he was unacceptable to his dignity and belief in himself. Denying it, he thought of friendship, and imagined shipwrecks and storms in which he saved her gloriously, selflessly.

A couple of times Jennie said she was bored, and once she shocked him deeply by saying that Brent's Harbor was a poky little hole. He didn't see how anyone could be bored at Brent's Harbor. There was always so much to do. Of course, she was awfully sophisticated, and she made comparisons with other worlds which he could hardly imagine. As time went on, she seemed rarer and farther beyond reach than ever.



"At this point the discriminating chef adds just a pinch of celery salt, stirring gently"

Then Bradford Ransome turned up to poison the picture. Mr. Taylor disliked him intensely—Tom gave the older man one good mark for that. Ransome dressed extremely well and drove a fine, new convertible. He lived at Hopkins, across the bay, just half an hour distant on the ferry, so that he could visit Brent's Harbor whenever he pleased.

Tom defined him as suave, smooth, cosmopolitan, middle-aged and deeply phony. Some of his dislike sprang originally from Ransome's attitude when the three of them went sailing. Ransome acted as if the boy were only a boy and a hired hand, openly paying his court to Jennie before him. When he did pay attention to Tom he was likely to be what he thought was clever. Tom would have liked to take a poke at him. He imagined himself as master of a real ship, working over Ransome with a belaying pin, in some crisis.

On the thirtieth Tom woke feeling that the day was a weather breeder. The barometer confirmed his feeling, although the day was fine. After some kind of a row with Mr. Taylor, Ransome had disappeared over the horizon last week. Yesterday Tom had had a swell sail with Jennie in the Nancy. Yesterday, too, being Saturday, he had received the pay which brought him to the total needed for all the gear for his boat. There might be a storm coming, but it was a good day. The breeze dropped early and the sun was hot. Wearing swimming trunks, hat and sneakers he went on board the Sunbeam, although his contract did not call for Sunday work.

As he worked, his thoughts turned to storms and what he would do if one came up when he was out with Jennie in the sloop—or better, in the Nancy, where he felt stronger, surer. In his mind, he could see the boat wallowing helpless, dismasted—he had experienced that, with his Uncle George, one time—and the heroic fight for life, under his leadership, binding the two of them together in a new bond of—of—of companionship.

There was a little splash alongside, then Jennie's hand reached up over the gunwale. It took hold of a backstay; quickly and smoothly she heaved herself up.

"Hullo."

"Hullo."

She took off her bathing cap, letting the sun strike her golden hair. Golden, he thought, remembering Shakespeare's, *Golden lads and girls all must, as chimney sweepers, come to dust. Golden girl,* he thought, his eyes on her hair and the bronze gold of her skin, with glowing flecks on it now where the sun was caught in drops of water.

She said it was a beautiful day. He said it was a weather breeder. She asked him how he knew that.

"You can feel it. The morning breeze didn't die right."

"Psychic?" She smiled. "You sound like some old sea captain."

"You can tell. And besides, the barometer's low." He was arranging the mainsheet in a Flemish coil, so that it grew into the shape of a flat, perfectly round mat. "I don't think it'll be bad this afternoon, if you want to go out."

"I'm afraid I can't today." Her eyes flickered toward the twelve-o'clock ferry coming across the bay. He lost his contentment. Ransome again.

She was watching him. They knew each other well now. "Maybe you are psychic. You don't like Brad, do you?"

He disliked even to hear her call him "Brad." "He's all right."

"When you say, 'He's all right,' like that I know you mean just the opposite. You can't fool me, Tom. Why? I know why Dad can't stand him, he's certainly told me." She laughed shortly. "But what have you got against him?"

Tom busied himself with the coil. How could he tell her how he felt about Ransome? That he pretended to a false youth, sucking in his stomach, throwing his figure, always lifting his face and turning it so as to show off his profile and shove his fine, cleft chin at you. That sometimes he looked at her the way a wolf might look at an antelope. That he was phony, phony about being young and dashing, phony in his pseudo-English accent, somehow bad, and old in a bad sense and, and—phony.

He said, "He's no chicken."

"He's forty-four. That's all right, he's young regardless of his age."

Tom continued to study the rope he was arranging.

"Come clean, Tom. What's the matter with him, except that he's razzed you a little too much?" He could tell by her voice that she earnestly wanted him to think well of Ransome. His opinion mattered, and if he could be twice as old as he was and still see as clearly as he did now, perhaps he'd know how to tell her.

"That isn't a real English accent he has," he said lamely.

She laughed, sincerely, this time. "Oh, Tom! He's traveled all over England and the Continent. He's picked up something of an accent, a nice way of talking. He doesn't pretend to be English."

Silence fell. He finished the coil and straightened his back.

"Tom, if I said I was going to run off with him, would you help us?"

He stared at her. He knew that he was blushing and in bewilderment and embarrassment answered shortly, "No."

She nodded slowly, her eyes on his.

"Don't take that seriously," she said.

"Okay."

"Someone might get ideas."

He answered curtly, "I don't talk."

"I know you don't. I'm sorry. You've been very sweet, you know."

He didn't know what to say to that. After a pause she said, "If you're through, I'll race you in."

"I have to get the skiff in."

"All right, let's push it."

He cast off the painter and threw his hat and sneakers into the skiff. They dived in together and swam, pushing the light boat ahead of them. Hidden by the square stern, swimming by her side, he felt private and intimate with her. She was lovely in the water, with the green luminosity under the boat for background. He took the moment as it came, with a strong feeling that everything was ending.

IN THE afternoon the wind came up as if it meant business. It was no more than a whole-sail breeze as yet, but it had the feel of more behind it, and the sky burned gray, taking the color out of the bay. The weather suited Tom's mood, so he took the Nancy out. Fast motion, action, spray were a delight and relief. That was Sunday.

Monday morning it was really blowing. He did not need to look at the barometer to see that there was a fair-sized storm on. Beyond the crescent-shaped harbor the bay was wild. While he was eating breakfast he saw Ransome go by on the road from the ferry, walking toward the Taylors'. Tom bristled. Why was he walking? Tom hoped he had wrecked his car. After breakfast he rowed out in the comparatively quiet water near shore to the Nancy, to see about her sail and check her over.

From aboard the boat he could take a good look at the Sunbeam and make sure she needed no attention. Taylor's shore front was at the tip of the point which formed the north end of the harbor. For shelter he depended upon his stone jetty, which was much too low. It made smooth water right alongside it but gave

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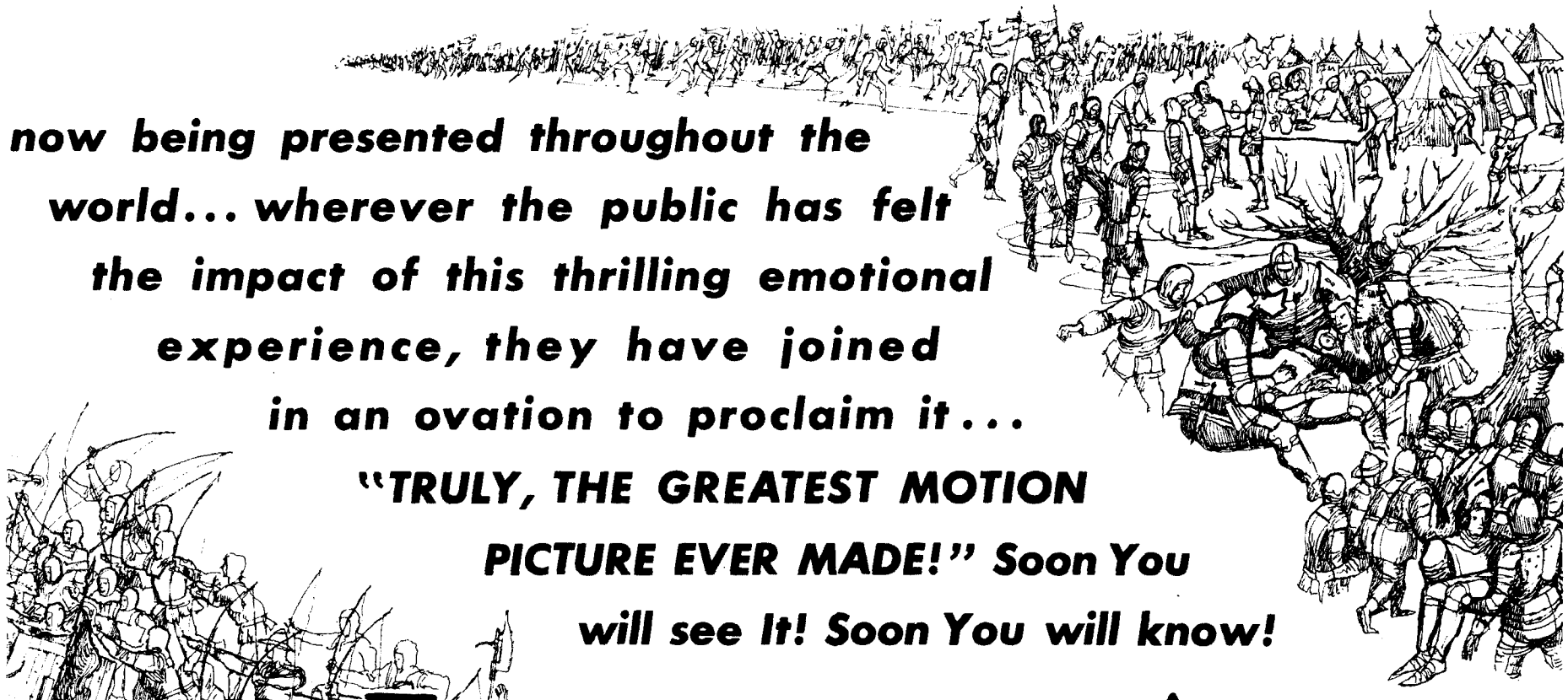

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and CECIL KELLAWAY based upon the stage play "Joan of Lorraine" by MAXWELL ANDERSON
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little protection at sail's height from the wind which hauled around the high ground above the point.

As soon as he looked, Tom froze. The skiff was blowing out to sea. *How?* There were two people in it, and one of them was frantically trying to paddle with a single oar. He stared. He recognized Jennie's bright green sweater. It all came clear. They had started to run away on the Sunbeam, and somehow that droop Ransome had lost an oar before they even got to the sloop. Why hadn't they taken the ferry? He knew instantly that Jennie would never agree to elope on a ferry—that was why Ransome had been on foot. He knew suddenly that the situation was all his—his and the Nancy's. But the Nancy's shrouds were weak—he'd have to hope his backstays would see him through.

He made sail without haste or delay, bending on the little storm jib, thankful that the mainsail was already double-reefed, then he cast off the mooring and paid off. The skiff was drifting at a good clip out onto the bay and down toward its mouth; his course to intercept it was about abeam of the wind. When he felt the Nancy leap, he wanted to shout. He was rescuing her and Ransome from the man's own incompetence, and there would be no runaway.

When he came up alongside them, they threw a valise aboard and came scrambling after. Jennie looked wind-blown, her hair was disarranged, and her expression at the moment was one of being glad to see him. Ransome looked cross, rumpled and defensive.

Jennie said, "Thanks, Tom. Boy!"

Ransome said, "Nice work, old chap. Lifesaver, eh?"

CURTLY, Tom told him to make the skiff fast astern. Jennie was stowing the valise in the cabin. Tom jumped to shift backstays while the boat hung in the wind, then to the tiller to bring her round. She fell away heading toward the shore south of the harbor. He planned to take her closer to land, then head for home.

Jennie said, "You'll have to take us across to Hopkins, Tom."

He wanted furiously to refuse to do it, but when he looked at her he could not. Her eyes told him that she knew how he felt, but that this had to be. He nodded.

"Stand by to come about," he said at last. "Jennie, tend the jib sheets. Mr. Ransome, can you tend backstays?"

Ransome snapped, "Certainly."

"Tend backstays, then." They took their places. "Ready about! Hard alee!"

He put the tiller down and the Nancy swung into the wind. Jennie handled the jib sheets just right. Ransome slacked off the windward backstay, and as he crossed over, not moving too fast, as if refusing to be hurried by an infant skipper, he forgot to stoop and the slatting boom caught him a sharp blow on the forehead. He dropped to a seat, holding his head. The heavy seas into which the Nancy had headed had stopped her speed, so that she did not answer to the rudder. The jib had caught, she was falling off, and would continue doing it until the mainsail was under extra-heavy pressure before she gathered speed enough to answer and head into the wind again.

Tom yelled, "The backstay! The backstay, Ransome!"

Ransome said, "The hell with your silly backstay, you brat!"

Leaving the tiller, Tom jumped for the backstay almost at the same moment Jennie did. Jennie tripped over Ransome's knees. She landed on all fours, and Tom stumbled over her. As he recovered himself there was a sharp cracking sound like a very loud shot. Suddenly the boat ceased straining and lay idle, while the mast and sail swung in a strangely beautiful arc over the water.

Ransome swore with the intensity of a thoroughly frightened man. Jennie looked at the devastation, then turned to the boy. "What do we do now, Tom?"

Tom drew a long breath, remembering early experience and many instructions. The Nancy was being driven down the key on a long diagonal; they had nearly an hour before they would be in danger of the lee shore.

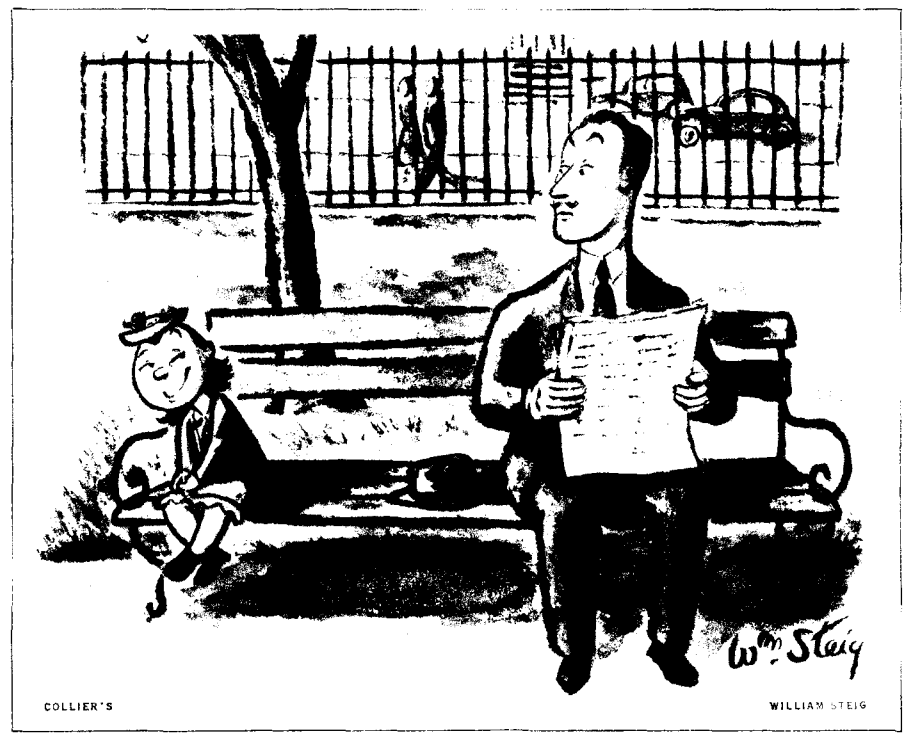
"Get all this mess cut loose and on board first, then we'll rig her."

Ransome stood up. "This tub's no good. Let's get in the skiff and row ashore. We'll all be drowned."

"We're going to rig this boat," Tom told him.

"You bloody little brat." The adjective "little" was misplaced. Tom was as tall as Ransome, and broader. "Your little tub's rotten." His voice was shrill. "You can't even keep the mast in it. We'll be blown out to sea, or pile up on the cliffs down there while you piddle around. You have oars. Get them out—we can get ashore in the skiff."

Tom stood frozen in an intensity of thought and feeling. He knew that Jennie stood there watching him. "Listen, you swab," he said with level intensity, "I'm master of this vessel, and while you're aboard her you'll do as I say and look lively. Is that clear?" He took half



a step forward, and the manner of that step, the set of his body, the look of his face were pure menace. He was hoping that he would have to hit Ransome.

The man stepped back. He gave a short, uneasy laugh. "The lad's gone mad," he said uncertainly. "Let him try his idea; we'll get ashore later." He did not, however, question further orders.

The sail was brought inboard, cut free and stowed. The awful tangle was cleared. Blocks were rigged to the end of the boom, ropes run through. Talk was limited to brief instructions and remarks such as, "Pull now," or, "All right, I've got it," until Tom set to bending a rope onto the mast in order to tow it.

"What do you bother with that for?" Jennie asked.

He pointed to the bronze collars at the head. "I'm going to need these."

Ransome looked to leeward where the rocky shore was getting close, and exploded. "You can get them at any chandler's. I'll give you the money."

Tom ignored him. The boom went up waveringly in the mast's place, then the halyards which he had rigged in lieu of stays double and triple strength between their blocks were snugged home, so that the jury mast was firmly braced. The jib, the regular one, not the storm jib, went up in the mainsail's place, a long, narrow triangle of canvas. Tom trimmed it in. It took the wind, balanced well, and the Nancy picked up headway. Tom felt deep pride—pride in his accomplishment and in the Nancy's qualities, sailing so sweetly under this old rig. He said to Jennie, "Now we're up to date—Marconi rigged."

Ransome drew a long breath. He no longer looked frightened. He was a man who adapted himself swiftly. "Good work, old fellow, fine work." His voice was candidly praiseful. "Do you think you can make it across to Hopkins?"

Tom hesitated, feeling the taste of victory turn sour. "I don't know if I can handle her in a beam sea with this rig," he temporized. He counted on Ransome's lack of real sea knowledge.

The man took his wallet out of his hip pocket. "You'll have a lot of expense putting your boat back in shape. I'll be glad to make it worth your while."

Jennie broke in. "I'd like to go straight home, please."

Ransome put a hand over hers. "I say—"

Without looking at him she removed her hand. Her eyes met Tom's. It seemed to him that she was continuing their talk of yesterday noon, that somehow he had managed to tell her all the things he'd been unable to say, and that she was answering, rather humbly, "You're right." There was also confidence, the same confidence with which she had asked, "What do we do now?" when the mast went.

He nodded. "We'll hold this tack till we get under the land."

They were sailing close to the wind, and the seas were steep. From time to time, under so little canvas, the boat almost lost headway as she climbed a big one, and a good deal of spray came inboard. Tom told Jennie to put on the slicker in the cabin. He himself at the tiller in the aftermost part of the cockpit got relatively little. Ransome, he saw, was getting good and wet—and cold.

They entered somewhat smoother water. Tom brought the boat about. (With the narrow jib, there was no need to shift backstays.) He could see the ferry slip, the houses on the hillside and the boats in the protection of the anchorage. He felt as strong and sure as any great captain who had brought his clipper around the Horn. He felt mature.

Tentatively, from a distance, he allowed himself to look at the fact of his love. There were no longer any impossibilities. He looked at Jennie, catching her eye, and unexpectedly she smiled. He encountered a new, sweet ecstasy.

The shatteringly difficult problem of replacing the mast was indefinitely postponed. He would pick up his mooring and row them ashore. There really would be nothing Ransome could do but take the ferry back to Hopkins. Jennie would come to his house, and his mother would make hot chocolate for them, and he would be there with her in the warmth and familiarity of his own place.

Ransome was pulling himself together. He talked to Jennie in a low voice, pointing toward the ferry. Tom could see him putting forth his practiced charm. Jennie did not answer. Instead, she shifted to the less comfortable, lee side of the cockpit, sitting in the after curve so that she almost touched Tom. "Will you go straight to our place?" she asked.

"All right." He was disappointed, but it meant only a new arrangement of a still cloudy dream.

They drew up to Jennie's place, abreast of the Sunbeam. Tom saw that the going now would be tricky. He instantly rejected the thought of letting them get in the skiff and paddle ashore; he, not Ransome, must bring Jennie to land.

THE Nancy leaped forward, racing. Tom had not allowed for that much speed, nor did he calculate on the weight of the water she now had under her floor boards. In the pinch, she handled strangely. He let the sheet go and swung the helm, so that she came alongside the jetty going much too fast, and hit the stones a few feet aft of her bow with a crunch, a jar, and a splintering noise.

Tom felt his stomach tie up. He ran forward, jumped ashore, and held onto the forestay.

Ransome put Jennie's valise on the jetty. They climbed out. He reached for the valise but Jennie said pointedly, "Don't bother. You'd better hurry and catch the ferry." He gave her a long, hard look and went off without speaking.

Just under the gunwale at the swell of the Nancy's bow there was a hole the size of your hand. Tom stared at it.

Jennie put her hand on his. "I'm so sorry, Tom. That's awful. And after all you've done. You've been splendid."

He was holding the jury forestay with his right hand, feeling the boat tug as the wind pushed at her. Jennie touched him.

He looked at her squarely. She had never seemed younger than now, with spray on her face and her lovely hair fallen over one shoulder. In his best dreams her face had never offered so much. Because of her the Nancy had been twice betrayed; because she was beautiful and golden and he had fallen in love with her. He said, "Do you want me to help with your bag?"

Her expression changed. "That's all right, you'd better take care of the boat. The bag isn't heavy." She let go of his hand. "I'm sorry."

He headed the Nancy for her mooring. This afternoon he'd have to have her hauled up. What then? Ask his father for help? He hated to do that. He couldn't work at the Taylors' any more—that was finished. This crazy love made him feel childish and ashamed, he didn't know quite why. There had been a moment today, a high point, and the thought of his falling from that was acutely painful. His moment of equality with Jennie had been only a wild moment; he was glad he had not kissed her, as he knew she had wanted.

Anyway, he'd freed her from Ransome. It hadn't been really her fault, but because of her folly he had all but lost his boat. There was good in this, to be sorted out later. There was pride of seamanship—*except at the end. At the end he had been trying to show off when he tried for that snappy landing.* At the Nancy's expense.

He picked up his mooring with practiced efficiency. He knew that his mother would be watching, had been watching for some time. He would have to go to her. He wished he could crawl off somewhere first and be alone until he sorted himself out. He wished he could be alone somewhere and cry. THE END

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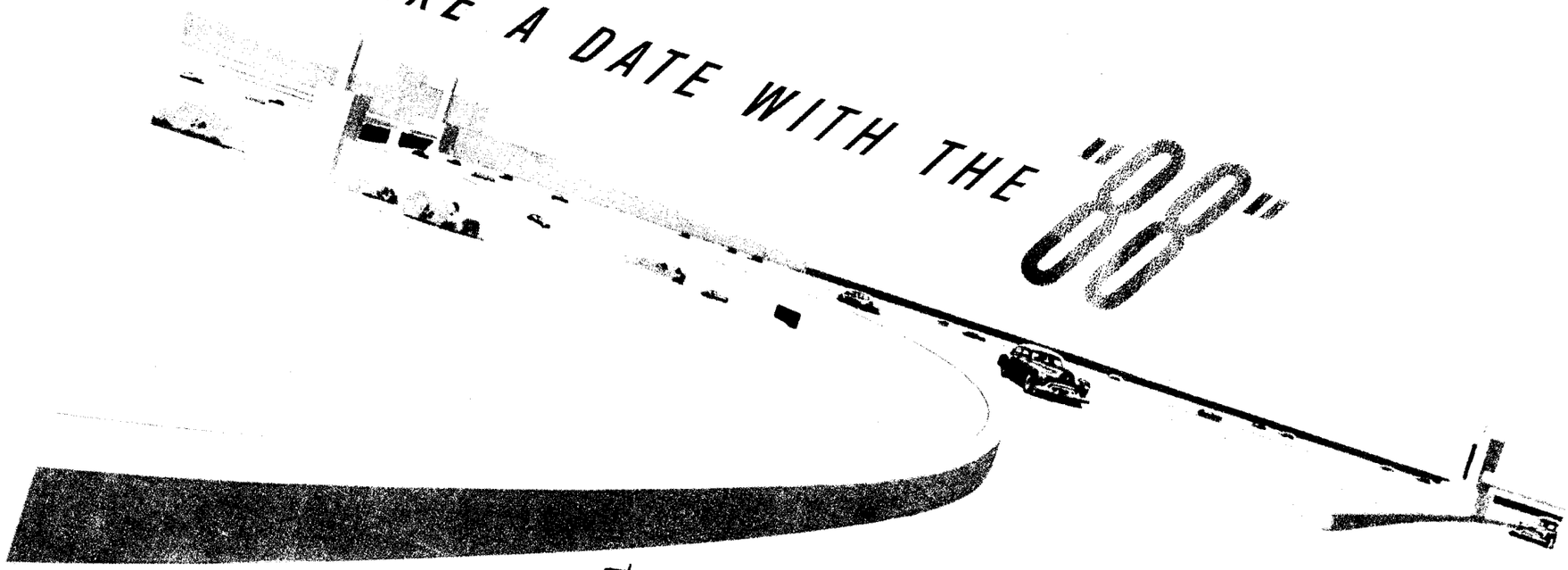

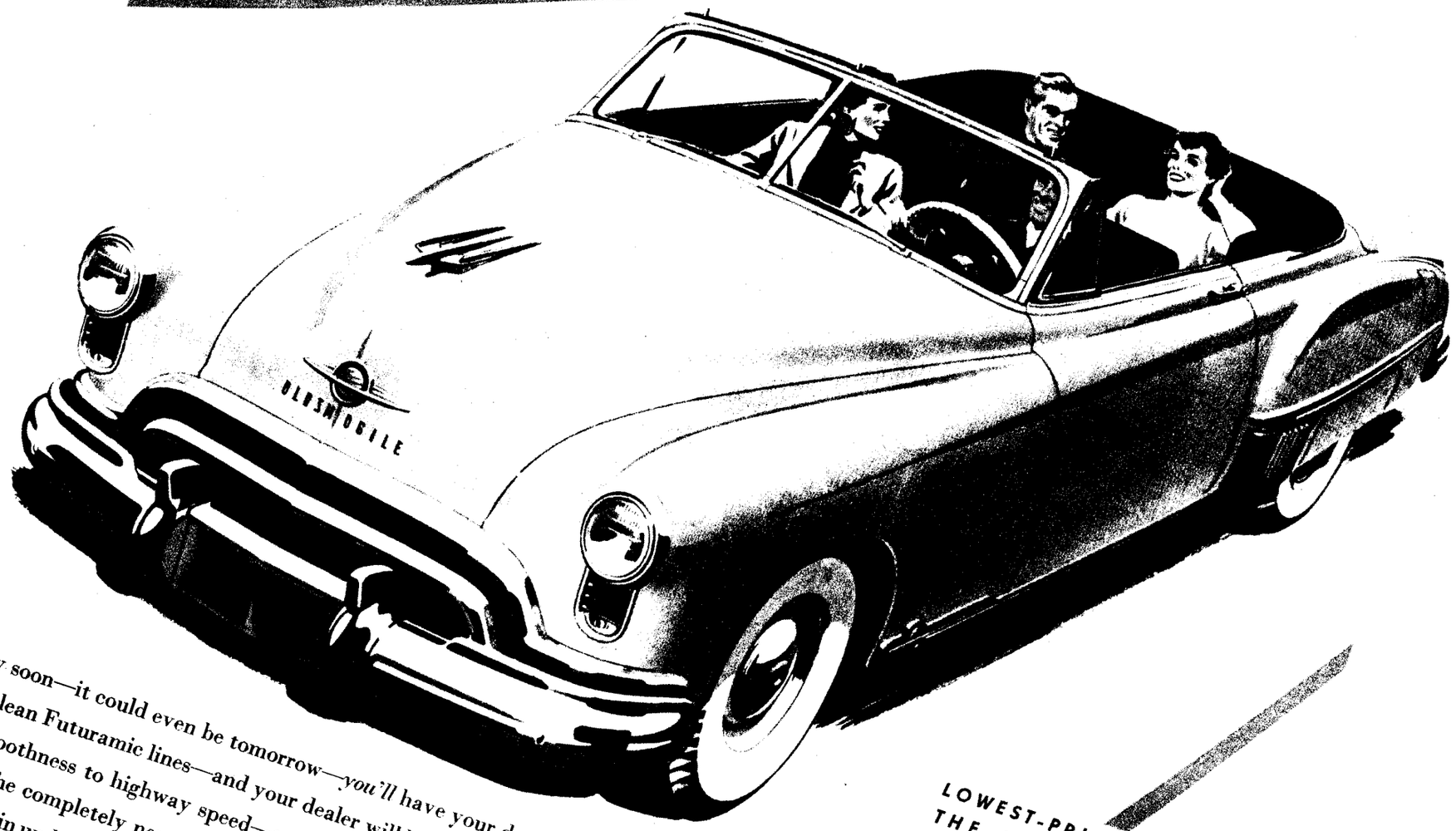

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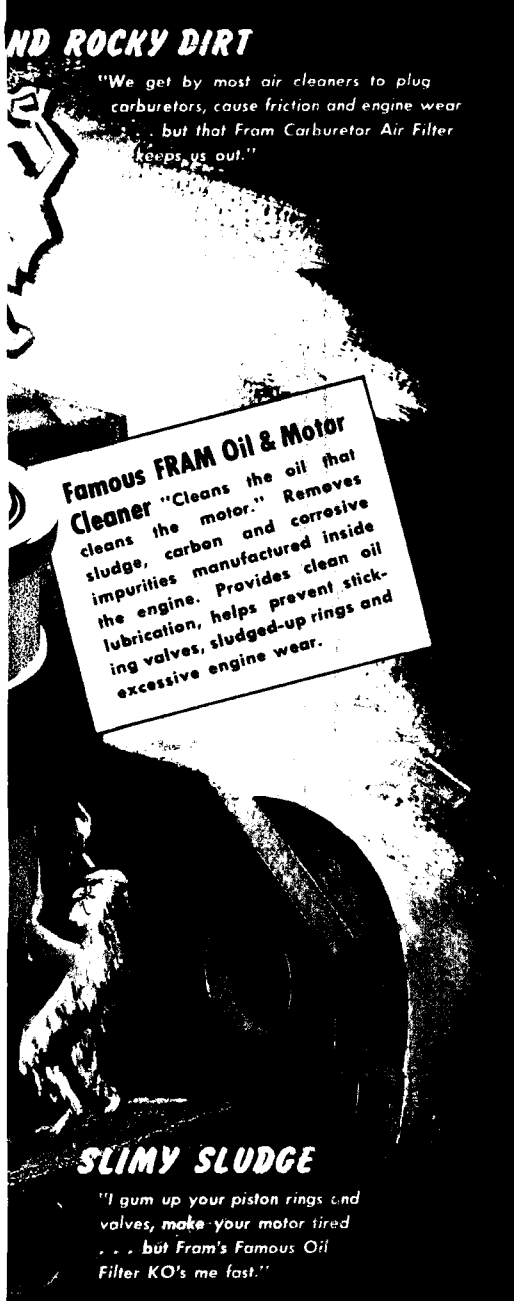
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GENIUSES HAVE IT TOUGH, TOO

Continued from page 23

This elite company does not comprise all the outstanding artists in the field. Far from it. They merely happen to be on the rosters of the two major bureaus which handle bookings throughout the country—Columbia Artists Management, Inc., and National Concert and Artists' Corporation.

Columbia Artists is the colossus of the music industry. Its 160 attractions grossed $6,000,000 in 1,000 cities last year. Arthur Judson, its founder and president since 1929, has recently resigned that office to head a division of the corporation. Frederick Schang is now president of Columbia Artists, and Ward French, chairman of the board. Mark Levine and Sol Hurok are the head men at N.C.A.C., Columbia's chief rival—though the word rival is greeted with sardonic horselaughs by insiders, who wonder out loud whether the big boys have a tacit agreement on territorial rights.

The standard 20 per cent commission is charged by Columbia and N.C.A.C. for booking engagements, integrating schedules and attending to a score of details ranging from making hotel reservations to procuring a practice piano. Other bureaus handle these matters efficiently too, but every struggling newcomer regards Columbia and N.C.A.C. as the promised land because of their special gimmick—the Organized Audience Plan.

Like the dentist's drill and marriage by proxy, however, the Organized Audience Plan is a device tolerated for lack of a satisfactory substitute. Even those who get red in the face at the mere mention of it concede that it has created more work, both for geniuses and clucks, than all other schemes combined. A generation ago there was a steady market for artists in only 25 cities concentrated along the Atlantic seaboard and around Chicago. Today, more than 1,500 communities in every section of the country regularly schedule series of concerts through the Columbia and N.C.A.C. offices.

Group Concert Plan Is Born

Classical music was withering on the vine in 1930 when Arthur Judson and Ward French were seized with the bright idea of selling concerts to groups of subscribers pledged to guarantee the artists' fees. The mechanics were simple. They formed a subsidiary company, Community Concerts, to sell to various localities musicians who were under contract to Columbia Artists. N.C.A.C. quickly copied the dodge and set up Civic Concerts as the outlet for its talent. Both organizations now follow the same procedure.

Community Concerts has 70 salesmen in the field. One will go into a town and give leading citizens a spiel extolling the uplifting benefits of good music. Since patronizing culture is first cousin to standing foursquare in favor of patriotism, clean government and kindness to animals, the salesman has no trouble enlisting the support of local social lions. A civic campaign is put on to sell $5 subscriptions for a series of three to six concerts, depending on the amount raised. The price is right and the bait is enticing, for the salesman has shown the sponsors an impressive array of artists who can be bought at special rates on a package-deal basis.

According to critics of the Organized Audience Plan, the subscribers presently get a severe jolt. The salesman tenders a bill for luncheons, meetings and other organizational expenses. It comes off the top of the fund, leaving, let us say, $5,000 for talent. The local committee studies the 160 attractions on the roster, ranging from a theremin player and a dance team to Heifetz and Pons.

The committee wants Pons, of course. The salesman smiles wistfully and says Miss Pons already has been booked solidly in another part of the country. "How about getting Helen Traubel?" someone pipes up. The committee doesn't know that Miss Traubel quit the bureau—in disgust—three years ago. The salesman coughs, looks over his shoulder furtively and says he wouldn't want it to go beyond the room, but Traubel is singing poorly. Throat trouble. An annoying party says that's ridiculous. Miss Traubel was on the radio last week and sang beautifully.

"Well, maybe I can get Traubel," the salesman says, "but her rock-bottom price is $3,500." (It really is $2,500.) "Your members have been promised five concerts this year. If you hire Traubel, you've got only $1,500 left for four other artists and I wouldn't want to stick you with the talent you get for that kind of money."

The salesman is glib and persuasive. He maneuvers the committee into accepting the artists he wants to unload, then moves on to the next town where the song and dance is repeated.

Some artists charge that block booking (the system whereby attractions are bought in groups) stifles young American talent by excluding unattached newcomers from the 1,500 cities controlled by Columbia and N.C.A.C. Could be—but since the supply of competent artists exceeds the demand by a ratio of at least 25 to 1, rejected performers frequently develop all sorts of neuroses to excuse their failure.

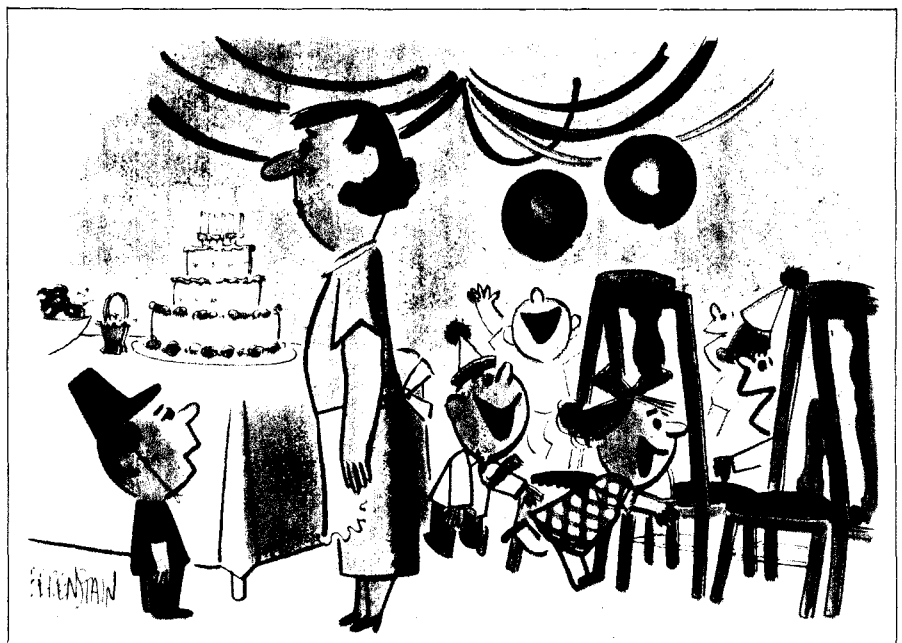
The difference between an authentic genius and a skillful technician is so subtle that those who have not been endowed with what Melchior calls "a touch of God's little finger" are unable—or unwilling—to admit their inadequacies. Consumed by jealousy and self-esteem, they attribute the success of rivals to mysterious pull, patrons or pay-offs.

It is significant that the loudest gripes against Columbia and N.C.A.C. come from people who are on, not off, their rosters. Since all artists consider themselves unique, they resent the package deals engineered by the bureaus. What really makes them wild, though, are the large bites taken out of pay checks for unexpected promotion costs. Anyone who holds still long enough can get a tin ear listening to complaints that a soloist rarely receives more than 60 per cent, and sometimes as little as 32 per cent, of the fee collected for his or her services.

Another common complaint involves the trade practice of charging local concert sponsors a great deal more than the performer is guaranteed by the bureau. An obscure tenor whose contract calls for $200 a date may be sold for $500; a $2,500 star will be marked up to $3,250. It's strictly legal, if perhaps not ethical.

Rackets always have flourished on the fringes of what Thomas Carlyle naïvely called "the speech of angels." Unscrupulous managers and teachers milk young, misguided aspirants as long as relatives or patrons have money in the bank. Certain publications give favorable reviews only to artists who advertise.

More than one mediocrity has discovered that the rustle of folding money is a most agreeable sound to organizations which proclaim their devotion to high art. (A star whose annual income from the concert circuit consistently hits six figures assures barroom intimates that the $25,000 which greased his way into a famous opera company was the best investment since the invention of the economic system.)



"May I have my loot now, Mrs. Brubacher? I have to be home early"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

These are petty, catch-as-catch-can abuses, however, compared to the accusations of monopoly, graft and cut fees which are often made against the concert business, and always denied. The charges, if true, flout antitrust laws and warrant the attention of the Federal Trade Commission. In 1929 and again in 1941, the FTC waved an admonishing finger at agencies suspected of restraining free competition, but it was occupied with graver matters during the war. It is rumored in the trade that the FTC is preparing to take a longer, more critical look at the concert business. Until it does, Peter Glissando, a promising pianist out of Old Overcoat, Oklahoma, is going to have a rough time.

Pete has been studying since he was eight years old and now, at twenty, relatives and neighbors agree it would be a dirty shame to deprive the world of his genius. A New York debut would be Pete's first stride toward fame, and if his folks haven't a few thousand loose dollars lying around, townspeople will raise the money to launch Pete in style. Maybe a rich oilman who is a devotee of music, or just a guy who wants to please his vanity by patronizing the arts, decides to bank-roll Pete. One way or another, he gets the money.

Nobody knows why Pete has to go to New York. The big money isn't there, even for arrived stars, and unknowns are lost in the shuffle. But Pete heads for Carnegie Hall like a homing pigeon. He has heard he needs the prestige of a New York debut and that a favorable review from Olin Downes or Virgil Thomson, the critics of the Times and the Herald Tribune, will look mighty fine in his book of press notices.

New York—and Disillusion

Pete is thrown for a severe loss when he reaches New York and learns Carnegie Hall is booked solidly eight months in advance. Besides, the rental and incidentals for a recital add up to $1,500. If he's fortunate and doesn't mind playing at 10:30 A.M. or 11:30 P.M., he may get a date in Town Hall where the overall cost would be about $1,000, or in Times Hall where it would be about $650.

Pete doesn't sell $50 worth of tickets at the box office. Third-string critics cover his recital. There are 500 newcomers like him every season. Let's give Pete all the best of it, though. He has genuine talent and an engaging platform personality. Better still, one of the major bureaus can use a young pianist to fill its schedule. Pete is offered a three-year contract at $200 a performance and is promised 40 dates the first year. When he is convinced the man isn't kidding, he comes down from the chandelier to sew up that $8,000.

Six months later our boy Pete is up to his neck in fatigue, disillusionment and debt. He has knocked himself out on trains and busses and he swears he will sprout feathers if he sees any more chicken à la king whipped up by fluttering ladies on local committees. His $200 fee has undergone violent shrinkages. First there is the bureau's $40 commission. Transportation averages $50 an engagement. Hotel and food run $25 a day, whether or not he plays. Advertising and publicity cost him $50 a date.

At that, Pete is lucky. If he were a vocalist or a violinist, he would have the salary and expenses of an accompanist. A woman really can go into the barrel for her wardrobe and necessary preconcert visits to the hairdresser.

Pete is ashamed to tap the folks back home or his patron for more money. He asks the bureau for a raise and gets a fast brush-off; $200 pianists are a dime a dozen. If he makes a pest of himself, he'll get only 20 dates next year. Pete gives the concert racket one more whirl, hoping for the break that will make him more valuable to the bureau. When it doesn't come, he goes back to Old Overcoat to give lessons at $3 an hour and pick up an occasional ten-dollar bill playing at luncheons given by the Friends of Shakespeare or the Flower Arrangers' Society. Chalk up one more embittered musician.

Who arbitrarily decided Pete wasn't worth more than $200? A show of hands in New York, the gold coast of music, would probably indicate that N.C.A.C. or Columbia was responsible.

Though he has retired from the presidency of Columbia Artists, Arthur Judson is still the alleged czar of the business and the manager of many noted orchestra conductors. His name usually figures prominently whenever the reverent hush enveloping high-brow music is shattered by a public rumpus. Two years ago Artur Rodzinski resigned as conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in protest against the

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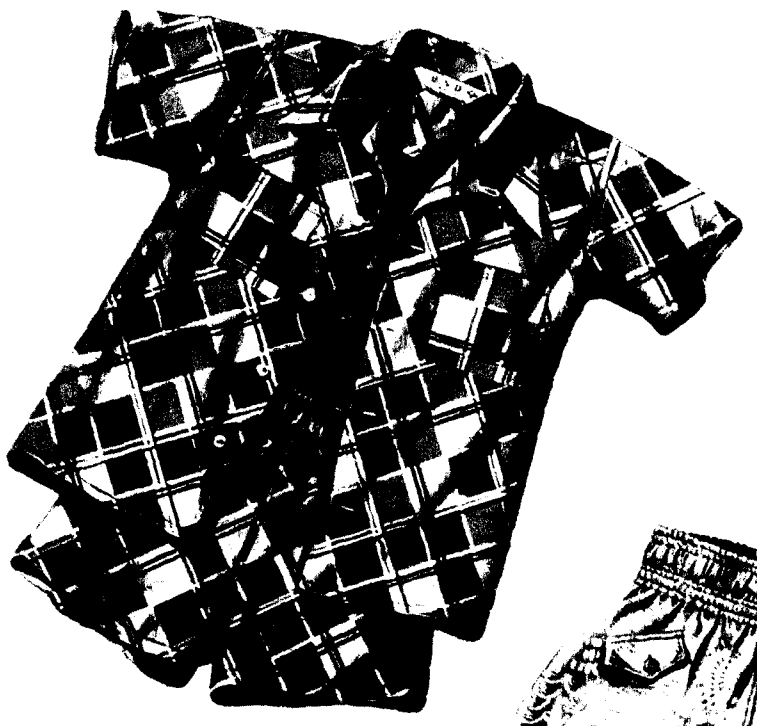
for ✓swimmers ✓bathers ✓loafers and just plain ✓showoffs



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This screw spike is used by the Erie along with the straight spike, but is driven in by a rotary machine. Because it anchors the tie-plate more firmly to the tie, this screw spike diminishes friction. The strong spring-washer under the head helps absorb the pounding of passing trains. The result is less wear and longer life for the ties.

Added to Erie's extra-heavy tie-plate, heavier rail and stone ballast, the screw spike plays a part in maintaining the high standards of Erie's famed roadbed.

The fact that Erie adopted this special spike for its roadbed is another example of Erie's continuous search for the best materials to assure safe, dependable transportation for both passengers and freight.

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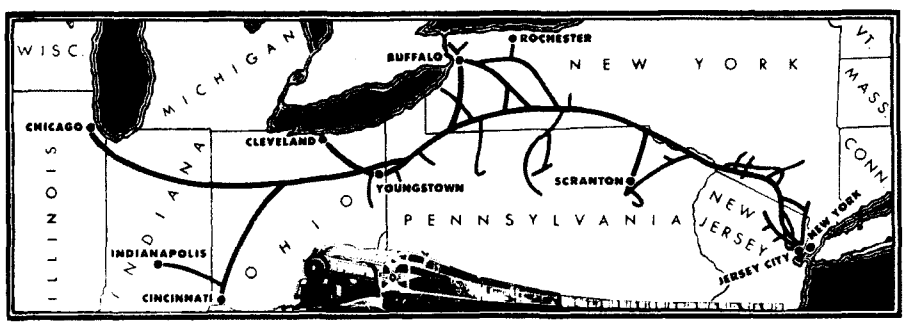

hand-picked favorites Judson engaged as soloists. Like most brawls, nothing came of it.

Judson is a handsome, urbane gent of sixty-eight who was a violinist in his youth and thought better of it. After a short hitch as dean of Denison College's Conservatory of Music and as advertising manager of Musical America, he drifted into the booking end of the business in 1915. This proved to be his springboard to a cushy spot as a founder and large stockholder in the Columbia Broadcasting System. A veteran of more stormy sessions with cutthroat competitors and hysterical artists than he cares to remember, he knows all the tricks for protecting himself in the clinches.

"The hardest thing in the world," Judson says, "is listening to a hundred people sing or play, then trying to tell them to abandon a career in music. They won't believe you. To excuse their own limitations, they'll spread vicious stories about you, including the old chestnut that nobody gets on the Columbia roster unless he pays a bribe.

"It's true that we prefer young musicians with private sources of income. Why? It's almost a certainty they won't make money during the first three years. It is not our function or purpose to develop or discover new talent. There are so many intangibles in a successful career that a musician must be ready for the public when we undertake to manage him. Talent is the only commodity we buy because it is the only thing we can sell."

Celebrated artists firmly established are fond of declaring that talent always finds its proper level. This is absolutely true—in a limited sense. Naturally, talent that is pumped up by phony publicity or rushed before full maturity is quickly rejected by the discriminating public.

The most extravagant build-up in history preceded Marion Talley's debut at the Metropolitan Opera in 1926, but three years later Miss Talley was in retirement. Nobody ever got a better break than Eugene List who, as a G.I., played for Truman, Attlee and Stalin at the Potsdam Conference four years ago. List capitalized briefly on his page-one prominence, but today he is rated as just another one of 70 fairly promising young American pianists. Countless women with nice parlor voices, as the saying goes, have had radio programs and shots in grand opera bought for them by indulgent husbands, but none ever has had flowers strewn in her path by admiring strangers.

Despite the serene convictions of the arrived stars that merit always pays off,

Among My Souvenirs

ARTHUR GODFREY

THREE times since 1924, Arthur Godfrey has been down to his last dollar. And it has always been the same one. The man whom radio and television audiences of the Columbia Broadcasting System find as unpredictable as the stock market, ended his first enlistment in the Navy on May 14, 1924. The men of the destroyer on which he served all received their pay in silver dollars, and Godfrey recalls they went down the gangplank listing heavily to port.

He decided to keep one of those coins for good luck, and he never parted with it until shortly before Christmas, 1948.

That night, sitting alongside his friend, Magistrate Charles E. Ramsgate, in Manhattan night court, Godfrey observed the parade of unfortunates who had been brought in. One, charged with vagrancy, so impressed Godfrey that he leaned toward the judge and said, "He doesn't look like a vagrant to me. I think he's just down on his luck."

Ramsgate studied the young man before him. After questioning him briefly, he ordered him released. Then Godfrey walked over to the fellow and said, "I'm going to help you out. Here's a hundred dollars. Get yourself a suit and whatever else you need."

As an afterthought, he added another dollar, his good-luck piece. "I don't care about the hundred," he remarked, "but this silver dollar—that's for luck. Send it back to me when you get a job. And don't be too long, 'cause I'm going to be awful lonesome for it."

P. S. The coin is now back in Godfrey's pocket again.

—ARTHUR MILLER

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"He studied every night this week, and I refuse to play second fiddle to a history exam!"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

deserving talent often goes unrecognized and unrewarded if capricious circumstances do not break right.

Lily Pons was fortunate that she arrived on the scene just when Amelita Galli-Curci, the reigning coloratura soprano, was forced into retirement by a throat ailment. Lauritz Melchior, a mainstay at the Metropolitan Opera for 26 years, did not get into the big money until he sang on a Fred Allen radio show; and Helen Traubel, the world's greatest Wagnerian soprano, might still be singing secondary roles at the Met if Kirsten Flagstad had not returned to Norway to join her quisling husband.

Artists Must Rate Big Money

Jim Davidson, one of the most successful and respected independent managers, won't handle an artist who still is waiting for a break. Says he doesn't want to hop up a nice kid for a big letdown when he knows too well that concerts are lucrative only for performers who can start out demanding fees of $1,500. A refreshing fellow, Davidson admits he knows nothing about music. His only interest is making money for his clients and himself. Last year he grossed $500,000 with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Melchior, Jeanette MacDonald, Eleanor Steber, and the Robert Shaw Chorale.

"I would've gone broke, though, if I hadn't opened up the college market," Davidson confides. "The big bureaus have all the other good territory locked up tight."

Unusual circumstances recently impelled Davidson to break his house rule against taking an untried client. He was asked by Margaret Truman to act as her manager. It is an assignment studded with booby traps, and Davidson proposes to avoid them by deliberately underplaying Miss Truman. She will not give a performance until next fall and her schedule will be limited to some twenty engagements. Her fee will be $1,500, a modest price in view of the demand for her. One more precaution: There will be no advance in the scale of admittance.

"I don't want local managers putting pressure on deserving Democrats for hundred-buck tickets," Davidson says. "That will alienate the audience and the critics. The President said he wants his daughter to be judged without phony exploitation. People who know about such things tell me Miss Truman has a good, but untrained, voice. If we bring her along carefully, she'll have a fair chance of making good."

There is a school of opinion which maintains that a manager, forced to put up with the brain storms and temperamental outbursts of musicians, earns every nickel he separates from them. Sir Thomas Beecham, the English conductor, has been known to go around overheated halls breaking windows with his baton. One fine spring day, whilst strolling in Philadelphia, Sir Thomas hailed a taxi, gave the driver his topcoat and ordered him to trail along until he finished observing the quaint customs of the natives. Another European conductor invariably loses a pair of gold cuff links or a gold watch during a performance. Solicitous local people always replace the poor man's heirlooms.

Chaliapin, the Russian basso, fascinated audiences by the huge quantities of iced tea he drank during a performance. "Only it was straight Scotch," Judson reveals.

The one story that cannot be repeated often enough is the mounting appreciation of good music in the United States.

"American culture has been libeled," Clifford Curzon, the brilliant English pianist, declares. "Every city abounds with people of good taste. That's not true in other countries once you get away from the capitals. In America, every audience knows why it is there."

It's a great pity the same cannot be said of the musicians. THE END

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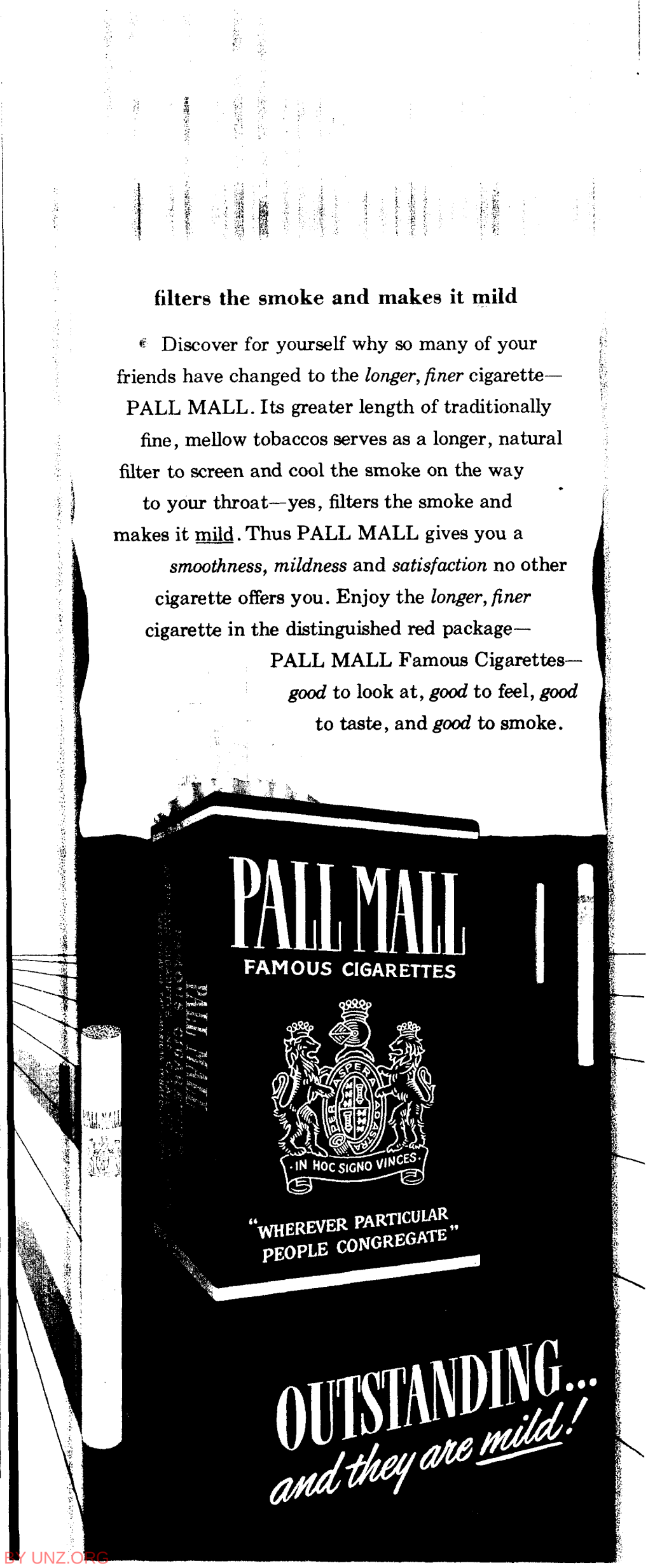

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Remember how she looked when she showed you her first gold star?

Remember how proud and shy she looked—both at the same time?

Remember her eyes when she wore her first real party dress . . . and her smile that Christmas when she realized the kitten was for her?

Remember her face when she saw her baby brother for the first time . . . and when you let her bake a cake all by herself that afternoon?

Remember how she looked when she opened her first Valentine . . . and the day she wore her first high heels?

Remember her expression when you finally let her put on lipstick . . . and the very first evening a boy called to take her out?

It seems like only yesterday, doesn't it? Yet before you know it this grown-up girl of yours will be graduating from college.

Tell her how much you love her with the finest graduation gift you can give her—an exquisite, ever-faithful Hamilton Watch.

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A TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN GENIUS

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THE GOLDEN DART

Continued from page 22

I shuddered at even the thought of Billy Bull being distracted by a catapult.

"Mind you don't do anything about that until I give you the word."

"You're the chief," he agreed amiably.

This, of course, put my mind firmly back on the subject of James Belsin, and I had great trouble in making it think about anything else; it was irritatingly absorbed by it.

The hell with Belsin! Unfortunately, I said it aloud, if under my breath. The Boy, of course, was quick to hear it.

"Belsin? Who's he? I thought for a moment you said Basin—that's funny—Why! That's the name the whiskery chap thought the kid was saying: *Belsin*. Eve, who is he? Is *he* mixed up in this too?"

"Yes," I had to admit. "Belsin is the biggest part of the secret. If you meet anyone of that name you mustn't show we've ever talked like this about him."

"I'm not dippy," he said, and added slowly: "I think I'm beginning to understand."

I did not tell him how much I envied him that advantage.

WE FOUND the Louise Frempton cottage easily; it was one of the small, whitewashed eighteenth-century houses on the Kessingland road. Billy Bull's small official car was there, and a larger police car stood between it and Dr. Shenworth's broughamlike electric vehicle, which I think must have belonged to his grandfather.

We were nearly too late. Obviously the examination of the cottage was finished; but Billy Bull and the doctor, about to part, were having a last word at the gate.

"All the same," said Billy Bull, "it's awkward. You know what Henries is at an inquest for picking on something he doesn't understand."

"Inquest?" I said. "You've found her?"

"Not yet. But we shall, of course."

"I'm on my way," Dr. Shenworth said.

I explained to Billy Bull that I had come for some clothes for Diana, and it seemed natural to go on to ask him what the trouble was.

"Before Mrs. Frempton left the house," he said, "she burned every single bit of paper in the place—correspondence, old bills, documents—everything. Complete obliteration of her personal existence. Shenworth says it's the sort of thing these suicide people often do. But Henries is bound to see something sinister in it."

"But why should she write a note asking that Diana should be looked after and then make it so difficult, almost impossible, for anyone to do anything about it?"

"She was out of her mind."

"Not about the child. Wouldn't she—wouldn't she have killed her first? It's horrible, but they do, don't they?"

"What are you getting at?" Billy Bull asked.

I thought I had better not come too far into the open, so I indicated the Boy. "He says the reason why you can't find the body is because she was murdered."

"Stuff and nonsense! And I suppose the murderer burned all her papers, parked her car, dumped her child, and disposed of her body, all according to a careful plan. Remarkably competent." Billy Bull recovered his normal good humor. "Motive, my dear Eve. Planned murder always has a motive. Who would want to do away with a harmless woman in a quiet village like this?"

"You never know," the Boy remarked darkly.

"Well, I do, this time. If there had been anything of that kind, we should have had an indication by now. No secrets are possible in a place like this."

"I'll bet you," said the Boy, "that there's a secret in this."

Billy Bull patted his shoulder, told him that he mustn't read too many thrillers, gave me the key of the cottage, which I could leave at the local police station when I had collected the child's clothes, and went whistling to his car. The Boy grinned at me. "Poor old Bull," he said. "Not a gleam."

The first thing which struck me about Louise Frempton's home was the good, simple taste of its furnishings. The wall colors throughout were either cream, peach or pale, soft green; the hangings were in delicate, unobtrusive patterns.

The second surprise was Louise Frempton's photograph; it stood on a masculine chest of drawers in a leather frame and was signed "Tom, my love, Louise." Dated three years back, she looked about twenty-five in it.

"As the prospective head of my sales department, Farnsley, shouldn't you be more domineering?"

COLLIER'S — IRVING ROIR

The element of surprise lay in her beauty. Even in that flat, colorless representation she was beautiful. Her eyes were lovely, and I saw at once whence Diana had inherited hers. This girl, her mother, was blond too, but so blond—

I took the photograph to the window. There was courage in the rounded chin, that steadfast courage which even death does not defeat. She was becoming real to me now, almost as if I had known her as a friend, a girl of my own kind. Anger came that she should be dead. Surely no one could have killed a girl like this. She must have died in some unforeseen way at an unexpected moment—in circumstances, perhaps, which for her sake more than for any other reason had to be concealed, and to cover the truth they had faked it as suicide—truth ugly, truth damaging, but a truth nevertheless which more than ever I must discover if I was to be at peace with myself.

I joined the Boy in the next room, the main bedroom, *her* bedroom. We took a suitcase from among several stored on the top shelf of the large built-in cupboard in the bedroom, a cupboard which held all their clothes.

At first sight Louise Frempton's wardrobe seemed a modest one; she seemed to have even fewer everyday clothes than I had, but I was puzzled by the five evening frocks and three full-length evening coats, all fairly new and of good quality. There is scarcely any night life in this part of the world, and although I do not go about so much myself in the evenings, Sophie does, and yet Sophie, I remembered, had not heard of her.

Attended diligently by the Boy, I now searched the place from roof to cellar, leaving the sitting room to the last. When finally we started on the sitting room it was after drawing a complete blank in the other rooms, and I surveyed the prospect without much hope. Billy Bull had obviously turned over the heap of tinselly black ashes in the grate for unburned or decipherable fragments.

The bookshelves on either side of the big fireplace came up to shoulder height, and on the bottom shelf on the left the books were bigger and bulkier than the rest. I read the titles: Electrostatics; The Theory of Electrolytic Polarization; Baker's Electromagnetic Theory of Light; New Radar; The Proton; and so on, and finally a bunch of four: Electronic Radiation; Schrodinger's Electronic Wave Groups; and two volumes of Bohr's Theory of the Electron.

My mind jumped back to last night's conversation with Sophie, when I had asked what they made at the Belsin plant. She had not been sure, except that "I know electronics come into it."

My heart began beating a little faster. I sat on my heels and stared at the books. Perhaps every scientist had them on his shelves, just as an art critic would have histories of art, and I might be seeing too great an importance in the fact that they belonged to Thomas Frempton. But surely I could call it a link, the first link I had yet found, between the Fremptons—Thomas Frempton—and James Belsin!

It was then that the Boy made his contribution: I was certain Billy Bull had missed it; one of those pull-out tablets in the foot of the telephone instrument for putting down frequently used numbers, a card about five inches by four, protected by a hinged Cellophane flap.

There were about ten numbers on it, all in the same handwriting but written at different times, three in pen, the rest in pencil. I recognized six of them as local tradesmen's numbers; the others were wider afield, with abbreviated exchange names: two London ones, *Mayf* for Mayfair, and *Wel* for Welbeck. There was a *Yar* for Great Yarmouth, and lastly, *Leis:* Leis 6162. That could only be Leiston.

I took out the card and pushed in the little tray again.

"A clue?" asked the Boy breathlessly.

"Maybe. Let's get out of here. Nobody seems to have noticed yet that we've taken rather a long time to collect a few clothes, but they may. You've an inside pocket in that jacket?"

Gingerly but proudly he slipped the telephone card into his pocket, buttoned up his coat, and said he would run up for the suitcase.

"There's a photograph in a leather frame in the back room," I said, "Put it in, on top, flat."

It was typical of that untidy day that the off-side front wheel of the Austin should come off as I turned into the gates. We got out and walked to the house. While the Boy went to make sure that Diana had had plenty to eat I rang up Charlie on his homemade line between the Long Room and Ship Cottage to tell him the good news about the Austin's mishap. Delighted, he asked was it merely that the wheel nuts had come adrift or had the axle pin sheered? I said I didn't know, but that I was sure he wouldn't be disappointed in the amount of the damage.

I WENT to the dining room for lunch. The Boy joined me almost at once with the kitchen slate on which Mary takes down messages when we are out.

Mr. Donald Rogerson had telephoned at eleven forty-five. I was to ring him up directly I came in; he would not leave his office until I did so. *Important*, Mary had written in capital letters.

Donald did not waste words in good mornings. He said, "Within ten minutes of George Wick returning to his office after I had called him off that assignment of yours, a firm of solicitors rang up his people and asked them to trace Commodore Rupert Gill who returned to England seven years ago from Iraguay and is believed to be living in retirement somewhere in the country. I thought you ought to know."

I was too startled for a moment to say more than "Oh!" He went on:

"The coincidence is not so much in the inquiry coming to Wick's firm—they are by far the best in London for that sort of private inquiry stuff—but in the link with Iraguay—as of course you see."

"It's the first thing I realized. Can this man Wick discover who wants to trace us?"

"No. That would be a strict professional secret between the solicitors and whoever is instructing them. But Wick is a queer bird. He has clever guessing among his other qualifications, and it's firmly in his head that it *is* 'G.' "

"So have I," I said.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'll retain Wick, if only to delay 'G.' His solicitors will have to go elsewhere for help. I see that. But I don't care for the idea of waiting around while they look for us—for Father."

"No. That wouldn't be like you."

I tried to think quickly, but I was too rattled. I could only feel, and what I felt

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was the same old queasy fear which always comes when Father is involved.

"I think," I said finally, "I think I shall come down this afternoon."

"I'll have Wick here—no, not here; in that tearoom on the corner. You know the one? Between five and half past?"

It was past two already, but I thought I could make the hundred and twenty miles by half past five if I drove fast.

"Thank you, Donald."

"Don't worry."

"I'll try not."

I went slowly back to the lunch I could not eat.

The Boy looked at me.

"I'm afraid I have to go to London on business," I said.

"You'll wear—er—the holster?" He meant the shoulder holster he had made me with my own .32 in it.

Yes. I would wear it. "If you've finished, you can help me get ready. There's a bit of a hurry."

"How are you going?"

"Car—" I paused. But with the Daimler at Saxmundham and the Austin minus a wheel, I had no car.

Or had I? I would drive the Lagonda.

"Good!" he cried. "Oh, *good!*"

It is a little alarming, the way a girl's ethics will evaporate under the force of circumstances, but it does explain why so many men, people like James Belsin, for instance, do not take such things seriously in us.

GEORGE WICK was a year or so older than I, a sturdy young man with clear blue eyes and a shock of golden hair which stood up from his broad forehead in a waving mane. He led me through the Park House Hotel to Suite C, the door of which was opened by one whom I recognized from George's description to belong to the "barber's circus" surrounding this important Iraguayan businessman.

"Good evening," said George. "The Board of Trade—"

The sleek man's face brightened. "Ah!" He swung open the door for us and said with a slight accent: "I am Señor di Calancar's chief assistant. Please." We entered.

"The Board of Trade," George continued, "thought that if Señor di Calancar could spare the time to have a few words with Miss Carruthers here, the special representative of World Trade Journal . . ."

The chief assistant led us across the small hallway to the half-open door of a large sitting room.

It seemed to be full of people, sallow-skinned dark-haired people; most noticeable were two extremely pretty young women, one of whom, the prettier, uttered a little cry at the sight of George; he winked at her and she blushed attractively. Gonzalez di Calancar was not with his entourage. Everyone, in addition to talking and drinking, was very busy. They were thumbing through a pile of country telephone directories in paper covers varying from pale blue through the various reds to dark buff yellow.

"The señor is at the moment engaged in changing into a tuxedo," the assistant was saying. "But I will consult with him about your suggestion immediately. In the meanwhile, a little cocktail?"

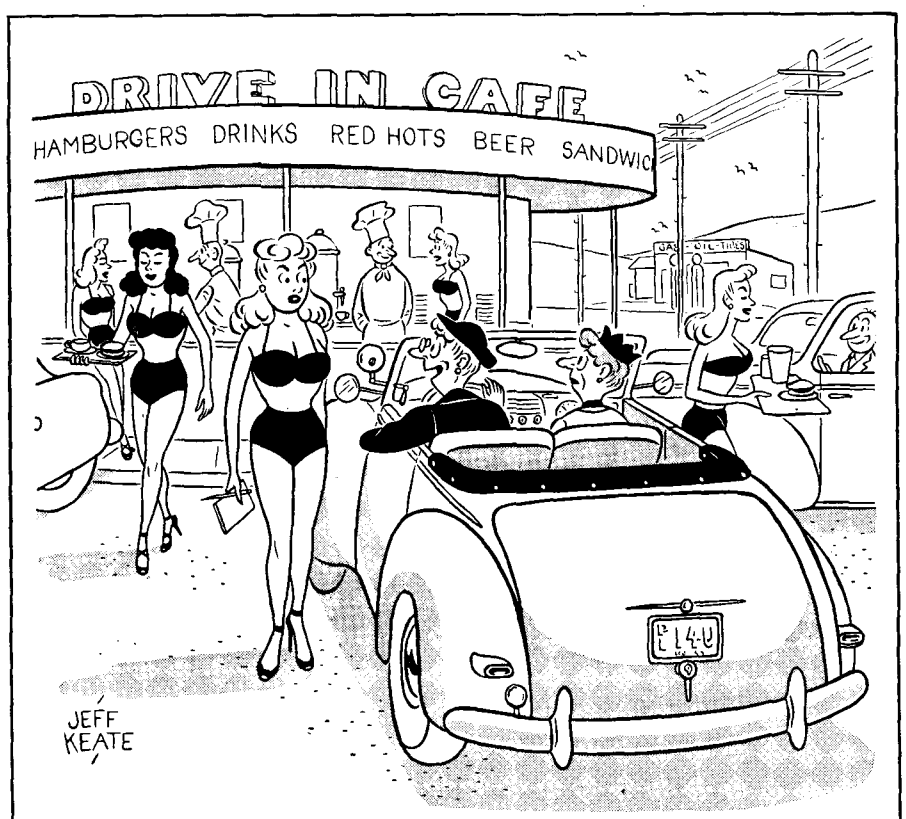
The prettier secretary poured us drinks from a tall silver shaker and managed at the same time to flutter at George, who had noticed the search through the telephone directories of England and shared my view of its significance. We might be wrong, but George obviously did not think so. The smallest frown touched the space between his eyebrows. I shook my head and, as I sipped the cocktail, said:

"In my name, not his, good luck," which, run together like that, might sound like a strange English toast. At all events, no one but George understood what I had said, about Father not being in our local directory, for his sunny confidence returned.

Two minutes later I was face to face with di Calancar in a purple silk dressing gown. He was well over six feet, but so broad and heavy that one did not realize his height. His black hair was clipped, his huge nose beaked out of a wide, flat face, but his eyes were well spaced and intelligent. He held a big goblet of brandy and soda in a large black-haired hand. He bowed to me.

"Señorita Carruthers, you see before you a man of experience who is of the final opinion that the power of the press should never be wielded save by a beautiful woman. This is most delightful. Tell me, how can I help you?"

So I explained how much British industrialists would welcome a pen portrait of Señor di Calancar and an outline of his plans and purposes while in this country.



"We overheard our husbands talk about the tasty dishes you have here"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

"Tell your manufacturers and exporters that I am here as the representative of the Corporative Industrialists of Iraguay, an organization wholly financed by my government. Indeed, I am in a way an ambassador of Iraguay, the future Iraguay. I have always desired to be an ambassador, and now that is just what I am," he remarked in rather pleasing parenthesis, like a child reverting from a grown-upness it has not yet reached. "Iraguay," he went on, "is a large, rich, undeveloped country with possibilities for both agricultural and industrial development which can be likened to the great North American continent as it was fifty years ago. My government, in forming this small but powerful committee, intends to begin at once to create a series of light industries to supply the world's needs on an equal footing with other industrialized nations.

"I have come to Britain with almost unlimited money with which to negotiate manufacturing and license agreements under which full use can be made in Iraguay of the inventions and production processes of modern science and technology as developed and used in England. I am a lover of England. So of all the world I have come here first. I wish to help England." He drained his brandy and poured himself another half tumbler into which he shot a tiny squirt of soda water.

I liked the man. I could not avoid it.

"We are not ready yet," he continued, "for the production of atomic energy. We have not claimed rights in that respect. But, as I say, the lighter manufactures, plastics, radar—all the offshoots of short-wave radio in the widest sense—precision instruments in the new metals and alloys— There are so many possibilities, and at this stage you will not want details. If your industrialists and scientists, your chemists, your big technicians—if they are told the main plan of my mission, they will themselves seek contact with me!"

The longer he talked like this, the quieter became my danger sense. I was beginning to believe we were wrong, and I could see George had the same feeling: that whoever was searching for Father, it seemed unlikely to be this cheerful trade missionary.

I then said that while his business plans were of great interest, this would be increased if I could be allowed to mention any private ambitions he might wish to gratify while he was here.

"Well," he said, "first of all, I wish to see England again, to meet the English people, the ordinary people, to renew old friendships. Old friendships—there is one man in particular I am most anxious to see again—my friend Gill, a colleague of many years ago with whom I have lost contact. But it is difficult to find one man in so many millions"—he paused and shook his head—"but surely, dear lady, your readers—"

"On the contrary, that is just the kind of thing they love. You'll forgive me, but just now you mentioned the name" —I took a deep breath—"the name of Gill. Is he one of the old friends, for instance?"

"Rupert Gill—" He sighed reminiscently. "It is him in particular I want to find. To return without having seen him would be a disappointment, a grievous disappointment for me."

The sigh, the tone of voice, the words; in none could I detect the hatred I had come here to find. I seized what courage I could muster:

"Would that be *Commodore* Rupert Gill, who served in your navy, señor?"

Di Calancar jumped, turned on me with an exclamation:

"You've heard of Ruperto? *You*—a stranger—and all these dolts who are always in my hair with their stupidities—these clever ones—cannot find him? You know where he is? *You do!* I can see you do! Señorita! You are a messenger from heaven! Tell me quickly," he demanded, "he is—alive—in England?"

I swallowed and tried to sit calmly, a hard-boiled lady of the press. "I can smell a story, señor, and I'll make a deal with you. You give me the story and maybe I'll tell you where he is."

"But it is not a story that can be published! It would not be right—it concerns only Ruperto and myself. But you are a woman. A woman understands the hearts of men. A woman like you."

I smiled encouragingly. I noticed that I was several degrees less frightened. He made up his mind.

"So I shall tell you the story, and I think you will see that it should not be printed. I think also that you will tell me where I can find Rupert Gill. I am a gambler, you see. And I know women. In both ways I am like Ruperto—indeed, in nearly everything we are of the same pea pod—" He waved his hand at George and the chief assistant. "This is not business. This is a private matter." They left.

THEN he told me almost the same story that Father had told me, except, of course, that di Calancar remembered every one of the bad things which had happened to him, whereas Father, while leaving some of them out, had understated others. But it was, substantially, the same, and it revived all my fears. When he had finished I said:

"No wonder you want to find him. But this is a law-abiding country, and private feuds—acts of revenge—are not in any circumstances permitted. The police—"

"But wait! You don't understand. So like a woman to jump at conclusions. There is more. The crux of the matter is in Rupert's motives and in what happened afterward. I will explain. First of all, Ruperto was my friend, until we became political enemies, he on one side, I on the other. But our objects were the same. We were patriots, and none is more bitter in war than a patriot, particularly if it is civil war. Ruperto created a secret organization to fight the Yellow Shirts and in the end did to me exactly what I would have done to him had I been in his place. You understand that?"

I said yes, I could understand that.

"And when he had won, and I had lost, I swore an oath to his face that one day I would seek him out and kill him."

I said, swallowing, that I could understand that, too.

"But," di Calancar continued, "it was not only in the heat of rage and frustration that I swore to kill him; it was before the web had been unraveled, before the turn in circumstances had come when I could see the whole of it. When that happened, I found I could forget the ill he had done me and remember only that he was my friend and benefactor—"

"Benefactor?" I repeated his word.

"Señorita, you must listen carefully, for I must persuade with the truth. It is agreed that Rupert Gill, and he alone, destroyed with one stroke all that my friends and I had planned. That is indisputable; every Iraguayan knows it—that is part of our history, now. I was the plotter; Ruperto—he was *El Libertador,* the protector of the people—and to some memories that is still his name. So. At the moment my supporters were to seize the radio network, the Ministries of War and Marine, the post offices—all the key positions—Rupert Gill struck. He took me to his ship, and at this critical time, when all depended on me, I could not be found.

"Our *coup d'état* vanished like smoke in the wind. But I have told you all this

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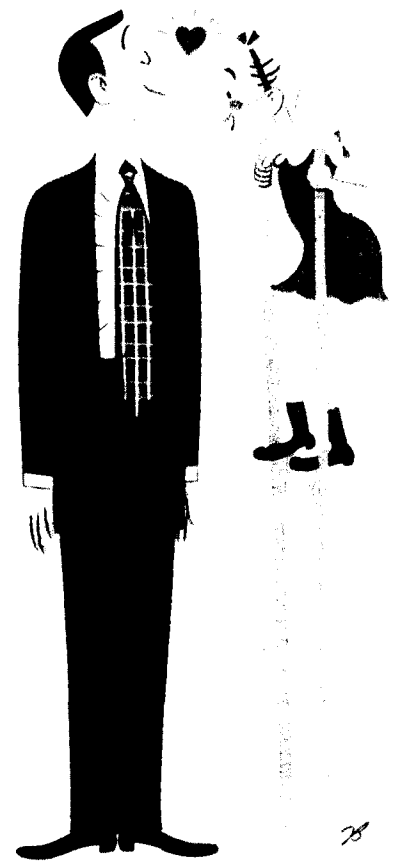

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already. Here now is the miracle, the fourfold miracle. Had I become at that moment, as was planned, *El Presidente* of the Fourteenth Republic, I would not have lived a month. The treasury was empty, the people hungry, the army demoralized. I would most surely have been assassinated, as were both the men who tried to do what I would have tried to do. Ruperto himself was safe only because he stayed at sea, took his squadron on a good-will visit to Panama, where I escaped from my prison in the hold of his ship.

"By the time I reached Iraguay again, things were quiet. The present government had taken power and overcome the difficulties. Thus I say Ruperto saved my life. But also, by taking me when he did, he prevented me completing the sale of the only one of my investments which proved a sound one. I found myself richer by over two hundred thousand dollars than when he kidnaped me. It was that money which enabled me to begin life again, indeed, to become what I am now, a man of power and prestige, not only in Iraguay but in the continent of South America.

"But there are yet two more things. In the pain and travail of my failure I learned values which I might forever have overlooked—freedom, a man's right to walk without having to watch behind his back—the wisdom of books. Half starved, I dreamed about the flavors of good food, the subtleties of love—these things which I had taken for granted. Finally"—he paused to drink—"finally he tore out of my blind, besotted heart one of the foulest women who ever enamored a man. It was she, because she thought Ruperto would pay better, who betrayed me to him. She is dead, but I did not kill her. Perhaps Ruperto did, although he was weak about that sort of thing when it came to women. He only beat them when they were bad."

We sat looking at each other in the quiet room. No man could act a part as well as he would have to act to tell that story the way he had if it were not true.

"Yes," I said. "It is quite different from anything I expected."

"You will help me find him!" he cried. "I knew it! You are one of the few! I can find him soon?"

"Tomorrow," I said. "About four in the afternoon?"

He called loudly in Spanish upon his patron saint: "But how can you do this wonderful thing? You are—but who *are* you, señorita, that you can call up a miracle?" It was a rhetorical question, perhaps, but I answered it. I told him who I was.

Señor Gonzalez di Calancar stared at me for perhaps three seconds, and then, remarkably, burst into tears.

Rather hastily, for I was ashamed of my suspicious nature, I took my right hand out of my jacket, away from my gun, and because it seemed the only thing to do, I began patting his arm, wondering at the rocklike muscles in it and trying not to cry myself.

THUS it came about that while still lightheaded from a mixture of champagne, relief and the delight of driving back in the lovely white car in the full moonlight of the summer night, I reached the Marsh House road a little before midnight and turned onto it for the last three miles of the homeward journey—

And for the second time that day I met and argued with Mr. Hooker of the red mustache. It was the small birch tree lying across the narrow road which stopped me.

I pulled up the car sharply about twenty yards from the obstacle. It was one of the small trees cut during winter to thin the wood which straddles the road before it passes into the open heathland above the marsh.

I sat considering it for a moment. I could not drive over it without fouling the front wheels to a standstill in the mass of wiry twigs. No. I would have to do what was expected of me: get out of the car and shift it.

I released the safety catch of the .32, so that I could draw it easily, climbed out of the Lagonda, and approached the sapling with ears and eyes alert.

As I reached it Mr. Hooker stepped out of the shadows. His porkpie hat had been pushed wearily to the back of his head, his great mustache looked depressed, and even the moonlight could not account for the whiteness of his face.

"If you put that tree there," I said, "you can take it away immediately." It sounded silly and unreal.

He stared at me with a desperation worse than I had seen on any man's face. When he spoke his voice was harsh.

"I'm here to settle with you. I've been waiting."

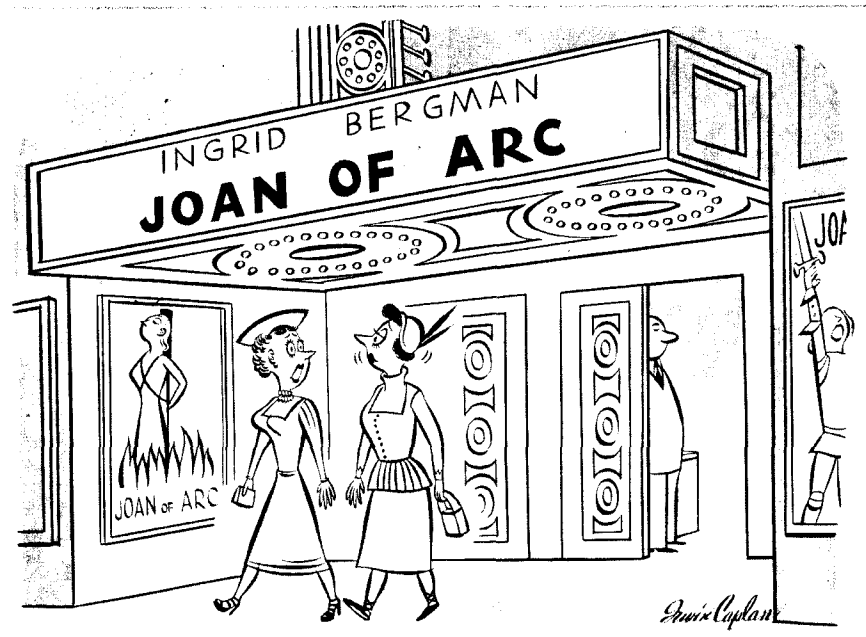
"That was foolish of you, Mr. Hooker. There's nothing to settle."

"I saw you go. You had to come back sometime."

He took a big automatic pistol from his right-hand pocket and let it hang in his hand. He went on speaking.

"They believed you—Jones—everybody. They wouldn't listen to me. But I've got away from them. For a long time, for long enough. I had something to live for, and now it's gone. You've finished it for me, finished everything."

"Let's go somewhere and talk," I said.



COLLIER'S

"That was the strangest ending. I thought sure all along she was going to be rescued"

IRWIN CAPLAN

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My mouth was dry. "You look all in."

His pale eyes were shrouded and invisible. He seemed to be looking at me, but his words had been more for himself, his voice quiet and flat now.

He was dangerous, an exhausted, hysterical killer with a grievance not only against me, but against a world he could not and would never understand. I watched his pistol hand.

"How dare you keep your hat on when you're speaking to me!" I cried sharply. *"Take it off!"*

And in the same moment, I drew and shot his hat from his head.

I was in the dark of the wood, with seven eighths of me behind a tree, by the time he realized he was not hit. He stood there in the full moonlight, a dead man if I so decided, his pistol wavering, seeking a sight of me.

"Drop it!" I said.

He swung the gun toward the sound of my voice but could still see nothing at which to fire.

"One more movement," I told him, "and you'll die slowly. Drop it. *Now!*"

For three seconds, perhaps, he tried to make his mind and body work together, and then, as I had hoped, his taut nerves broke. He made a gesture of futility and let the pistol fall with a clatter.

I MADE him move away from it before I stepped into the road again. I told him to pull the tree aside. He obeyed mechanically. While he was doing this I picked up his pistol, took out the magazine and also the cartridge in the chamber. He seemed as though he could scarcely stand. He got into the car with the same mechanical docility. I retrieved his hat and put it on his head. He sat there with his eyes closed, his head flaccid on his neck. There was no more fight in him. I dropped his pistol in the door pocket by my side, started the car, and began to drive slowly toward the house. It was some minutes before he showed any sign of returning interest in life.

"Let me out," he muttered. "They'll get me anyway, but I'd as soon be in the open."

"They can't touch you while you're with me. In fact, they can't in any case."

"You don't know the half of it," he said. "They're organized. They'll all be out—every one of them. And now I haven't even a gun. I'm finished—"

"After food, drink and a night's sleep you'll feel better. You leave it to me." I glanced at him, slouched sacklike beside me; he was less than useless to me like this. But I knew that as long as there was any hope at all of making him talk I must keep him close to me, risking the danger if it were true that they were hunting him.

I took him to the tithe barn which backed onto the courtyard, facing the open marshes. The big double doors were open, making a twenty-foot gap of darkness in its tarred wooden front. He could see from inside without being seen.

The Long Room windows, as last night, were streaming paths of light across the lawn. I ran down the path beside the house for a view inside. Again, as last night, Father and Jonathan were at the chessboard. I backed away and made for the side door, by which I could reach the kitchen and Mary's larder without anyone knowing I was home.

There was half a cold steak-and-kidney pie on the broad marble shelf; this, together with a slice of cheese, half a whole-meal loaf and butter, I tied up in a napkin and fetched a half bottle of rye whisky from the wine cellar.

I approached the barn so that he could not see me coming.

He was there, sitting in the scattered hay with his back against the shaft of a harrow. His eyes glittered like an animal's in the moonlight.

"Here I am," I said. I unwrapped the napkin by his side.

Then he saw the whisky. The next moment the bottle was tilted in his mouth; he gulped and choked at it, but half of it was gone before I could stop him.

"Ah!" he said, and as life flowed in him, washing away the barriers of fatigue, he began to talk, words jostling one another like driftwood in the spate.

"Jonesey's no fool—no fool at all—took his tank from El Alamein to the Rhine. Not a nerve in his body—not a damn' not a damn' nerve—seen too much done too much—tie the bloody thing to her feet—not me I said—but I did and he lifted the whole caboosh himself—plop in the drink and no more trouble—plop in the drink—seventy fathoms the chart said—what more can he want?"

I leaned closer to him, into the hot reek of whisky, and asked which of them killed her. But he took no notice.

"V-E Day, V-J Day, muck about turn the engine over but don't take her up. Petrol costs dollars. Out you go, old boy, with two hundred quid—start a business—any old business—you're an ex-serviceman and everyone'll help."

"Which of you killed her?"

"Mr. Hooker, meet Mr. Randall—this is the life—don't look at the expense sheet—good old bank, yessir, nosir Mr. Customer Hooker what about investing some of it? Thank you Mr. Bank but my money's in the Belsin Corp. Thirty-five per cent and going up going up—but not today. Not today. Petrol costs dollars—"

"You killed her."

"What's a little murder between friends? She's bothering the chief. Mustn't bother the chief. Oh, no! He's busy—got things to do—important things—two thousand boys and girls to look after—gimme that bottle."

"You eat some of this."

"Not hungry."

"You can have it when you've told me how you killed her, you and Jones."

"Ho!" he said. "That's what you want to know."

"Which of you killed her?"

"Don't be silly." He laughed and tried to get the bottle from me. "She was dead already. Dead as a doornail, poor old girl. In a sack."

At last he was going to tell me. I steadied the excitement in my voice.

"Who brought her to you? *Hooker!* Listen to me! You and Jones were with the boat at Tyman's Creek. Is that it? And someone brought her to you. She was already dead? You're *sure?*"

"Poor old girl, and not so old at that. Poor old girl." His voice was disappearing into a thick mutter.

"Who brought her to you?" I shook his arm. "Did Belsin know about it?"

His hand fell on his thigh as he was reaching out for the bottle again. The whisky he had already drunk, its stimulation no longer effective, hit him. Hit him like a hammer. He sagged sideways into the hay with a hiccuping sigh and began to breathe heavily in a sleep which was near unconsciousness. I shook and thumped him, but he did not stir. . . .

THE Long Room lights were out when I reached the house. I crept up to my room by the back stairs; the morning would be soon enough to tell Father about Gonzalez.

But still the day was not done. A large envelope addressed to me and marked "TOP SECRET" in bold but uncertain block letters fell out of my nightdress when I picked it up.

Inside the large envelope was another designated "Private and Confidencial." The Boy had been busy. The document inside, but for the spelling, might have been written by a trained intelligence agent in the course of special duty:

REPORT
Subject: The Murdur (Two Clues)
Date: 15 July
Time: 1620 hrs.

(1) I have to report that at 1503 hrs. today a visitor named Mrs. Annie Garseed came on a bike to the house with a baskit

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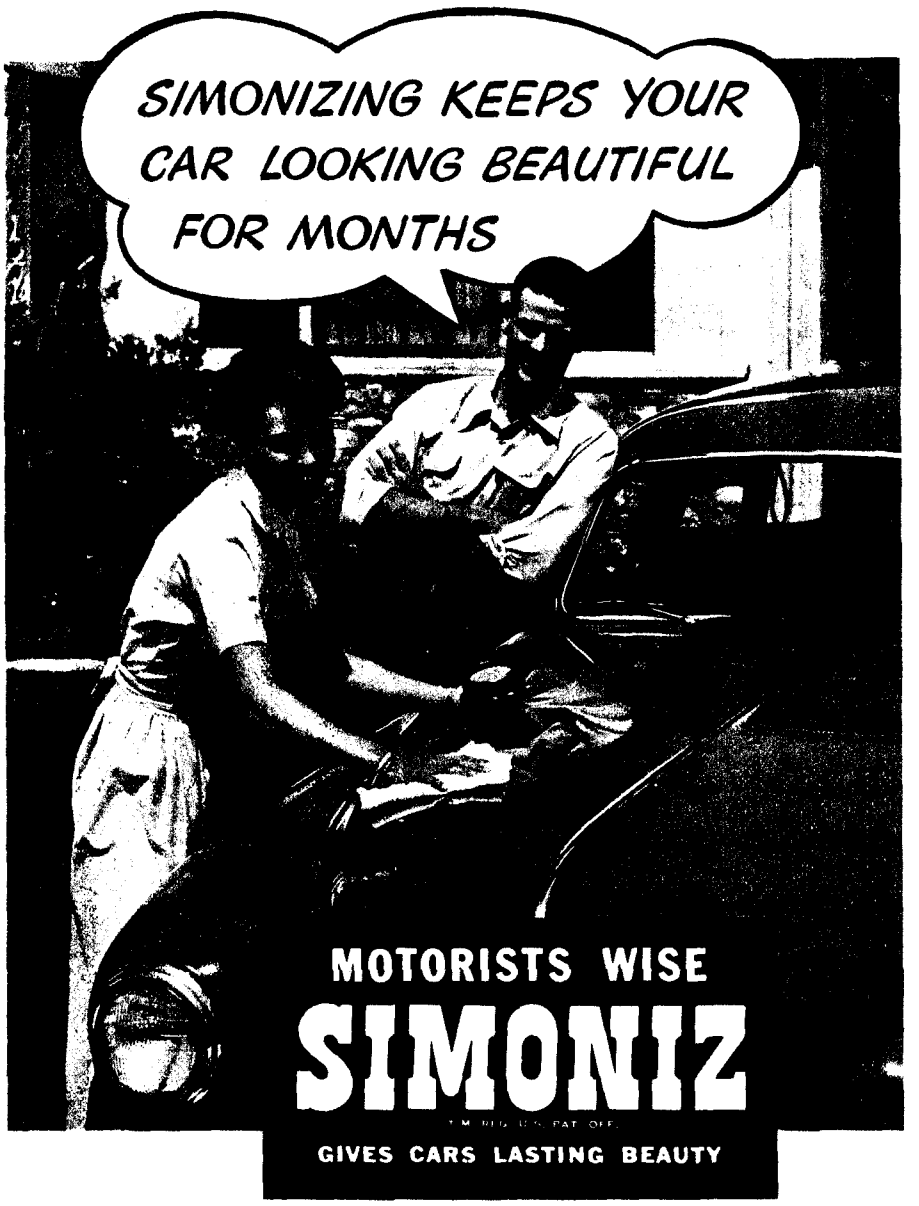

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thing on the back for carrying kids. She said she had come to fetche her that is Basin. There was a bit of a sene when I asked for her orthority she said it was Bull and I asked for it in writting wich she hadent got. I told her that Basin would remane hear until further notis for legil arrangements and after some more talk and some tea with Mary and me it turned out she used to look after B when the murdured woman went to London for the wekend, once a month sometimes more.

So I questioned her about where in London she went but she did not know but there was a telefone number in Mayfair she had in case B was ill or anything. I asked for this number but it was written down on a pece of paper at her home which is down the lane near were they lived. So I went on my bike with her to her home and learned the number by heart. It is Mayfair 87E4. The Cmdre was not home yet when I got home so I could compare the number with the list we found in the deceeseds telefone. It is a clue. The same number is on the list. I locked the drawer again and put back the key behind the peuter pot.

Mrs. Garseed is allrite. She did not want B for herself but only to look after because she loves her and knows how to look after her. I explaned that we did too so it was a pity to move her so she agreed. She does not sespect what we sespect so that is allrite. I said we needed the number for tracing relatives of B.

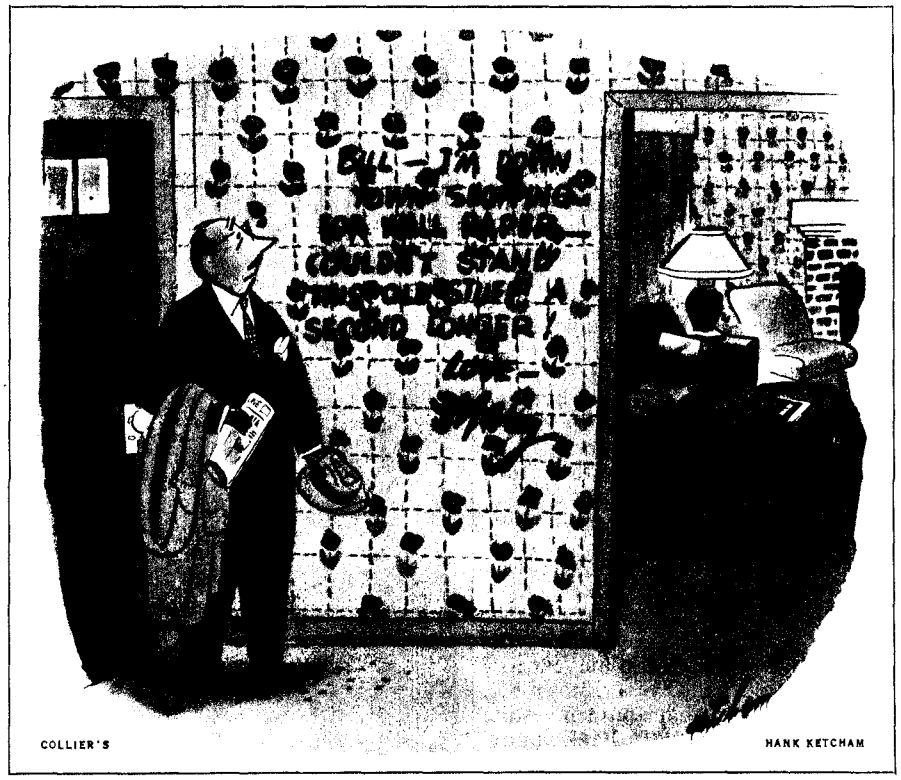
(2) I have to report that *he* came here at 1810 hrs. in a Bentley, but not the same one those men came in. That is it was the same moddle and color but the registration number was diferent. I knew it was *him* by his name. I was very serprised. I did not know what to do so I did nothing. Jonathan was here too and he did not seem to like him althow I thought he was allrite and frendly to all. He said he wanted to see you and it was Urgent.

Then the Cmdre came home and they talked about farming and had some drinks and he went at 1900 hrs. that is about 7 o'clock. Before he went he left a message for you. I said I would be sure to give it to you. He wants you to ring him up whatever time you come in even very late. The telefone number is Leiston 6162. I think this is a clue too. I could not look at the list again because I could not get the Cmdre out of the Long Room even for a minit. *He* gave me five shillings so you will be sure to ring him up.

Signed and delivered
Under othe
CRAIG GILL

My sense of discomfort at learning that James Belsin had been here behind my back, as it were, changed to nervous excitement at the coincidence of the telephone numbers.

Leiston 6162! I was more certain than



the Boy that this was the number on Louise Frempton's list. I found myself gripping the carved knob of the bedpost. A *clue!* It was more than a clue! It was evidence! It meant that it could be produced to Billy Bull as proof that James Belsin had known the girl.

Then a thought came. That Leiston number on the list. It *was* the same? Leiston 6162? Not 6261? I was *not* sure. I snatched up the Boy's report again. James Belsin's number was Leiston 6162. The Boy had *thought* it was the same, but even he had felt the need to check it, and he would have done so if the Commodore could have been unglued from the Long Room.

I knew I could not call Billy Bull until I had settled the question, and I knew also that I would not be able to wait until the morning even if that was soon enough. I put on a dressing gown and set off downstairs.

FATHER was sitting in his bunk, his white hair on end, smoking unadulterated Latakia in the blackest of his big black pipes and gloating over the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, according to the pessimistic Mr. Gibbon.

"Hallo," he said.

"I've looked in to say good night."

"Been to London, they tell me."

"Yes. I got something for us. Or rather for you."

"Don't want anything! How many times have I expressly said I'll do my own shopping! Look at that damn' shirt you bought! Blue! *Pale* blue!"

"It went beautifully with your eyes."

"All right. What awfulness have you landed me with this time?"

"It's coming tomorrow."

His eyes began to show an anticipatory gleam of pleasure.

I was near the dower chest. "Have you seen a pair of white gloves of mine lying about anywhere?"

"No."

I pulled out one of the unlocked drawers and shut it again.

"It's coming by truck, I suppose?" he said.

"It's not an 'it.'"

"Not an 'it'? What d'you mean?"

I laughed and took the key of the clues drawer from the pewter pot. "Gonzalez y Fernandez di Calancar," I said, and put the key in the lock of the drawer. "For a long week end. He'll be staying until Tuesday, or maybe Wednesday."

The swearwords which shivered the rafters of the Long Room were, I think, Spanish ones as usual. At the end of them he shouted: "What have you done! Let loose a murderer! That's what you've done! A bloody murderer!"

"No," I said, thinking that on another issue a murderer might already be loose. "No, Father dear, I've let loose a friend."

"Friend, you say!" He banged the side of his fist against the paneling of the bunk. Then I told him all about Gonzalez.

"Well, I am damned!" he said more quietly.

I unlocked the drawer, took out the list, slipped it in my pocket, and turned the key which I dropped back in the pewter pot.

"Loves me like a brother," Father muttered, and a soft, pleased sound somewhat like a laugh and a little like a choke came from deep in his throat. Then he said, "Ha!" loudly and began unmistakably to laugh. After a moment he stopped and looked at me.

"Good night," I said.

"Good night, m'dear." He cleared his throat. "Your birthday, isn't it?"

"Yes, Father."

He crooked his forefinger and I went across. He kissed me timidly. There came a smarting in my eyes. He had not done that since I was little. "Good night, daughter," he said.

I WENT up to my room again, quite calm inside. Even the fact that the number on the list was in truth the same number as that on which James Belsin was waiting for me to ring him did not reawaken the nervous excitement.

I picked up the telephone, and after a longish pause, while the local exchange awoke to the fact that it provided an all-night service, asked for Leiston 6162. It rang but once, then his voice was in my ear, vivid and undistorted.

As a result of that call I learned that Jimmy was frantically worried about me since Mr. Hooker might blame me for his department firing him. I promised to be discreet until the revengeful Hooker was rounded up. He also told me that Jones would fetch me at eleven thirty the next day. After he hung up I made my own plans.

Tomorrow Billy Bull would come when I telephoned. "Billy Bull," I would say, "come quickly. There's something here for your urgent attention—something big and terrible, more terrible than you can guess. I'll meet you down the road a little way, so I can tell you with no chance of anyone hearing. Listen, Billy Bull, and don't interrupt. Over there in that tithe barn is a man called Hooker—"

But when tomorrow came the man called Hooker was not in the tithe barn nor anywhere to be seen.

I knew that even though I had lost Hooker and could not hope to catch him again I should have gone to Billy Bull just the same. But I was so angry with myself that I determined to get evidence to take the place of Hooker-in-person. And I decided, childishly, to go on alone a little longer without Billy Bull.

It was this decision which was to cause me such bitter self-reproach later on. I was never to know whether or not he could have prevented the awful thing which happened a few hours later. It is in this uncertainty that a ghost walks for me, and speculation about what Billy Bull might or might not have done does not help to lay it.

(To be continued next week)

THE SEVEN DAYS OF THE FISHERMAN

Continued from page 13

Ah, *señor*, I have seen Carlitos' emblem of the Flying Fish scrawled on the walls and doorways of the city. And Don Vicente Perez, the governor—he was Cabrera's uncle—he saw them that morning and went white beneath the brown of his face, so that his mustaches seemed to bristle impotently in his fear. It was long ago, in the grand, old, evil days.

Today I hear neighbors grumbling about the taxes of our republic. But what do they know of taxes? In the years of Cabrera the burden was such that we staggered under it. Only those of Cabrera's own party were exempt. And when he had bled the fortunate of all they had he increased the burden of the poor, for he needed money, always more and more money, to pay his soldiers and his police and to build his stone roads with the stones interlocked. Cabrera began life as a humble teacher of Latin in a small school, *señor*. But his students knew that he was a tiger, even then. . . .

At last, word came to Don Vicente Perez from his nephew that a certain sum must be raised. Don Vicente was afraid of his nephew but he protested, we learned later.

We never knew how good a man was Don Vicente in his heart until years later after he was dead. But Cabrera was a man of flint and the money had to come from somewhere. . . .

Let me measure the other foot, now, *señor*. I do not make shoes by the pair, *señor*, I make shoes which look alike and are worn at the same time, that is all. . . .

So at last the final tax fell on us and it was the most grievous tax of all, for San Cristóbal del Mar lives from the sea, and the poor eat fish. Cabrera sent orders to tax the very fish in the market stalls. I recall the throng which crowded the cathedral the night the news was posted on the door of the town hall. For the tax was to be paid in advance, you understand—and this meant ruin to the fishermen and their families.

Furniture was piled in the plaza for auction and women who had a pair of earrings slipped them out of their ears to get a little money so that they could sell what their sons and husbands drew from our mother the sea. An evil day, *señor*, long ago but clear and sharp in memory still.

I remember a proud old fisherman who strangled his daughter with her own hair—she had sought to save the family's home by reaching an agreement with one of the police herself; you understand, *señor?*

And then old Maria Galán, who could not read or write, was arrested and thrown into prison for not paying the tax on fish her son Carlitos had caught that day before dawn.

She was an old woman, bent with care and the sorrows of the years, for of all her children only Carlitos remained alive; sickness and the sea had taken the others.

There was another auction and at last

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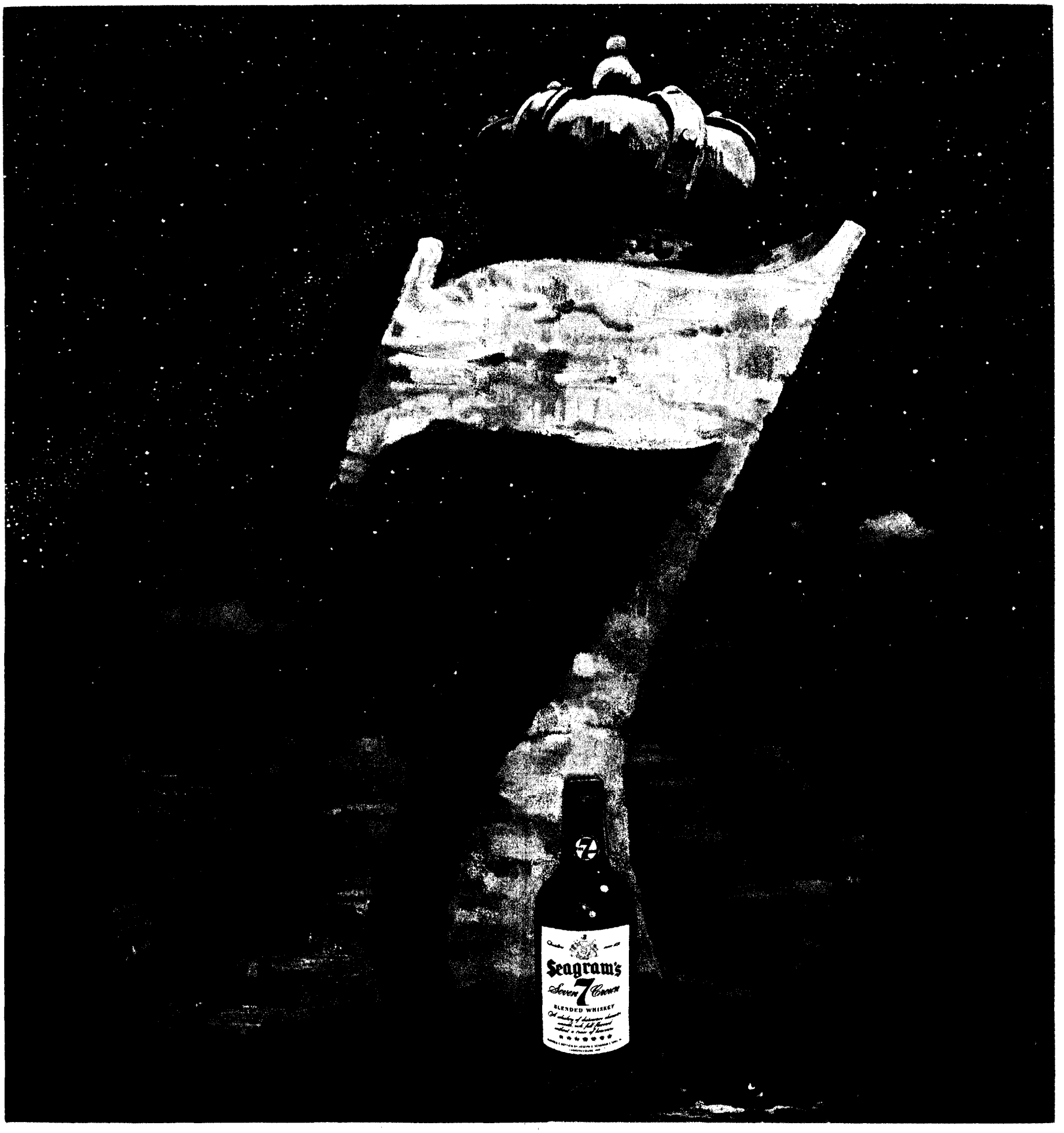

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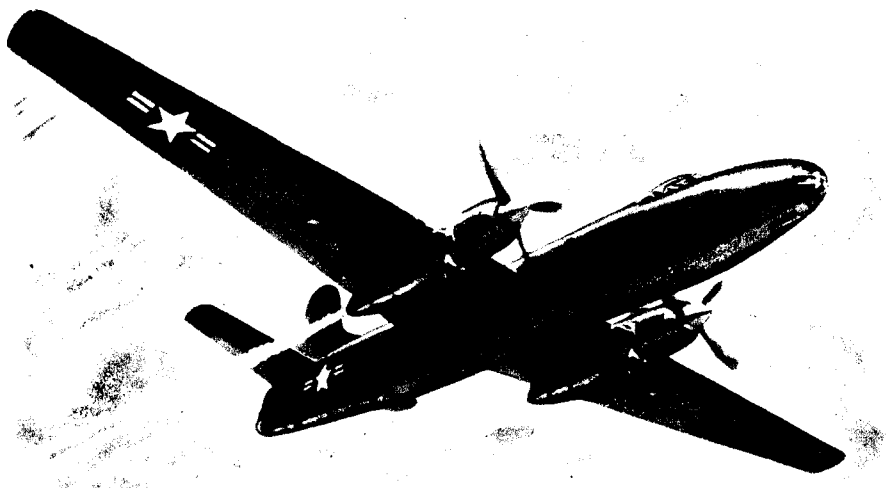

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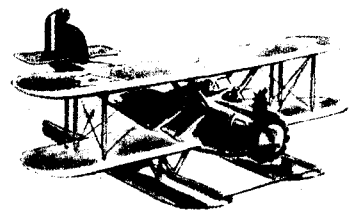

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Carlitos had the silver in his pocket and paid the fine and brought his mother home. When old Maria saw their house, bare of furniture and with nothing but straw ticks to sleep upon, she sent up a great cry of grief, Carlitos holding her on one arm as he would hold a child; she pushed her shawl into her mouth to stop the sound of her crying and then she fell against Carlitos and was limp and he knew that she had not fainted. She was dead. Her heart had broken, for the things in that house were all she had and she was used to them.

I was coming home, *señor,* from the academy where I was preparing for a career in law. I had no idea then that I would ever be a shoemaker, *señor.* A youth of great ambition, I saw myself eloquent and pleading before the judges. In my mind's eyes a young lawyer, stylishly dressed in a ruffled shirt and black, full-skirted coat such as was worn in the old days.

I passed the corner of the street and there was a crowd of young men assembled, fishermen and students all together. Carlitos Galán was speaking and as I drew near, the first words I heard him utter were these:

". . . we are fish in his net, ready to be eaten! Men of San Cristóbal-del Mar—are the memories of our ancient rights nothing but dust in your hearts? There is a time when a hemp line breaks. There is a time when a cart axle snaps. There is a time when tinder, as you blow upon it, bursts into flame. And there is a time when men catch fire and when that time comes either they crumble in the heat of their own hearts, self-burned, or the fire spreads to others and the darkness is made bright by the burning!"

Oh, *señor,* you cannot imagine what that first speech of Carlitos Galán was like. I was studying oratory at the time, *señor,* but this was not oratory. It was a man blazing like a torch. And we took fire from him. I threw my law book away.

There, at that first meeting, the emblem of the Flying Fish was born. It came from us all. I think it was the question Carlitos hammered at us over and over again—"Are you *pez* or *pescado?*" The *señor* understands: *un pez* is a fish in the sea and *un pescado* is a fish which has been caught, a fish to be purchased and eaten. From somewhere in our ranks a youth shouted, *"Pez Volador!"* For the flying fish leaps and skims in the air to escape the larger fish who would gobble him up.

Carlitos turned and taking out his knife drew a sweeping design on the wall behind him—just seven lines: a fish with wings. We cheered and suddenly he pointed with a sweeping motion of his forearm to the whole town and we scattered.

BY MORNING, *señor,* the Flying Fish was chalked or scratched everywhere. Out of our despair Carlitos Galán had forged a rebellion with one speech and a symbol.

That was on a Monday, *señor.* And the following seven days seemed like seven years, so much was crammed into them and so rapid were the upheavals, the twists and turnings of fate.

On Tuesday, when the police appeared in the market place to collect the silver and coppers before the fish could be sold, they were surprised at the number of young men mingling among the housewives and servants in the plaza. Suddenly there was a whistle and the police found themselves bound with loops of hemp line smelling of fish and the sea. They were herded into a corner of the market, cursing and blustering and frightened. Then over them fell the weighted net of Carlitos Galán—they were caught themselves! *Ole!* How they kicked and squirmed, blue uniforms and polished boots all atangle, there in the folds of the net!

Oh, there was running about then; everyone talking at once, the young men singing forbidden songs and old women wailing into their shawls, "They will kill us! They will kill us all when they get loose!" The marketwomen sold their fish tax-free and hurried home.

Then it was that Carlitos, the Fisherman, made his second speech and the plaza was crowded, every balcony filled and little boys clinging to the palm-tree trunks the better to see and listen to the Fisherman.

I did not hear this speech. I was with a group of young fellows cutting down trees and barricading the roads which led down from Cabrera's capital. We expected his troops, bringing cannon.

THE local garrison had surrendered to Carlitos in a panic—he had sent them, all wrapped in fine writing paper and sealed with red wax, the ears of the *capitán* of police in charge of tax collections. For the Fisherman was no man to stop at trifles.

"Those ears will save lives," he said, smiling. "They will persuade the garrison to surrender. Men will be living tonight, having supper among their children, who would be dead if we were less resolute." Then he said to the trembling *capitán,* a fat man whose hands were bound behind his back, "Kneel down and grit your teeth. It will be over in a second."

"We've been reviewing the Civil War in school, and I think it's high time you and I had a talk concerning your so-called reserve commission in the Confederate Air Force"

COLLIER'S — BORIS DRUCKER

When the captain pleaded not to have his ears cut off, Carlitos took a stone and wrapped it in the scarf from around his neck; he struck the captain behind the ear with it and the captain fell sprawling to the paving stones before Carlitos Galán's house.

Carlitos knelt and cut off his ears "Send these to the garrison," he told me, smiling gently. "And seal the envelope with the red wax to make it official." I did as I was told for the smile of the Fisherman was something to fire the heart and quiet all fears and doubts. It changed in the later days but it changed slowly—so slowly that we who knew him from the very first hardly noticed its changing until it was too late.

With the rifles we got from the garrison we set about defending our town. They were cap-and-ball rifles, as we had in those days, *señor.* We called for arms and they began to come out of hiding, even old flintlocks, some rusty and useless, some thick with grease as they had been stored, waiting for the day of a leader. The possession of a large-bore rifle was punished by Don Pedro Cabrera with death.

At nightfall our barricades were up

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and we waited and fishermen went out in their boats, all except Carlitos and a few he commanded to stay by him to defend the town.

Just before dawn they returned with their catch and Carlitos Galán had it distributed to all the families in town who had no food in the house, the poorest families first.

The next day was Wednesday. The troops came, but not a great body of them, only a few mounted men, bearing a white flag and a letter for the governor, Don Vicente. Carlitos allowed them to enter and went himself to the palace; he stood by while Don Vicente read the note, dressed in his full uniform with gold braid—for he expected any moment to meet his death. Cabrera offered immunity to the Fisherman and his followers if they would lay down their arms. The tax on fish was to remain for three months and then was to be repealed when a certain sum had been raised.

"The money is not for me or for my men," Don Pedro had written, "but for an extension of the highway to the northern frontier, joining the road leading into our boundaries on the north. Much trade will come into our country by land when it is finished. . . ." It was plausibly worded, *señor*, and I looked at the face of Carlitos Galán. Its smile was angelic still, but under it the iron.

"Write for me to the tyrant Cabrera," Carlitos told me, "that our immunity now rests within the muzzles of captured arms and within the hearts of freedom-loving men. Taxes collected in San Cristóbal del Mar will pay for dredging the harbor which means prosperity for the country. San Cristóbal lives by the sea still and toward the sea are the eyes of her sons turned.

"Let Don Pedro keep his mountains. We hold the port. We shall hold it until he makes peace with us or until the last man has perished behind the last cobblestone. Write that for me to the tyrant Cabrera." And I sharpened a pen and wrote it and Carlitos signed it, drawing the letters carefully, and adding under his name the sign of the Flying Fish, *el Pez Volador*. . . .

Now if the *señor* will stand upon this bit of paper I will trace the outline of the right foot first, then the left. Let the *señor* put his entire weight on the right foot; that is excellent, *señor*. You understand, the foot spreads in walking. . . .

Ah, *señor*, you may think that Cabrera was ready to give in on the matter of the tax but it was not so. He had sent relays of riders down the coast, summoning one of his ships with soldiers aboard. It sailed into the harbor to put down the insurrection. In the light of dawn it rounded the Point of Palms and dropped its anchors.

SWIMMING quietly, while the early mist concealed the surface of the water, went Carlitos and twenty picked men of the sea, their knives sharpened and their hearts aflame with the words of the Fisherman, spoken on the beach as they threw off their clothes after the ship was sighted. Carlitos knew a ship would come.

Not a shot was fired, although the cannon mouths of the ship covered the harbor. We watched from the shore, I from the roof of the *palacio* with Don Vicente beside me, and our men grouped around, and with Don Vicente's spyglass I saw flags run up to the masthead—first the flag of San Cristóbal and beneath it the flag of the Fisherman; when the wind caught it and whipped it free, there was the Flying Fish, white on a field of blue. The Fisherman had carried it out rolled in oilskin and tied around his waist.

Now Carlitos had the land side of the port defended and he manned the ship with his fishermen and he had protection from the side of the sea.

Then it was that Don Pedro sued for peace, appointing Carlitos Galán as governor of San Cristóbal del Mar.

I was there, in the cathedral, *señor*, that Thursday morning when the archbishop placed the golden chain of the governor's stewardship around his neck. Carlitos wore white trousers and a blue blouse—clean and new—but he was barefooted like any fisherman. In the white and blue dress of a fisherman he received the honors of governorship, with old Don Vicente Perez, the dictator's uncle, standing by in gold braid and brass buttons, holding his plumed hat stiffly in his left hand.

As we left the cathedral in the morning sunlight the people along the hill road shouted and danced their delight, the children racing back and forth, and little girls throwing handfuls of rose petals over us.

Ah, the cheering: *"Viva el Pescador! Viva Galán!"* But more often simply his battle cry: *"Pez Volador!"* And I walked behind him, carrying a portfolio of paper and pens and a pocket ink bottle of spun brass. . . .

Wait, I have it here, *señor*. Here—you may take it in your hands. With the ink in that bottle our history was written. I was Galán's secretary, you understand. The Fisherman could not write. . . .

THAT afternoon we saw a strange sight—a fishing dory was being drawn up along the road leading from the sea. It was on cart frames and ten mules were drawing it. It was the boat of Galán, and it did not stop until it reached the plaza, just about where the bronze statue of the Fisherman now stands, where the bronze flying fish spouts water into the marble basin, where the girls go to fill their water jugs.

There the boat was shifted from the cart frames and was set on chocks and the chocks were soon covered with a bank of flowers woven into wreaths. It was his tribunal, you see—Carlitos Galán began to dispense justice. Not in the hall of justice in the *palacio* but from the deck of his fishing boat, out there in the plaza under the palms.

And the people flocked to hear his judgments.

First came the sergeant of police who had made the arrangement with the fisherman's daughter, she whom her father strangled with her hair.

The Fisherman heard the lawyers for the defense, and conducted himself in all ways like a judge, as he had seen the judge act when he paid his mother's fine. Only instead of a bench he sat on the deck of his boat, dangling his smooth brown feet over the side.

When the evidence was all in and both sides rested their case, Carlitos smiled his smile of an angel—he had black eyes and long black hair and his neck was the neck of one of the old gods such as one sees in sculptures from the ancient days.

"This man desired women above all other things in the things he wrung from the poor," the Fisherman said softly. "Very well, he shall have women." And then I saw what I had not noticed before—that a crowd of women, fishermen's wives and daughters, with hate burning in their eyes, were waiting in one section of the crowd. "Let him have women!" Galán cried sharply, leaping to his feet.

And the women who had known the dead girl surged forward and surrounded the unfortunate sergeant. Ah, *señor*, who can ever believe the ferocity of women until he has seen it with his own eyes, and when he has shut his eyes, wished that he might shut his ears too, as long as the victim's screaming lasted, until his voice broke and there was only the hoarse rattle of his breathing and at last silence—for he was dead.

Galán watched from the deck of his boat, in its sea of flowers, and said, "Take away the dead man. What is the next case?" And when he said these

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words the smile which had been that of an angel was still there and the beauty of his head and the light in his eyes was still noble. But there was a look around his mouth which had not been there before. What it was I could not say at the time, but it was there. And I saw it deepen and grow in the days that followed, until it had infected the whole man.

YOU may wonder, *señor*, what justice was meted out by Carlitos Galán, the governor, to the tax-gathering police and I will tell you. No, he did not hang them, for as they explained, some of them whining and groveling and some muttering in their stiff pride, they were men accustomed to obey.

Galán said, "Very well. Those who obey tyrants in crushing the poor must learn what it is to be poor." And he had all the household goods of those men brought—bedsteads and chests of mahogany, drawers spilling out fine linens, everything. A great pile was made at the other end of the plaza and there he put a torch to it and it went up in a pillar of fire and the tax collectors stood, watching it burn. They were now destitute, even as those they had made victims of the law.

There was one boy, a useless, wild creature, who lived by petty thievery; he sneaked in and helped pile up the goods for the burning, but hid a bedspread of lace under his shirt, hoping to sell it, I suppose.

Some of our men caught him and brought him to the Fisherman, the lace still peeping through the holes in his shirt.

"You are from the people," Galán said, "and the honor of the people is yours to uphold. You have tarnished it. Leave theft to the oppressors. Your punishment shall be severe. Understand that I hold no spite against you, boy. But the honor of the people must be upheld and you are the first to betray it."

He turned to his fishermen who wore the Flying Fish sewed on their blouses above their hearts. "Hang him."

And they hanged him for stealing a lace bedspread which was going to be burned anyhow.

That was the sort of man our Fisherman was, *señor*. Justice was what he was after—justice for the people.

When he had cleaned out the tax gatherers and the other officials who had caused us so much misery—he had herded them into the old prison on the first day he barricaded the town—then he began to hear civil cases. And in all events he demanded that justice be done.

As the week drew to a close the penalties given out from the deck of the little fishing boat grew more and more severe. The light behind the eyes of Carlitos Galán grew brighter and brighter and his smile grew harder and harder. The love in his soul gave way to the iron so that in the end he was all iron, shaped in the counterfeit of love.

News came from the capital that brought us great rejoicing. The symbol of the Flying Fish had appeared on walls and pavements in the very heart of Cabrera's stronghold. Suddenly the whole country was afire. Cabrera, the tyrant, nearly got away, disguised as an old *muletero*, but was caught at the border and shot by his own border guards, trying to escape.

In the celebration when the news reached us, two thieves took advantage of the confusion and looted a house. They were caught and Carlitos had them beaten and then hanged.

And then there came before him, as judge, a case which was like a precipice —when he had reached it he started to plummet down the other side.

An old wine seller had watered his wine to make it go further during the celebration. He had sold it at a higher price, in the bargain.

Galán had him drowned in a big earthen jar which had held wine and now was filled with water. I saw this myself, *señor*—the old man's legs kicking and jumping like a frog's and the water running over onto the ground.

This time the crowd watching watched in silence. There were no jeers and no cries and no curses, no shouts for the *Pez Volador*. They watched the execution and turned away and soon the plaza was empty except for the Fisherman's own men.

This was on a Friday.

The next day when the assizes opened in the plaza, the crowd had returned and they were silent still and their faces turned up toward the Fisherman were blank. News had come from the capital of the proclamation of the republic by a committee of senators and army officers. Many had plotted against Cabrera for years. But our people were uneasy. They had followed *El Pescador;* he had promised them justice; they now had justice. But they were afraid.

On Sunday they crowded again into the cathedral, as thick as the day the tax on fish had been posted.

And on Sunday, Carlitos Galán sat in the sun with his chair tilted against the wall of his house. He whittled away at the hull of a toy ship—the sort which sailors make, with the masts and sails lying flat.

When it is finished they slip it carefully into an empty bottle and pull the masts erect with a thread. Carlitos whittled and dictated to me his terms with the provisional government.

"Lawyers, generals, senators—will they not swallow one another and grow and in the end another Cabrera arise? We shall hold the port until the people hold the capital. Tell them that. Tell them to send me an ambassador who has never worn shoes. He might be an honest man."

That was on Sunday.

The next morning Carlitos mounted to the deck of his dory and made another speech. This time, instead of warning against thieves he warned the people against traitors. Then his men led out a sailor named Miguel Roos, who had been one of twenty who swam out to the ship with Carlitos, knife in belt, to defend the city.

Roos had agreed to deliver up to the provisional government the key to the Fisherman's arms storehouse.

When Roos's body fell before a bullet Carlitos picked it up in his arms and murmured, "Farewell, old comrade. A brave man has died today. Brave but mistaken."

NEAR the end of the day a man and his wife who kept a bakeshop were accused of selling bread at short weight—they had two sets of weights in the shop and when members of the Fisherman's guard came they showed their honest weights. But when customers came—and the shop was in the poor quarter of the town—they brought out their other weights and cheated the poor. Carlitos' mother had bought bread from them for years.

"You make your living by the oven," Galán said, his smile frozen now like the smile of a saint carved of wood. "Very well. By the oven you shall die."

Now, I believe that Carlitos meant that they should be hanged from the oven door. Or perhaps even shut up in the cold oven for a week or so. Something of the sort. But the crowd packing the plaza thought he meant that the greedy baker and his wife were to be slowly roasted.

The crowd groaned and shuddered and it was a terrible sound to hear, for there was no fear in it, only anger and horror.

"In the people's name!" shouted the Fisherman.

"But we are the people!" cried the baker's wife, clinging to her husband. "We are the people! We cheated a little; we sold short weight. It is true. But we are people. Who in this whole town has led a blameless life?"

"Seize her," said Galán softly from the boat.

The crowd thundered in its throat and the baker's wife broke loose from the guards and began to run. Four lads with rifles, wearing the Flying Fish, began to chase her. And the crowd flowed together tightly to let the woman escape. The guards tried to fight their way through with clubbed rifles. They struck left and right and a woman was hurt and fell screaming and then the crowd poured forward.

Galán saw them come. He leaned toward me and said softly, "Drop over the side and try to get away. My life belongs to the people. They are coming to take it."

And then the mob was upon him, swamping his followers, who held their fire until it was too late.

There was nothing I could do but watch from a little distance. And then I turned and walked slowly home, not caring if they caught me and tore me to pieces or not. But the crowd, frightened of the Fisherman's terrible justice, rushed past me, dragging something in their midst.

WHEN night fell I went hunting for it and I found it in a ditch. Three other lads who had been with Carlitos from the beginning—seven days before —they were with me, too. We lifted the body from the ditch and washed it and laid it on a door brought from a carpenter's shop. Others who had come up brought torches, for it was by now dark night, and on our shoulders we carried Carlitos Galán, the torches going before us and behind us. We carried him toward the plaza.

People followed us. When we entered the plaza we were at the head of a procession and many who followed were guilty of his blood. But now they walked with bared heads and some of the women carried candles burning.

We turned up the road toward the cathedral and when we grew tired others took our places silently, carrying the hero whose face in the flickering light was bruised and swollen and whose body was full of gashes, now washed clean of blood.

New clothes were brought. He lay in state in the cathedral in clean white trousers and blue blouse, like any dead fisherman drawn from the sea. And the next day the doorways and the balconies of the town were draped with black and on scraps of blue cloth were sewn flying fish of white, stitched by women in the early hours.

So he died, *señor*. In seven days I saw him blow the embers of hate into the fire of war. I saw him followed as a general; I saw him installed as a governor, worshiped as a hero, feared as a judge, destroyed as a monster, mourned as a martyr and a saint.

I learned all I was ever to learn about the ways of man and the world in those seven days. My ambition for power and for fame . . . all, all gone; buried with Carlitos Galán.

A poor cousin of my mother's had this shop. I became his apprentice and all the bitterness of my father and all of my mother's tears could not change my heart. And here—here I still live.

You know the flying fish, *señor*—a silver flash, skimming above the waves, a moment of glory in the sun, and then down again, plunging into darkness. Not for me, *señor*. I am the minnow, slipping through the shark's teeth, through the meshes of the net, is it not so?

There, *señor*. Allow me to lace up the old shoes. The *señor* likes them not too tight—I can see by the marks on the laces how they should go. THE END

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Wish My Name Was Jones

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

No matter how simple it is, somebody is sure to spell—or pronounce—your name wrong

WHETHER you know it or not, somewhere in this country there's a group of powerful men at work to make you and me lose our identities. Their methods are insidiously simple. All they do is misspell—or mispronounce—your name.

My name, I *think*, is the one printed at the head of this piece. I used to believe it was a fairly easy name: You spell it G-E-H-M-A-N, and you pronounce it to rhyme with layman. True, it isn't well known; the only Gehman in the 1948-49 Who's Who in America is Dr. Henry Snyder Gehman (Orientalist and clergyman), and the only one in the current Reader's Guide is Richard B. Gehman (me). My sympathy goes out to Dr. Henry Snyder Gehman—if he's had as much trouble from the conspirators as I have, he's had enough to make a clergyman (or Orientalist) swear.

My apartment superintendent, for example, calls me Mr. Gimmon. The diaper service man thinks I'm Gorman. The postman pronounces it Gilman, and he delivers mail addressed to Gihman, Graham, Geliman, Garmen, Gheeman, Gleemon, Gemmins, Gomon and Gourmande (this last is particularly favored by makers of turkey *pâté* and importers of caviar).

Some time ago I went to Louisville, Kentucky, after wiring ahead for a hotel room. When I arrived, the clerk (obviously a tool of the powerful men) had never heard of me. "No," he said, showing his green teeth in a false smile, "the only *G* we got listed is a Mister German." I asked to see the list and he thrust it over the desk. "See," he crowed, "G-E-H-M-A-N—*German.*" Furious, I went down the street to another hotel. They were quite co-operative there; they registered me as Gellman.

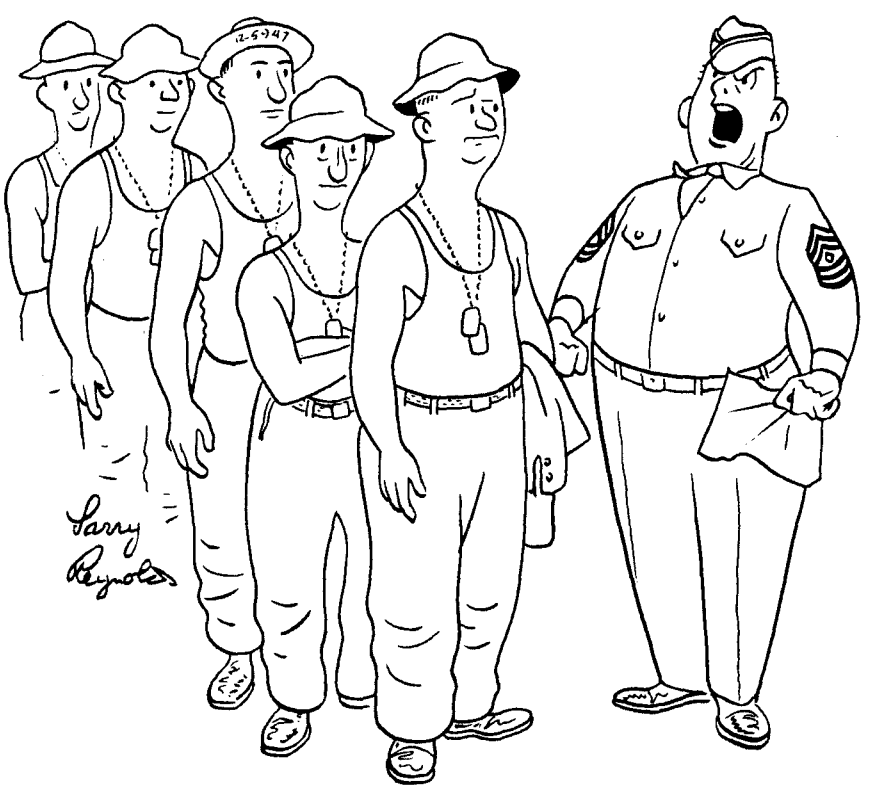
The powerful men were operating even while I was in the Army. I remember one awful day at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, when I was lined up with some other privates waiting to get shots. "Jiggam!" the sergeant called. Obviously, that wasn't my name, so I didn't stir. *"Jiggam!"* he yelled again. Still I waited. "JIGGAM!" he screamed—and, with that, I began to suspect that he meant me.

"Do you mean me, Sergeant?" I piped up, timidly.

"How d'ye spell yer — ——— name?" he bellowed. When I told him, his face turned purple. "That's what I been sayin'!" he thundered. "Whyn'tcha answer when yer name's called? K.P. for two weeks!"

The powerful men don't confine their efforts to last names; they're after first names, too. Richard is a pretty common name of a lot of famous people: King Richard III, Admiral Byrd, and Heaven knows how many actors. When the agents get to working on this name, however, something happens. The gas company pretends it's Richmond. An old and reputable haberdashery writes it Ritchard. A mail-order company has me down—cross my heart—as Flitcher.

Some of the more skillful agents



"Jiggam!" he yelled

"Par me," she said

for the combine can mix up both names. About a year ago I went uptown one day to see an insurance man I know. His receptionist asked for my name, and I gave it to her in a clear, ringing voice (I always use a clear, ringing voice—almost hysterical, in fact—when I give my name, but it doesn't do any good).

"What was that name again?" she asked, frowning.

I repeated it, in an even clearer, more ringing voice.

She turned to her interoffice phone and got my man's secretary on the wire. "A Mr. Hatcher Thummon is here," she announced.

I tapped her on the shoulder. "Pardon me," I said timidly, and told her my right name.

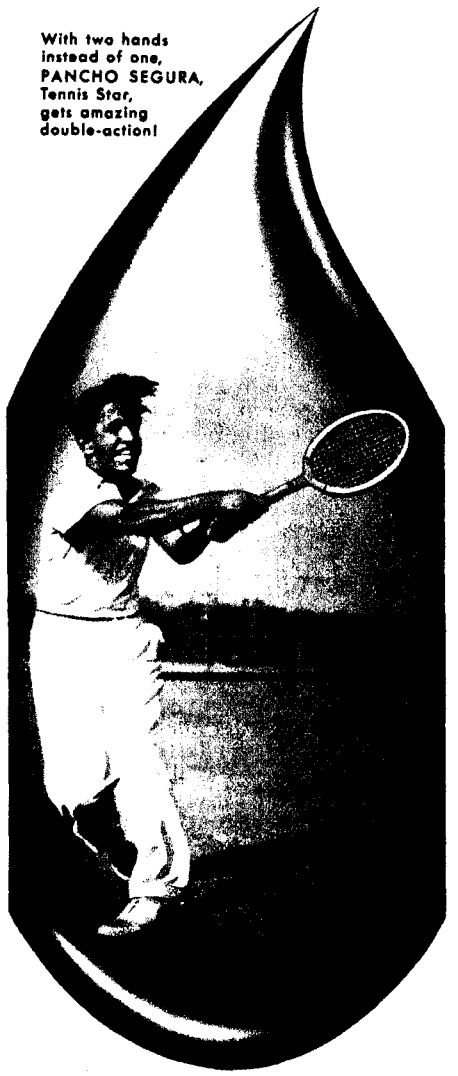
"Par *me*," she said, turning back to the phone. "It's Richman Gamble." Then she looked up brightly. "That right?"

I shrugged. "It's close enough," I said.

Don't think for a minute that the powerful men concentrate all their efforts on me. A friend of mine, Mr. Michael Zeamer, is constantly called Zeber, Zebra, Eamer, Zymer, Zermer, Zimmer and Zimmerman. Another friend, a Mr. S. J. Perelman (pronounced *Pare-ell-man*), once had an unnerving experience when he hired a telephone-answering service. On the third day, the operator who had been taking his calls became indignant. "Listen here, you," she said to him. "You've been getting messages for Perelman, Pearlman, Perlman, Purlman, Pillman and Pulham. Make up your mind, now—which one is it?"

In an effort to crack the powerful men's game, I resorted to subterfuge. I thought I would change my name. To test this out, I wrote an article under the name of M. Scott Kenyon. Nobody, I thought, could possibly get those names wrong. Then I got the first letter from a reader. "Dear Mr. Kenya," it began. THE END

DRAWINGS FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY REYNOLDS



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HANK MYERS—PILOT TO THE BIG BRASS

Continued from page 21

Such lese majesty was abhorrent to the Air Transport Command. Without her knowledge, ATC commander General Harold George assigned his own plane and crew. Then at the take-off Myers took on a dozen G.I.s and sacks of mail, making Mrs. Roosevelt happily content in the belief that she wasn't receiving special treatment.

Churchill and Myers hit it off instantly. Soon after the take-off on a flight from Ottawa to Washington, the Prime Minister appeared in the cockpit of the C-47, a highball in one hand and a big, fresh cigar in the other, eager to act as co-pilot. "I've flown many of these," he said. "In the Royal Air Force they're called Dakotas."

Churchill an Erratic Pilot

Hank turned over the controls to Churchill who loosely grasped the wheel with one hand, keeping the other free for his highball and to animate his unceasing conversation. Out of the tail of his eye Myers watched the instruments. One moment the plane was climbing 500 feet a minute, the next it was going down at the same rate. The proper heading was almost due south but under Churchill's vigorous guidance it swung in all directions. Myers figured that the sum of these inadvertent side trips would delay their Washington arrival by a couple of hours.

When Churchill became engrossed in explaining an obscure bit of American history, Hank quietly switched the plane onto automatic pilot. The instruments stopped racing, but Churchill, happily oblivious, continued "operating" the controls until they neared Washington. At the airport his words of greeting to President Roosevelt were, "Fortunately I could navigate the Dakota for your lads. Otherwise we might have been late."

The passengers for whom Myers had the least affection were Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her entourage, whom he fetched up from Rio. "They were the only people," he says, "who treated me like a two-bit chauffeur."

The world's best passenger, in Myers' logbook, is Harry Truman, not President Truman—in the air he insists on being one of the boys. Once when the crew were munching hamburgers and drinking ginger ale on the flight deck, Truman came up with his usual greeting, "Need any help?" Then, seeing the snacks, he asked for one.

Steward Red Hughes rustled up a tray, a linen place mat and a china plate with the Presidential seal. He dug ice out of the refrigerator, filled a big glass with ginger ale and presented the layout to the President complete with knife, fork, serviette and pickle.

The President sent it back. "Say," he said in a hurt tone, "I don't need that fancy stuff. I just want to hold it in my hands the way you fellows do."

Occasionally Truman enjoys a little excitement. When the first P-80 jet fighters were brought to Washington to put on a demonstration, thousands of people watched from rooftops. As the P-80s came down to refuel, Myers was taking off with Truman.

"Those boys put on quite a show, Hank," the President said. "Mrs. Truman and Margaret are on top of the White House. Do you suppose we could do a little something? Couldn't we—maybe—dive on them?"

"Well, it won't be dangerous, Mr. President," Hank said, "but somebody will sure catch hell."

Myers climbed to 3,000 feet, circled over the White House, and came down, his four motors shattering the air like thunder. When he leveled off at 500 feet, the White House was buzzed from the rafters to the foundations. Mrs. Truman and Margaret waved excitedly. The President beamed and waved back at them. "I guess we did all right ourselves," he said.

All was serene in the air but there was pandemonium on the ground. In 30 seconds police and Secret Service men were reporting a maniac diving on the White House.

Truman likes to fly—as does Margaret. He feels it is informal, comfortable and fast. Mrs. Truman takes no pleasure in it but she is a good sport. When Myers took them all to Rio for the Inter-American Defense Conference, he wanted to demonstrate new reversible propellers which provide quick slowdown on a short-field landing. "I'm going to try them at Belém," he told the President. "Perhaps you ought to warn Mrs. Truman that they make a lot of noise."

"No," said the President, "I'm not going to tell her anything. She's no baby."

On landing, when the engines suddenly roared, Mrs. Truman asked her husband what it was. "The plane is falling apart," he said.

"Well, if that's all that happens when it falls apart," she said brightly, "then it's all right with me."

Hank Myers had many of his most interesting experiences on the ground.

"There is no better pilot in the world than Hank Myers"...

says Lieutenant General Harold L. George, retired. As head of our Air Transport Command, General George started the young airman on his career as a Presidential air ferrier. Crediting Myers with every qualification a truly great flier should have, the general sums him up by saying: "Hank gives to his flying the same magical touch that Paderewski gave to the piano." No wonder President Truman didn't want to lose him!

When he flew Mexican President Miguel Alemán home to Mexico City after his U.S. tour, a gala welcome was arranged. A few high officials even flew out to meet their president in the air. Myers landed first. As the Sacred Cow hit the runway a twenty-one-gun salute was fired from an entire battery of 155-mm. guns—a deafening display of fire power.

Myers had seen Eisenhower's triumphant return to Washington, the liberation of Paris and Rome, Truman's magnificent million-people reception at Rio de Janeiro, Los Angeles on V-J Day, and Princess Elizabeth's London wedding, but never had he witnessed a demonstration to equal, either in volume or fervor, the welcome the Mexicans gave their president. It was, he says, simply terrific!

Truman has been severely criticized for using his airplane for free family trips, especially on the occasion when Margaret and her teacher flew East in the Cow after a concert at Hollywood Bowl, stopping en route at Kansas City to drop off the teacher. Examination of the logbook shows that this was a routine flight; the Cow had been at the Douglas plant in California for regular servicing and was returning East anyway.

The only time Truman made a personal request for use of the plane it nearly cost him his daughter's life. They missed crashing, Myers estimates, by about four seconds.

Truman called Myers at 2:00 A.M. "Hank, my little daughter is in Detroit sick with laryngitis," he said. The President was obviously worried. "I'd appreciate it if you would go up and bring her home."

Myers made the trip and, coming in to land at Washington in thick weather, he had the Independence, the newer Presidential plane, on automatic pilot. A DC-6 panel is a maze of gadgets, lights, knobs and more than 90 vital indicators. To the layman it represents the ultimate in technical confusion. Only by a highly developed technique of scanning concentration does it remain intelligible even to experienced pilots.

The radio altimeter was on green light and was registering 1,500 feet, set to flash a yellow warning at 300 feet. Below that it would go red, the signal of impending disaster. Copilot Major E. F. Smith was wrangling on the radio with the control tower over some point of operational procedure.

Impatient, certain that the automatic pilot was functioning smoothly, Myers moved to take over the conversation and straighten out the tower, and his mind momentarily flickered away from the instruments. In seconds the automatic pilot failed. The plane nosed down precipitously, the altimeter flashed from green to yellow to red. In his navigator's compartment, helplessly watching duplicate instruments, Major Ted Boselli stiffened for a crash that seemed inevitable.

At the airport, where the plane was being watched on a Ground Control Approach radar screen, it appeared to dive off the bottom of the screen into the ground. Myers had to work fast—in a few seconds the plane would smash into the ground. But instinctively he did the right things, and, after a fast climb to 5,000 feet, he made a perfect landing.

As she left the plane Miss Truman inquired curiously what the sudden climb was about. "Oh, that wasn't anything," Hank said smiling. "Just checking procedures."

But for almost the first time in his eventful life his hands were shaking.

Though he has flown all over the world and seen many strange and spectacular operations, the craziest people in Hank's book are the Russians.

He doesn't underestimate them. As fliers they aren't especially brave, he feels. They are simply fearless, a condition which stems as much from ignorance as from discipline and makes them formidable antagonists.

Stalin Doesn't Like Flying

Russian pilots fly close to the ground, for example, preferring to go around a cow rather than over it. Much of Russia is pancake flat and Soviet fliers regard altitude flying as pantywaist. Myers says this attitude is the reason for Stalin's distaste for flying. Leaving the Teheran Conference his pilot climbed to 12,000 feet to clear the Caucasus Mountains. Once over the crest the flier dived down the precipitous northern slopes instinctively seeking a low level. Like everyone at Teheran, Stalin was suffering from a head cold and the sudden descent burst an ear drum. The fate of the pilot is unknown.

Russian fliers make no effort to avoid an oncoming plane. At Nome, Alaska, two of them, ferrying U.S. planes to Siberia, forced Myers into the tightest C-47 turn he ever made as they headed straight toward him while he tried to fly the prescribed pattern so that trigger-happy antiaircraft batteries below would recognize him as a friend.

When President Roosevelt, flying to the Yalta Big Three Conference, was crossing the Black Sea a Russian plane seemed on the way to a tragic collision with the Sacred Cow. This time Myers had a P-51 fighter escort and its leader immediately ordered an attack to remove the threat to Presidential safety. But Myers called it off. He dropped down 1,000 feet and got out of the way;

"I heard you on that quiz show last night, Miss Milner. Too bad!"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

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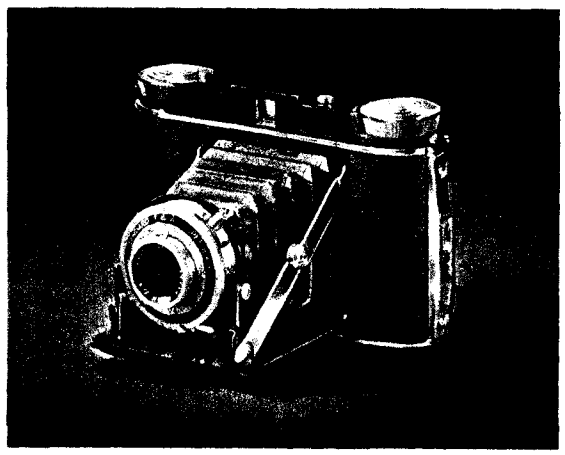

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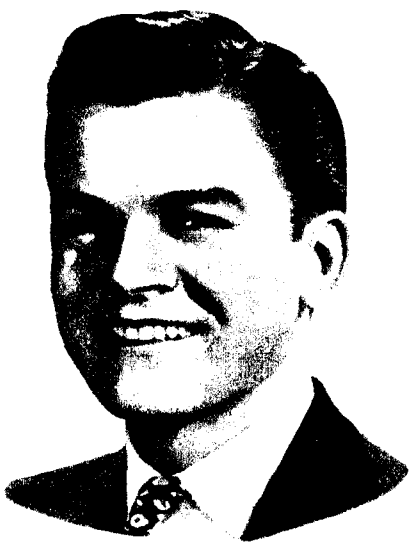

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but the lone Russian flew on without deviation.

Myers first encountered the Russians intimately in the Crimea, where he had gone to lay out a route and procedures for Operation Argonaut, the high-brass air-transport phase of the February, 1945, Yalta Conference. There were two possible routes: One, the back way by Teheran, necessitated flying 5,000 extra miles and topping 12,000-foot mountains. The other—nonstop from Malta via the Aegean, the Dardanelles, and the Black Sea—had one disadvantage. It passed German-held Aegean islands. Characteristically Myers recommended the direct route to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and was promptly turned down. When he persisted, he was told to fly a survey to check his recommendation.

Unable to learn precisely which islands the Germans still held and in what strength, he decided to find out the hard way by flying close to the doubtful islands. Those that fired on him would be rated dangerous.

Where the Aegean and Mediterranean meet, there are more islands than freckles on a farm boy's face. Myers flew the Sacred Cow near them at 2,000 feet, a provocative altitude for A.A. fire, but nothing happened. Somewhat relieved to get past the German areas, he came to the first stretch of "friendly" Soviet territory. As he came in off the Bosporus, under a low overcast at 500 feet, he saw Soviet soldiers frantically pulling canvas covers from the gun muzzles of a formidable-looking battery. He had caused an alert; his allies were going to shoot at him. But flying at 220 miles per hour, the Sacred Cow was out of range before the guns could be swung around and fired.

Landing at Saki Airfield, eighty miles from Yalta, he was surrounded immediately by tommy-gunned Russians who refused even to permit taxiing. The crew was forced to disembark at the end of the runway. They were taken first to a lieutenant, next to a captain, and then to a major, with their chances of getting shot apparently increasing proportionately. Finally an interpreter was fetched, and their identification established.

Secret Police Get an Earful

Saki is a rest area for Russian workers and includes several resort buildings, in one of which the crew was billeted. Co-pilot E. F. Smith, navigator Ted Boselli and Hank quickly discovered a microphone crudely concealed in their room. As the electric light was too dim for reading, they spent the long evenings in fantastic conversations designed to give goose-pimples to the Soviet secret police network, the NKVD (now MVD), which spies on everybody in Russia except, perhaps, Stalin.

The Russians were curious about the Sacred Cow, and Myers took some of them on personally conducted tours. Each time the ubiquitous NKVD boys would be around checking on their countrymen.

Myers showed Colonel General of Aviation Yermachenkov, head of the Soviet naval air forces, a new and secret radio altimeter. The general's face was impassive but he nodded to indicate he was fully familiar with it. Myers unveiled the loran equipment, a long-range navigation device on the radar principle, so new that few men in the U.S. Air Force even suspected its existence. The general said, "Oh, yes. I know all about it." Myers finally gave up trying to impress him. Later he realized Yermachenkov was afraid to admit ignorance of anything; the NKVD man would have turned him in for incompetence.

The NKVD were omnipresent. Myers privately loaned Yermachenkov some popular American magazines. In a few hours they were returned. The NKVD doesn't permit Soviet generals to be exposed to bourgeois propaganda.

Anna Roosevelt Boettiger attended the conference as her father's secretary and one afternoon she and Myers drove to Sevastopol to inspect the damage done to that four-times-fought-over city. Scores of starving children swarmed around them looking more like living skeletons than human beings. Anna and Hank started handing out candy bars. Immediately NKVD men appeared and the kids scattered like frightened quail.

Though Myers doesn't think it was sabotage, serious danger for Roosevelt was narrowly averted on the homeward flight from Yalta to Suez where he was to board the Augusta. On a routine check flight the afternoon before take-off the number-two engine began streaming oil. Myers landed and found a broken rod housing. While it was being repaired a short time later, he saw some iron filings in the oil screen. Accidental or otherwise, this indicated something serious.

With the bravado of men who don't know their own limitations the head of Soviet aircraft maintenance insisted he could easily repair the damaged engine, though he had never seen the insides of one, and have it replaced on the plane by morning. Since Myers knew that even the people who had built the engine couldn't have done the job in two days, with spare parts not available, he politely declined.

It was now 10:00 P.M., and facilities at the field were primitive. Nevertheless an engine change was essential. Having no spare engine Myers had to steal one from another C-54. He picked a plane whose pilot was in Yalta. The Russians set up two huge antiaircraft searchlights so the crew could see to work. Scores of bystanders gathered to watch the race against time and the Russians moved in a field kitchen and provided hot food and coffee for everyone. By 5:00 A.M. the change was made. Record or not, under field conditions it was an outstanding job. When Roosevelt arrived—he knew nothing of the night's work—the Sacred Cow was ready for the take-off.

The Yalta-Suez flight was planned over the most direct route across Turkey, and it had been arranged to have the Turkish war department advise its anti-aircraft crews not to open fire on the Sacred Cow or the accompanying planes. At first the Turks refused guarantees. Some A.A. crews, they said, found comprehension of unusual orders a major difficulty; it was much easier to shoot at everything non-Turkish than to split hairs over who was who.

Myers finally suggested assigning a local Phi Beta Kappa to each of the batteries along the route so as to remove the danger of failure to comprehend. Not knowing his safety depended on Turkish higher education, Roosevelt spent the flight with a National Geographic map on his knees picking out points of interest and explaining their significance to Hank.

Because Myers regarded the schedule of his VVIPs as of utmost importance—almost as important as his own reputation for never delaying a take-off—there wasn't anything he wouldn't do to keep his plane flying. And usually, but not always, he got his passengers the red-carpet treatment. He landed at Leyte in the middle of the fighting with twelve stars distributed among his five passengers. But MacArthur then had only one airstrip there, Tacloban, and the entire Far East Air Force seemed to be operating off it.

Ordered Off the Airstrip

"When I landed," Myers says, "a colonel rushed up and said if we didn't get the plane off the strip in fifteen minutes they would shove it into the ocean. He meant it, too. The field held 200 planes; 230 were on it and a squadron of troop carriers—15 more planes—was coming in. I told the colonel we were the Sacred Cow and loaded with brass to see MacArthur."

But the colonel was unimpressed. "There's a war on here, bud. We don't need brass. We need G.I.s. Off the strip or I'm sending a bulldozer to shove you off."

Myers meekly taxied to a take-off position at the end of the runway. As he did so the sirens screamed one of their daily dozen red alerts—Jap bombers were coming over. Hank then saw the most amazing aircraft operation of his career—simultaneous landings and take-offs from opposite directions on the same strip. The sitting-duck troop carriers had to land at once; a squadron of radar-equipped P-61s had to take off immediately to hunt the Japs in the overcast.

"I had a grandstand seat," Hank recalls. "We were on the end of the runway facing the wind. At the other end a P-61 would start its run—down-wind, mind you—with full power but holding onto the ground. Then a troop carrier C-47 would flash down over my head out of the rain, skim over the fighter and land just as the fighter pulled up into the air off the tip of my nose. By then another fighter had started its take-off. This split-second shuttlecock continued at 30-second intervals until every plane had landed and every P-61 was airborne. It was the most perfect example of air teamwork I've ever seen."

"Daddy bought a lot of chances and tried to win me a pony, but none of them came in"

COLLIER'S — FLORENCE ALEXANDER

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The nearest Hank ever came to a wartime Fourth of July celebration was when he flew General of the Army George C. Marshall in the Sacred Cow over the English Channel from Paris en route to Washington.

The British warships below were notoriously suspicious at that time; their practice was to challenge unexpected aircraft and shoot at them simultaneously, a disquieting custom tending to alienate U.S. pilots and discourage dalliance. This night Myers saw the quick blinker challenge and the flash of gunfire. He ordered radioman Chuck Horton to fire the recognition colors of the day, which resemble beautiful Roman candles. Satisfied, the first warship stopped shooting but in a few moments another blinked its challenge and flashed gunfire. Horton fired the colors again. When he got still another challenge Myers had the Very pistol fired at 90-second intervals.

"We went across the Channel like a world's-fair fireworks display," he says. "The British probably thought it was V-E Day."

Although flying the brass safely and on schedule was important, a major Myers war contribution was technical.

Both the Sacred Cow, a DC-4, and the newer Independence, a DC-6, were built as Presidential planes, but they were also flying laboratories used constantly—when no high brass was aboard—to test new aviation developments. The Cow was built in 1944—the model was designed in 1935. The Independence was completed in 1947.

The crew members, handpicked to fly these planes, were carefully culled for technical skill and subjected to six months' F.B.I. investigation. Those who flew most with Myers were: copilot Smith of Clearwater, Florida; Major Boselli, the crack navigator, from Greenville, South Carolina; engineer Master Sergeant Fred J. Willard, Philadelphia; engineer Master Sergeant F. A. Winslow, Brewer, Maine; radio operator Master Sergeant C. A. Horton, Gravette, Arkansas; and steward Staff Sergeant Robert E. Hughes, Hartford, Connecticut. "With a crew like that," Myers says, "the world is really your oyster."

A Plane With an Elevator

The Sacred Cow was built to specifications worked out by Myers with interior designer E. Gilbert Mason and the Douglas Aircraft Company. An elevator—for the use of President Roosevelt—was one of its unusual features. At the Casablanca, Cairo and Teheran conferences 30-foot-long ramps had to be constructed to accommodate the President's wheel chair.

So a week before he arrived it was common knowledge that he was due. In the hands of the enemy such information could be a serious hazard.

The President-lifting elevator, however, was so cleverly contrived that it could not be found when not in use. General Hap Arnold enjoyed baiting unsuspecting ground-force generals, betting them they couldn't find an elevator in an airplane. The elevator is still there, incidentally—taking it out would have upset the balance of the craft. But it is no longer in use.

The Independence was the first AAF transport to test revolutionary reversible propellers, and Myers devised an improved interlock control making their maximum use possible. It was the first to use water injection, an inexpensive shot in the arm which gives each engine 300 more horsepower and enables the Independence to take off easily on three engines.

In the plane Myers purposely hunted bad weather for Air Force tests of cabin pressurization, thermal de-icing and deicing props by electricity. When a fire on the Independence burned out a key instrument-controlling transformer, thereby forcing Myers to fly the Atlantic "by the seat of his pants—" a primitive technique abandoned in 1932—Myers recommended a preventive change that was immediately adopted as standard design.

At his request the Independence was also equipped with an experimental radar nose enabling it to fly safely and smoothly through heavy weather—one of the important developments in transport aviation. The radar screen shows a storm's heaviest precipitation and greatest turbulence for 30 miles ahead, and makes it simple to avoid such areas.

Truman didn't have this radar equipment in the Cow on his much-discussed Washington-Independence flight Christmas Day, 1945, when he was denounced for needlessly risking his life, and Myers was described in a news magazine as wild enough "to try flying the Hump in a blizzard just for the hell of it." But no one on the plane knew there was any danger on that trip—not until they read about it in the papers.

What had happened was this: At 5:00 A.M. Christmas Day, Hank went to the airport to check weather. He left the Cow in the warmed hangar. But a similar plane, which was to take the usual contingent of President-covering newsmen to Missouri, was towed out of its hangar and put on the line, ready for a possible eight-o'clock take-off.

When it commenced sleeting, which indicated desirable warm air aloft, Myers needed to know how far he'd have to climb to reach that warm air—a plane can ice dangerously in a few moments. Precise altitude-temperature reports are secured from *raob,* balloons equipped with instruments and automatic radios. They reported at 10:00 A.M. Hank called the White House to stand by.

The reports showed safe, flyable layers of warm air to Kansas City over two routes, via St. Louis or Nashville. Hank notified the White House and a few minutes later they took off. The trip was routine.

But the press plane had trouble. After standing in the sleet for several hours its wings were thickly covered with ice and it couldn't leave with the Cow. It had to be towed back into the warm hangar until the ice melted. By then the weather may have changed. At any rate the pilot didn't fly in convenient strata of warm air and the newsmen had a rough and frightening trip. When they arrived over the snow-covered Kansas City airport, the pilot, unacquainted with the field, had to make three passes at it before he could get lined up with the glaring white snow-blanketed runway. By this time the nervous newsmen were convinced that what had happened to them had also happened to President Truman. It simply wasn't so.

Why Mr. Byrnes Was Put Off

On one notable occasion Myers put James F. Byrnes off the Sacred Cow. He had boarded the plane at Brussels to fly to Berlin with Truman, and Myers refused to take them together. As Secretary of State, Byrnes was then next in line for the Presidency. If both of them had been killed, then Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau would have become President. Incidentally, it was Morgenthau who requested Myers to keep Byrnes and the President separated.

A calm man, Myers acknowledges that he was once thoroughly frightened. Returning from Paris with a load of furloughed G.I.s, two hours out of Ireland he hit the most violent updrafts in his experience. One of them shot the Cow up to 14,000 feet in a matter of seconds, though Myers instantly cut power. Then the ship hit an equally sudden and violent downdraft.

When the madly spinning altimeter registered 5,000 feet, Myers turned on the power. The altimeter kept spinning. At 3,500 feet all of the engines were wide open and still the plane fell. Copilot Smith was in the bunk sleeping, engineer Willard was in his copilot's seat.

At 2,000 feet and still falling, Myers called to Willard to let out the props to take-off pitch—which is like shifting to low gear. As he did so, Willard cried out that the right wing was afire. Fighting the controls, Myers quickly saw it was St. Elmo's fire, a harmless but sometimes terrifying static-electricity phenomenon which occasionally enshrouds an entire plane in a ghostly flame.

With every ounce of the engine's power in apparently ineffectual use, the plane dropped 1,000 feet more. Then there was a sudden, blinding explosion; the nose lighted up in a massive single ball of fire. Myers was stunned. He doesn't know how long he was partly unconscious—it was probably a matter of seconds but his eyes were glazed by light. He couldn't see the instruments. Strangely, his trousers were pushed up around his knees. He had a dazed feeling that Willard was no longer in the copilot's seat, but his one thought was: This is it.

Trying now to piece together the meaningful scraps of split-second occurrences in that moment of grave danger, Myers recalls that almost simultaneously with the quick apprehension of death he had a sense of failure. "There had been a series of air-line crashes killing 83 people," he told a friend afterward. "Mr. Truman had made a statement confirming his confidence in aviation and here was I, his own pilot, letting him down by disappearing in mid-Atlantic. Most clearly of all I remember thinking of the devastating blow the loss of the Sacred Cow would be to aviation."

Myers' moment of self-reproach was interrupted by the bewildered voice of Willard from the flight deck, where the concussion had blown him, asking vaguely, "Can I get you something?"

CASEY JONES

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—MARGARET FISHBACK

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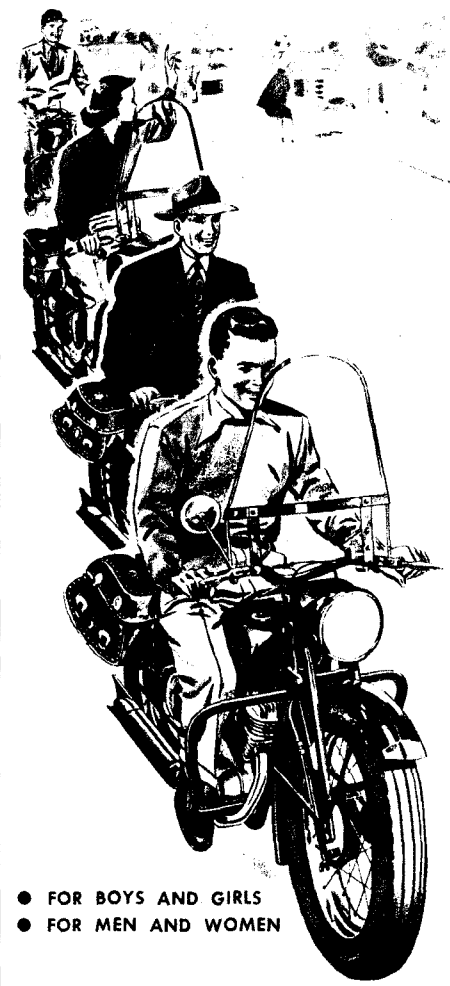

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Consciousness returned quickly. Myers had made a reflex-reaction power cut. Now someone asked, "Do you want power?"

"Wait till I see if I've got an airplane." He pulled the controls. To his surprise the plane responded. "Power," he called. The instruments still seemed unreal but he thought the rate-of-climb indicator moved up. He called to Hughes, "Red, see about the passengers."

Hughes remembers that he was convinced a step through the door to the passenger compartment was a step into the Atlantic Ocean. His unquotable answer expressed an immeasurably low concern for air travelers.

The plane was in bad shape and Hank changed course for Iceland and repairs. When they landed he discovered that there were 25 pencil-size holes in the fuselage, the result of a direct lightning hit. For months thereafter, at each major inspection, new holes were discovered like splinters that turn up in the pants seat of small boys who have met with misfortune while banister sliding.

Tops in Air Transportation

Such experiences don't appear in the imposing list of Myers' records, which is almost unknown to the public. Because he set them without fanfare, he received almost no recognition for his string of transport records—at one time he held six or seven top honors. In his field he is the equal of Turner and Doolittle, of Hawks and Hughes.

For 10 years he held the transcontinental transport speed record. Flying Marshall and Byrnes he made the first nonstop New York-Paris flight after Lindbergh. He made the first nonstop Washington-Paris flight and the first nonstop flight from London to Washington. He made the first direct flight from Hawaii to Alaska and pioneered the nonstop route from Ceylon to Australia. He was the first to fly from Washington to Rio in less than a day. He took the first U.S. plane into Ascension Island (later it became a vital south Atlantic hop point) and into the Azores. He flew the first plane around the world at the equator.

No daredevil, Myers is a scientific flier. When the Sacred Cow and, later, the Independence were being built, he spent weeks at the Douglas plant learning the theory and function of vital equipment. Donald W. Douglas acknowledges his "valuable contribution" to the development of the two planes.

This was the kind of pilot Truman wanted. When he became President, it was suggested—but not to him—that it would be better politics to have an air crew of Missourians—including the pilot. When the President found out about it, he hit the ceiling. "I wouldn't care if he were a Republican," he said; "Hank flies my airplane."

Myers became Presidential pilot against his own screaming protests. A crack American Airlines flier, he was one of several selected in 1942 for special transport duty when C. R. Smith, American Airlines president, became an executive officer under dynamic General Harold George, head of the Air Transport Command. General George picked Myers for his aide. He called him in and told him about it.

Stunned, Hank saw his visions of war heroics go glimmering. "General," he blurted, "I came in to do something. I don't want to be an aide and go to pink teas and dance with old ladies while generals dance with cuties."

George held a card showing Myers had 11,000 American Airlines hours to his credit and was an Army-trained pilot who had been squadroned with "Rosie" O'Donnell, who later led the first B-29 attack on Tokyo, and Curt LeMay, who was to run the Berlin air lift. "Lieutenant," he said, "do you want to fly?"

"I do, General. And I don't want to sit around Washington—"

Two minutes later Myers, the glummest first lieutenant in the Air Force, was an aide.

But as aide he was also the general's pilot. When important but timorous civilians needed to fly, General George quieted their fears, promising them, "I'll give you my own plane and crew." Soon senators and war-agency executives were asking for Myers to be their pilot. He got to fly all right. An eager amateur movie photographer, he was seldom in one place long enough to complete a roll of film. One roll, taken within three weeks, starts with scenes in Rome, then shows Quebec, then Rome again, then England and next Hawaii. It ends with fishing scenes in Alaska.

Myers can't remember when he wasn't interested in flying. He was born in Tifton, Georgia, September 16, 1907, where his father and mother operated hotels and farm lands. His father, who died in 1937, was a pioneer advocate of tobacco cultivation in southern Georgia. His mother is a woman of boundless energy, who habitually drives her car at 71 miles an hour, one mile for each year of her life. Throughout the war she kept seven rooms in her hotel in readiness for the Presidential crew and donated land to insure a local airport large enough for Hank to land on.

As a boy, Hank—at home everyone calls him Brother—was airplane-happy, an avocation which met with stern parental opposition. Young Stribling, a noted boxer of the time, lived near by and was a plane enthusiast. Stribling offered to sell him and a partner a plane for $1,500.

Hank, a welterweight on the University of Georgia boxing team, raised his share by fighting, under assumed names, at $50 a bout.

In 1930 Hank joined the Aviation Cadets. One of the flights was routed over Culver Military Academy where Hank had been a student and he was overcome with a consummate urge to buzz the school. When he succumbed to the urge, he was grounded; and when his name was omitted from the flight positions assigned for the aerial graduation exercises, he assumed he was washed out. Instead, because of outstanding competence, he was picked to lead the formation!

A New Start as a Flier

After leaving the Army, he got a job with American Airlines as a $125-a-month clerk in the Dallas operations office. In two months an influenza epidemic put half the pilots in bed, so they put Hank in a plane. When they discovered how he flew, he was never again grounded.

Hank was married on December 1, 1945 (Truman took the train to the Army-Navy game to give him the day off), to Maidee Williams of Fort Worth, a young woman of such charm that if there is any merit in the attraction of opposites, these two are badly mismated.

Among the souvenirs in the Myers home on Fort Worth's Eagle Mountain Lake (where Hank keeps a Fairliner cabin cruiser) is one of the last issues of Collier's read by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt read it on the flight from Malta to Yalta, particularly enjoying an article about himself entitled The President and the Press.

Other souvenirs include models of the Sacred Cow and the Independence. (Inexplicably, the public has never been permitted inside the two originals.) The Presidential stateroom of the Independence occupies the rear of the plane and is entered through a bleached-mahogany door bearing the great seal of the United States. The room is in chocolate brown, dark blue and gray. From leftovers of this gray and blue cloth matching the

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President's upholstery, Myers had a suit made for his wife.

The President's chair is a large, swivel-reclining affair at one end of a conference table which seats eight. There are speed, altitude and heading instruments in the cabin—Truman also requested an outside thermometer—roll-down maps, a radio, filing cabinet and a telephone from which any point in the world may be called.

Behind the stateroom is a private dressing room. The rest of the plane seats 24 and sleeps 12 passengers, a number Truman finds inconveniently large. Too many uncongenial but difficult-to-refuse people want to fly with him—he has canceled trips to Alaska and Hawaii for this reason.

The Independence has nearly everything, but one of the appurtenances Truman refused to accept was a portable piano. "You can imagine," he told Myers, "what the cartoonists would have done to me with that."

When he became President, Truman had some difficulty adjusting himself to his high position. Showing the plane crew through the yacht Williamsburg, he said of the main stateroom, "This is the Presidential suite." Then he added in a Dennis Day manner, "Gee, that's me!" At the United Nations San Francisco Conference, he said he wanted to leave immediately after the meeting.

"Where do you want to go?" Hank asked.

"It doesn't make much difference. Let's just head east and land when it gets dark."

"How about Salt Lake City?"

"That's a swell idea," said Truman, as casually as any tourist.

"What about reserving some rooms?"

Truman hadn't thought of that.

Acutely aware of wartime shortages, Myers said, "Some of these days, Mr. President, we're going to walk into a hotel and beat on the desk and say, 'Hey, bud, this is the President. How about a couple of rooms?' "

Truman likes his jokes. Knowing Myers has, like many fliers, almost a pathological distrust of submarines, he insisted that Hank accompany him in a dive on a captured German Schnorkel sub which could attain a depth almost twice that of U.S. submarines of that time. "As we went deeper the Navy called off the fathoms with ominous funereal regularity," Hank recalls, unhappily. "It sounded like a bell tolling for me." The President thought it very funny.

Truman's knowledge of geography and history is amazing and when he can see the ground from the plane, he can usually orient himself, quite a difficult feat for an amateur.

Truman Missed Some Speeches

The President had implicit confidence in Hank's judgment. When a sleet storm came up while he was getting a degree at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, Hank warned him that a slight temperature drop would ground them. At the airport Hank maintained a spider-and-fly watch on the thermometer while interminable speeches were being given in the college auditorium. When the temperature hit 33, he sent the President a final call. Truman arose in the middle of someone's speech, apologized and said, "Hank Myers says if I'm not at the airfield in 15 minutes, he won't take me to Washington."

Myers' decision to leave the service and return to American Airlines was slow in developing. When Truman asked him to be his air aide, he was tempted. It would have meant his star (he was a lieutenant colonel at the time). But he was still leery of this aide business. Reluctantly he begged off. "I'm a worker, Mr. President," he said. "I don't want to go to pink teas and dance with nice old ladies."

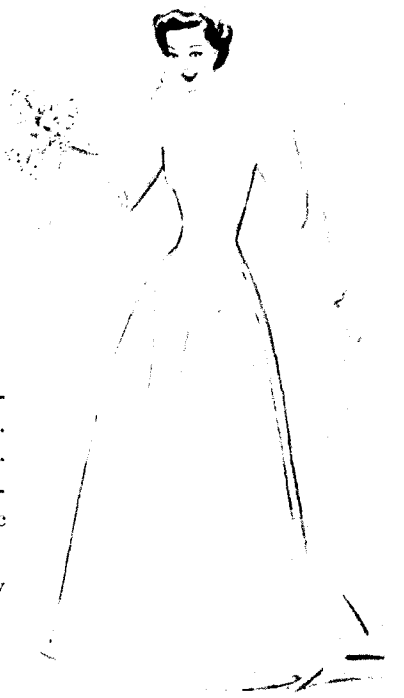
Truman knew what he meant. But with a twinkling glance at General Vaughan he said, "Well, maybe we need some workers around here."

When Myers finally sent in his resignation he wrote to Truman: "Because you kept flying during some of its darkest hours, I think you have done more for aviation than anyone in our time. If you ever need a booster in Texas, Mr. President, let me know."

And a booster Myers will be. As he puts it, "I wouldn't care if he were a Republican. Any friend of flying is a friend of mine." THE END

"Psst—Comrade! Want to buy some feelthy capitalistic postcards? Grant's Tomb, Washington Monument, Statue of Liberty . . ." COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"What shall I give her?"



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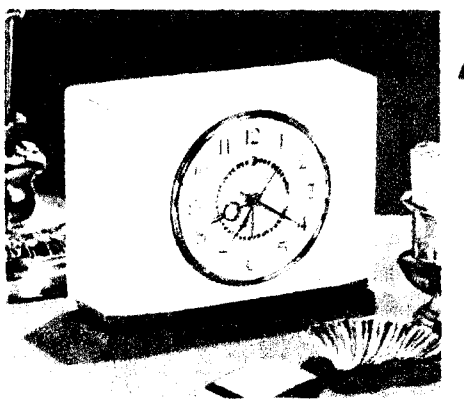

HERALDER

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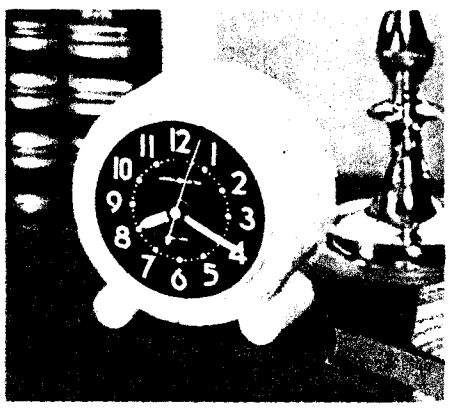

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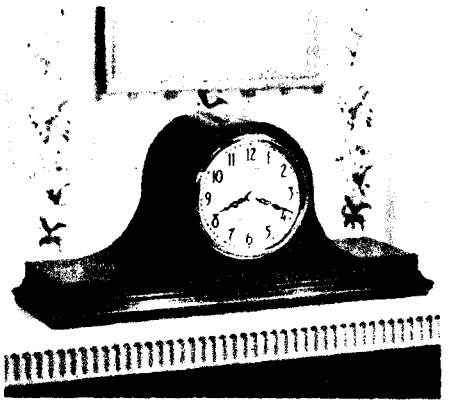

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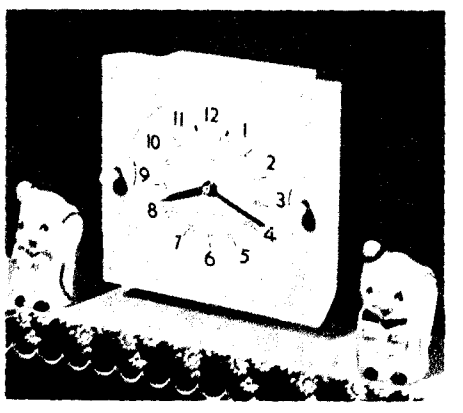

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A man in a field box threw a knife. It landed, point down, just inside the first-base line

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

DECIDING SCORE

By PAT FRANK

THERE had been a bullfight in the stadium that afternoon, and unfortunately a bull had stood for the matador on the pitcher's mound. When night came the ground there was still slippery —an unsightly blotch under the floodlights. Herb Flannery did not like the feel of what was under his spikes. Neither did he like the sound of the crowd. The roar that rolled down upon him was partisan and fierce.

This wasn't all that worried him. In his pocket was a letter from Dolly Wendt, postmarked Cherry Valley, Missouri. "I just read in the paper," the letter said, "that for the last two years you have been pitching for a team called Esperanza, which is in South America. It's no longer any of my business, Herbie, but you're forty-one years old and should know when to quit. You have 860 acres of the best farmland in the valley. In grass all these years. If we get enough water, you could make a crop this summer. Herbie, you can't play baseball forever.

"P. S. Albert Foss drove me to St. Louis Saturday to see a legitimate play. It was called Voice of the Turtle. You remember Albert, don't you?"

His first pitch against Caridad—a team from the capital of a neighboring republic—had been an *estrike*. Now he rolled his shoulder, compressed his angular frame, and unwound himself. The plate umpire shouted, *"Uno bol!"*

The leadoff man for Caridad was a dark, monkeylike kid who danced around the plate as if to bunt. Crumm signaled for another curve. It faded outside, and the umpire said, *"Dos bol!"* Crumm now held out his mitt as a target. Flannery aimed for Crumm's big mitt, but the ball had an erratic feel leaving his fingers. *"Tres bol!"* the umpire shouted.

From the left-field bleachers rose a chant. It grew in volume with junglelike rhythm, and was taken up by the stands behind third base. *"Muerte a los Yanquis! Muerte a los Yanquis!"*

The catcher, Crumm, seemed bewildered. His mask pushed back on his head, he was staring at the "other leagues" scoreboard. It said the Yanks were leading the White Sox 3–0 in the third. Crumm motioned to Flannery, and they met between the rubber and home plate. "What gives?" Crumm asked. "What've they got against the Yanks?"

"They're not talking about the New Yorks," Flannery said. "They're talking about us. We're the only Yankees around here. It's like this. All the leftists are in the left-field seats, naturally, and the rightists are in the right-field seats, and the Acción Democrática are in the center. Now the leftists hate Caridad, so—"

"You mean the town we're playing?"

"No, Caridad, the dictator. He named the capital after himself. The leftists hate him, and they're afraid us Yankees will throw the game to the Caridad team, because they think the State Department favors the rightists. Get it?"

"Well, not exactly," Crumm said. At this moment a man in a field box, wearing a white suit, let out a wild scream and threw a knife. It landed, point down, just inside the first-base line.

Flannery shivered. "I think they're getting impatient," he said.

Flannery hurried back to the pitcher's box, the turmoil subsided, and he burned his fast one over. *"Dos estrike!"* cried the umpire, everybody cheered, but Herb felt a tingling in his elbow. The old soupbone didn't like to throw the high, hard one any more.

In the sixth inning Esperanza led Caridad 1–0. But in the seventh Flannery walked two men in a row, Caridad tied the score, and the crowd set the left-field bleachers afire. His arm jumped like an aching tooth, while he waited for firemen to get the blaze under control.

In the eighth Crumm hit a solid smash to left with a man on second, and the Esperanza fans screamed, *"Jonron! Jonron!"* It did turn out to be a home run, flowers and hats were tossed out on the field, and Esperanza was ahead again.

In the ninth Herb walked two more men. His hand and wrist now tingled in sympathy with his elbow. He heard something like the crack of a bat, but not exactly, and the dirt jumped at his feet. Crumm came racing toward him, his mask in hand, and said, "I could have sworn somebody took a shot at you!"

"Somebody did!" Flannery said.

"They told me fans down here were excitable," Crumm said. "But they never hit you, now, do they?"

"Not yet," Flannery said. "But they will."

"Aw, come on, finish the inning," Crumm urged. "This guy Romulos promised me a hundred-buck bonus for every homer, and another hundred if we beat this team. Why, there's money down here, boy!"

"I know," Flannery said. "I've been down here two years, and the law of averages says my luck is running out. I'm leaving."

Flannery picked up his glove and got the side out. The rightists swarmed out on the field, tore the bases from the ground, and chased Flannery into the dugout.

Crumm was there ahead of him, laughing. "What a circus!" he said. "What a town for baseball! Bet you've stashed a pile!"

"I've got mine salted," Flannery admitted wearily.

WHEN all was quiet outside, they walked out of the dugout onto the field. Crumm looked up at the tropical moon. "Wonderful climate," he announced. "Bet the women are wonderful, too."

"The climate is all right," Flannery admitted. "Not like Missouri. In Missouri it's either too hot or too cold. You never know."

Herb looked up at the "other leagues" scoreboard. He wanted to see what the Brownies had done. He'd started with the Brownies, and always had an affection for them. All the scoreboard said was, "St. Louis: RAIN."

So it was raining in St. Louis. The players would be in their nice hotels, or in their own homes, with their kids.

And if it was raining in St. Louis, it was probably raining in Crawford County, too. That big untilled farm of his would be just soaking up the rain.

The next morning, when Romulos wanted to know why the best-paid pitcher in South America had vanished on the midnight clipper, all Crumm could think of was, "I dunno. He sort of acted like he had a sore arm." THE END

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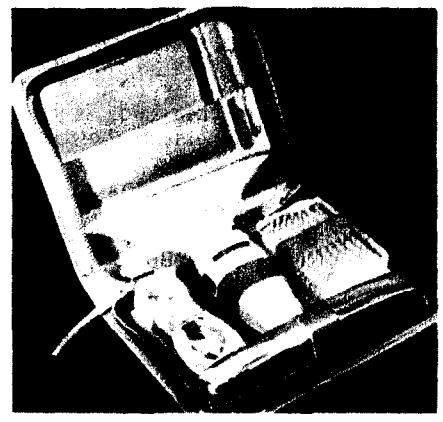

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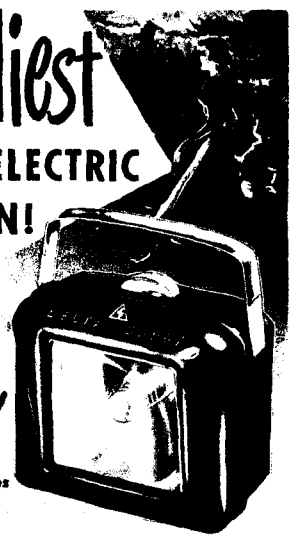

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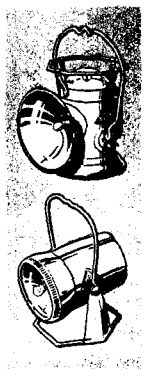

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JUSTICE MACGRUDER PRESIDES

Continued from page 17

"Your Honor, do I have to keep my mouth shut?" demanded Jimmy.

"You will have ample opportunity to refute this testimony at the proper time," Justice MacGruder said.

"Okay. But I just want to ask how anybody can look into the eyes of a helpless little child like that and not get goose-pimples all over them. Here I was—"

"Well, whose child *is* it?" asked MacGruder.

"It belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Oberman."

"That clarifies everything," said MacGruder sarcastically.

"She means Jack and Harriet," Jimmy explained. "Before they were married they always used to be setting off into the wilderness. They're the adventurous type. This particular Saturday they asked me to drop over. When I got there I found a note pinned to her. They said there was a gold rush on in Manitoba or British Columbia or somewhere. They weren't very exact. They said to take care of Consuelo until they got back in a few weeks with a poke full of gold. That was a month and a half ago."

"He makes it sound very logical," protested Betty. "I told him the Obermans had no right to leave us with a child on our hands. After all, what do I know about formulas and diaper rashes and all that sort of thing?"

"And I consider marriage a sacred thing too," said Jimmy. "To me a woman who doesn't like babies is inhuman."

"Your Honor," protested Betty, "I do too like babies. At the same time, I don't see why I have to take care of other people's children just because my husband brings them home."

"Is this your principal complaint, madam—that your husband brought home a child?"

"Don't forget the owl," said Jerrold.

"My principal complaint!" Betty exclaimed. "I haven't even spoken of Mrs. Minniver yet. It was when he came home with Mrs. Minniver that I knew I *had* to get a divorce."

"She is trying to create a false impression, Your Honor," said Jimmy. "I did *not* bring Mrs. Minniver home. I took her to Uncle Harry's place."

"That's right," declared Uncle Harry, trying to loosen his uncomfortable standup collar.

"And may I ask who *you* are?" demanded Justice MacGruder.

"Me? I'm Uncle Harry."

The judge looked to heaven for help, but there was none forthcoming. In measured tones that were obviously an exhibition of his ability to control his temper he said, "If you are a witness for the respondent, you will have ample opportunity to testify when he presents his rebuttal."

"Maybe so," said Uncle Harry. "But in the meantime I am stuck with this Mrs. Minniver. I told Jimmy my garage was no place to bring her. But he says to me, 'You just take care of her a few weeks for me, Unc. You know how narrow-minded Betty is.' "

"*I'm* narrow-minded!" Betty Williams exploded. "Well, of all the—" She sputtered for lack of words.

"Well, you are narrow-minded," insisted Jimmy. "I spent only my own money for her. The trouble with you, you don't understand a man's feelings in a situation like this. You don't understand how—"

Justice MacGruder pounded his desk with the ink bottle. "Williams," he said, "if what I suspect is true, we can make short work of this case. I am going to ask you a simple question, and I want a forthright answer. Do you hold an affection for the aforesaid Mrs. Minniver in detriment to the reputation of your wife, Elizabeth Williams, the complainant in the proceeding?"

"I certainly do not, Your Honor," Jimmy replied. "Naturally I'm fond of her. I put my arms around her and kiss her once in a while. So would you if you knew her."

"I told him not to bring her to my garage," said Uncle Harry. "A garage is no place for a horse, Your Honor. I told Jimmy a thousand times—"

"A horse," said Justice MacGruder.

"She's not a horse," said Jimmy. "She's a thoroughbred. Her name is Mrs. Minniver out of Wartime, by Novelist. She's registered in both the American and English Stud Books. She's a maiden."

"And how did you happen to acquire this—this thoroughbred?" Justice MacGruder asked.

"Look, Judge," said Homestretch Kelso. "Can I testify now? I can tell you exactly how it happened. I was standing in the paddock, and this Oscar sidles up and he says, 'They're pretty, ain't they?' So I says, 'Yeah.' So he says, 'Especially that one with the lovely eyes.' I figures he is giving me the bird, but I says, 'Yeah,' anyway, just to see what his grift is. So he says, 'How much do horses like that cost?' So I says, 'Them donkeys is maidens.'

"He is kind of surprised, so I patiently explain that a maiden is a horse that ain't ever won a race. I says the way you buy donkeys like that is to put in a claiming bid. Maybe, I says to myself, he is a new badge casing the track for grifters, and is actin' the Oscar.

" 'What's the name of the one with the lovely eyes?' he says, and I says, 'That's Mrs. Minniver. She hasn't won a race in thirty-one starts. Anybody who wants to file a bid of eight hundred bucks with the stewards can own her in about twenty minutes.' So off he goes, and that's the last I know until this sheriff hands me the paper."

"I couldn't help it," said Jimmy. "Old Man Harrington sent me out to Greenmeadow to make some stanchion estimates, and I thought I'd stay and look around. I hadn't ever been to a race track. The minute I looked into Mrs. Minniver's eyes, I realized she needed me."

"And from then on he's been spending half his time down at Uncle Harry's garage, currying her and feeding her oatmeal and cream," said Betty. "While I sit home and take care of Consuelo."

"Your Honor," George Jerrold said, "it should be perfectly plain by now that this charming young woman, with all her life before her, must be freed of the shackles that chain her to this irresponsible person who thinks more of the horse Mrs. Minniver than he does of her. I—"

"That's bunk, Your Honor," said Jimmy. "I'm nuts about Betty and I always was. The truth of the matter is, this Jerrold is soft on my wife. Even in high school he'd fall all over himself whenever she let him carry her books. Why, he even—"

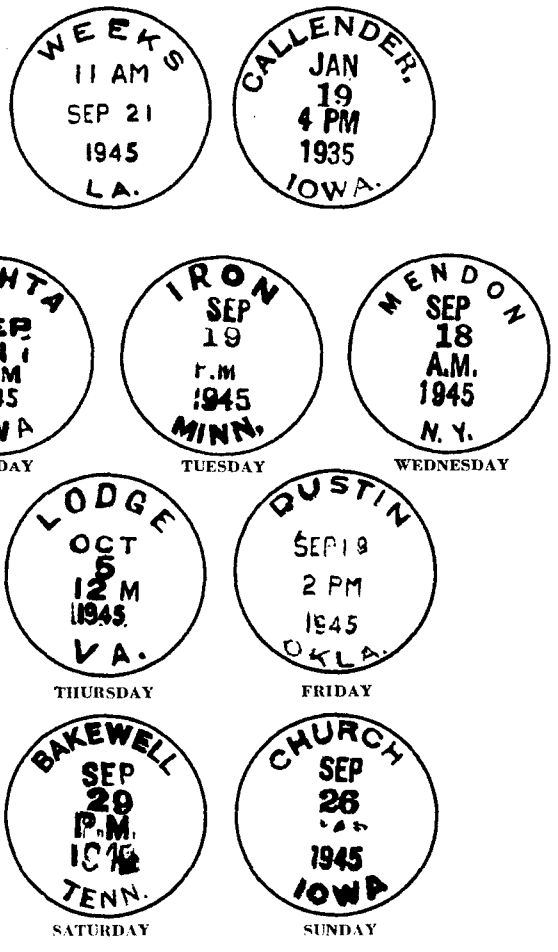
"Please, Your Honor," interrupted Homestretch Kelso, "with all due respect to everybody, I got a business to take care of and it's already post time for the third. Can't I take a powder?"

"You stay where you are," said Justice MacGruder. He turned to Jimmy. "What do you intend to do with this horse, this Mrs. Minniver, now that you've bought her?"

"Well, Your Honor, I'll tell you," said Jimmy. "When I looked into her eyes, I knew why she had

Picture Postmarks

HOWARD SPARBER



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been in thirty-one races without ever winning."

"Why?"

"She can't see out of one of them. The left one."

"How is it the veterinarians didn't know she was blind?" asked MacGruder.

"Can I ask a question?" interrupted Betty.

"Of course."

"What has Mrs. Minniver being blind in one eye got to do with my divorce?"

"It's a mild ophthalmia due to B complex deficiency," said Jimmy. "And it's not so easy to detect. I'm giving her wheat germ and oatmeal, and at night I feed her romaine lettuce and asparagus tips."

"You haven't said what you intend to do with the animal, Mr. Williams," said Justice MacGruder. "After all, you cannot train a race horse in a garage."

"That's what I keep telling him," said Uncle Harry.

"Somebody'll have to take this baby," Grandma Stevens announced. "And I mean right now!"

"All right," said Betty. "I have a change in my suitcase. May I, Your Honor?"

"Hrumph," said Justice MacGruder. "Naturally. Coming back to, ah—what is the infant's name?"

"Consuelo Oberman."

"Consuelo Oberman. Where did you say the parents were?"

"We don't know," said Jimmy. "Up in the Canadian Rockies. They'll be back. They always come back."

"It seems to me that we have here a case of abandonment in the statutory sense of the word," declared MacGruder. "I consider that this infant should be made the ward of the county until such time as the rightful parents materialize."

BETTY looked from Grandma Stevens to Jerrold to Jimmy. "But—Well, if Consuelo has to go to an orphan home, then I don't want a divorce. I'll—well, I'll get it some other time. I'll get it after Jack and Harriet come home. Why, how would anyone know that at two thirty every afternoon she has to have orange juice or she gets in a terrible temper?"

"The court," said MacGruder, "will take under advisement the proper disposition of Consuelo Oberman. At this time counsel may move for dismissal, as the complainant, Mrs. Williams, has so requested."

"Okay," said Jerrold glumly. "I respectfully move that the court adjourn the proceeding."

Justice MacGruder nodded at Betty. "Technically, you have the right to ask for adjournment of the proceeding. However, counsel's motion is denied. I want to ask the respondent some further questions. Exactly what do you mean by a mild ophth—whatever it is."

"Ophthalmia. It's an affliction to which improperly fed animals are subject. If the animal is young enough—Mrs. Minniver, for instance, is a three-year-old—it readily yields to expert treatment."

"And where did you acquire all this professional knowledge?'

Jimmy looked down at his feet modestly. "I'm a sort of animal lover, kind of. It more or less comes naturally to me. I guess if I wasn't a draftsman, I'd probably like to be a vet. All an animal and I have to do is look at each other to reach an understanding."

Justice MacGruder fingered his chin speculatively. Somewhat hesitantly he leaned over and addressed his next question in a lowered voice. "Er, I've, ah, heard a good bit of conversation on the subject of whether animals, ah, are able to talk to certain people. Are there substantial grounds for supposing that animals can communicate verbally, or is this just so much—ah—poppycock?"

"Poppycock, Judge," said Jimmy.

"And you can state this with positive assurance?"

"Of course, Your Honor. They don't need to talk. They're born speaking the language of love. A gentle stroke on the cheek, and where is the need for words?"

"And when have you last spoken this lovely language in the presence of Mrs. Williams?"

"I don't understand you, Judge."

"You testified but a moment ago that you are—what was the phrase you used?—nuts about your wife. What efforts have you recently employed to assure this little lady of your affection?"

"Well, Your Honor, the truth of the matter is that I've been sleeping for the last couple of nights in the office of Uncle Harry's garage. She—I mean Betty—told me I had to choose between her and Mrs. Minniver. I couldn't figure out why I had to give up a horse because my wife was jealous of her. Some of the most respected men in the country keep a horse and a wife at the same time. She just got so nasty about it I decided to move to the garage."

"Stand up!" said Justice MacGruder.

"Yes, sir."

"It is my considered opinion that your

"Swell of you to return it. You can keep my Social Security card, driver's license and the other papers. Just give me the money"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

conduct toward your wife has been reprehensible, if not downright cruel. It is perfectly apparent that you are unaware of your marital responsibilities. It is impossible to look upon this charming young lady and not agree that she has been ill-treated, neglected and abused. Do you still contest the granting of a decree?"

"Doggone it, of *course* I do!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Why should we get a divorce when I love Betty and Betty loves me?"

Justice MacGruder turned to Mrs. Williams. "The respondent alleges categorically that you still harbor sentiments of enduring affection for him. Is this true or isn't it?"

Betty turned to Jerrold. "I didn't quite catch that."

"He wants to know," said Jerrold, "if you're still in love with Jimmy."

"Look, Your Honor!" wailed Homestretch Kelso. "I—"

Justice MacGruder blinked at Kelso over his glasses. "If you don't sit back in your seat and keep quiet, I'll have you locked in the clink. You were about to say, Mrs. Williams?"

"Yes, I suppose I am in love with him, Your Honor," she said. "But I want a little security in life. I'd like to know what tomorrow is going to bring. After all, I'm only human."

"Williams," said Justice MacGruder severely, "you have heard the testimony of your wife. She says she is only human. My advice to you is to go over and speak to her in the language of love. Stroke her gently upon the cheek and kiss her. When the effect of this has taken place, ask her to forgive you."

"Your Honor, I protest!" exclaimed Jerrold. "My client came in here for a divorce, not a kiss. On her behalf, I refuse to settle for a kiss."

"Tell me, Counselor," said Justice MacGruder. "Exactly what is your interest in complainant?"

"Me? Now, wait a minute. It's this Williams guy's imagination running away with him. I've got a girl of my own. I had to take *some* kind of a case to get started, didn't I? He's just a sorehead because I beat him in the sixty-yard hurdles."

THE complainant was wiping lipstick from the respondent's chin when Justice MacGruder summoned them to stand before him.

"Decree denied," he announced. Addressing Betty, he said, "I feel sure, from the evidence I have just seen, that you are willing to effect a reconciliation with your husband. But, in order that the matter of Mrs. Minniver may be adjudicated to the satisfaction of the court, I order the respondent to remain in my chambers for a little talk."

"You *will* see that something is done about the horse?" said Betty.

"That's just what I have in mind."

"And I can keep Consuelo until the Obermans get back?"

"The complainant's request is granted. The rest of you may go."

Homestretch made for the door. "Not you," commanded the judge. "I told you to remain in your seat." When the others had gone, MacGruder motioned for Jimmy to sit up beside him. "Did I understand you correctly when you stated a few moments ago that you have only to look at an animal to reach a perfect understanding?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, about Mrs. Minniver. How is her eye coming along?"

"Fine," said Jimmy.

"And have you, ah, engaged in any of this telepathic communication with regard to her, shall we say, fitness to engage in racing competition?"

"I think she's in condition to race the legs off anything in this part of the country."

"Exactly," murmured Justice MacGruder, rubbing his hands together. "Now, ah—suppose I supplied the wherewithal to enter her in a few forthcoming matches. Suppose Homestretch here, who is a canny student of horseflesh, got her into running shape. How would a three-way split of the purses strike you?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "But how would it strike my wife? After all, I don't want to be up here a month from now defending another divorce suit."

"Have no fear on that score," said Justice MacGruder. "You just go home and converse with her in the language of love, and Kelso and I will attend to all the outside details."

"That's right," said Homestretch, a peculiar light in his eyes.

"Anyway," added His Honor, "as long as she has George Jerrold for an attorney, she'll never get a divorce, take my word for it."

"Well, I don't know," Jimmy murmured uncertainly. "You saw what she's like when she's aroused."

"Look," said Homestretch, consulting his watch. "The fifth at Greenmeadow is over and done with. Why don't we go down to Uncle Harry's garage and look this nag over?"

"That's an excellent suggestion," said Justice MacGruder. "The proceeding is closed."

THE END

With a bag of 1949 Louisville Grand Slam Golf Clubs over his shoulder, Dad can write his own fun ticket every time he plays. There are Grand Slam models for men and lady golfers in both right and left hand.

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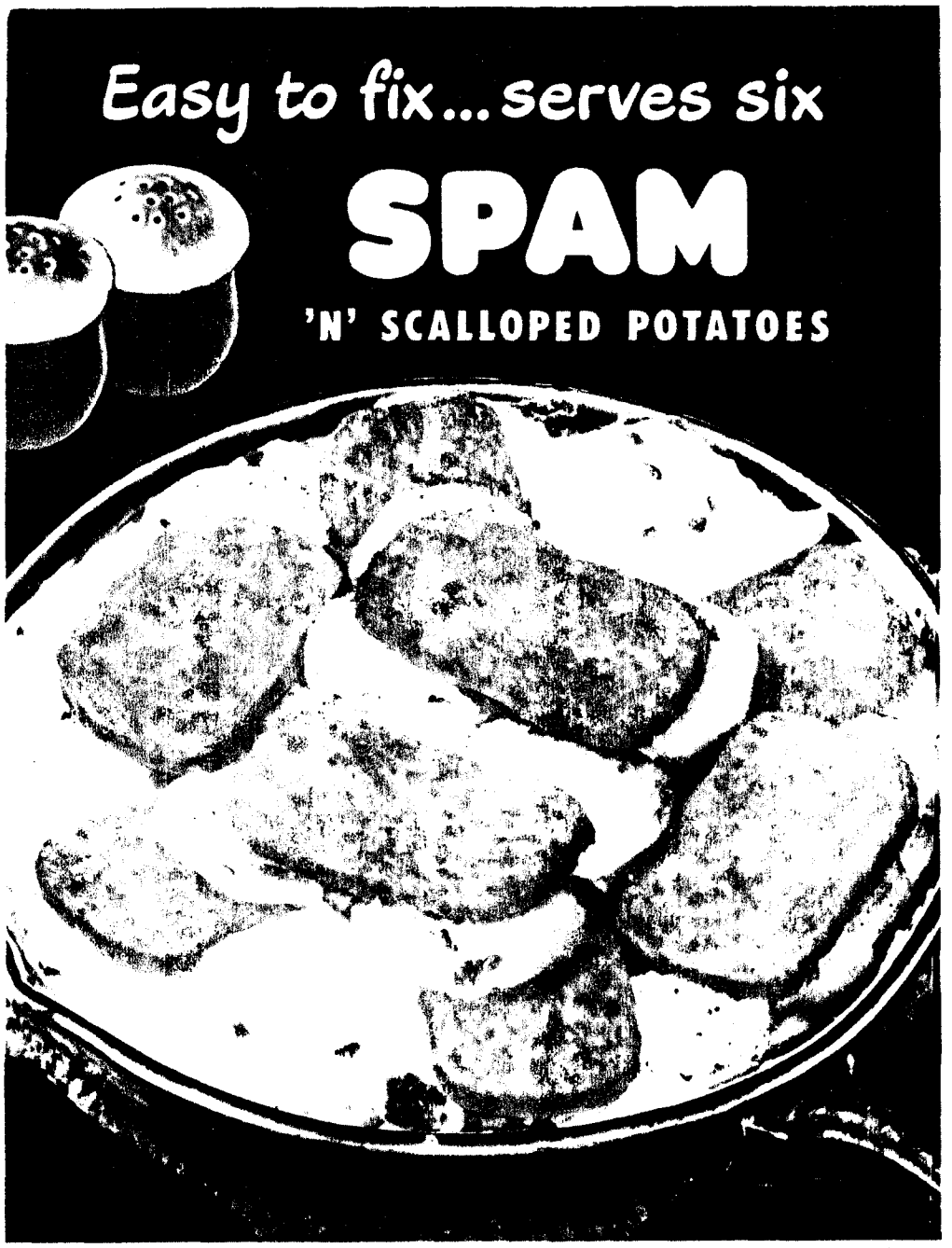
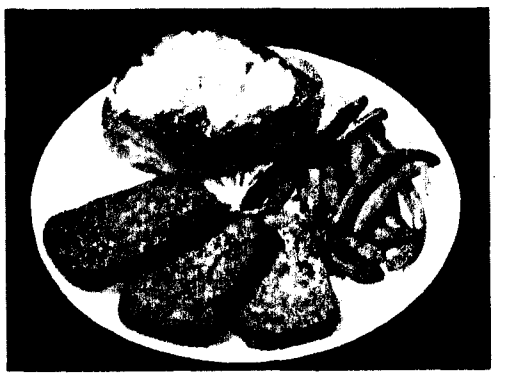


Melt 3 tbsp. cooking fat. Stir in 3 tbsp. flour. Add salt and pepper and 1 small minced onion, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, 2 cups milk. Stir smooth and cook till thickened. Layer thin four large boiled potatoes to layer in casserole; top with SPAM slices. Pour on sauce, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake at 375°—30 minutes. Serves 6.

BAKE A SPAM! Score, stud with cloves. Rub with sauce: ⅓ cup brown sugar, ½ tsp. vinegar, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. water. Bake 20 min. at 400°; baste.



SPAM DINNER. Ten minutes to fry SPAM and cook beans while potatoes bake. A bright idea for lunch or family dinner—everybody likes SPAM's pure pork flavor.

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LIKE SPAM! SECRET BLEND OF PORK SHOULDER AND HAM
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COLD OR HOT SPAM® HITS THE SPOT!
HORMEL
GOOD FOOD
SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product, packed only in 12 oz. tins by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

THE LADY WHO LICKED JOHN L. LEWIS

Continued from page 15

situation, they nibbled away at this savings fund to meet current expenses, but as the payless siege stretched from weeks into months, Jim made arrangements with a bank for a loan. He agreed to pay back the money in a lump sum, when and if the Senate confirmed him; otherwise, he would return it over a five-year period. In effect, he and Ruth hocked their future.

Neither complained, either publicly or to friends. Entertainment was cut down to the minimum, and so-called luxuries were eliminated altogether. Plans to buy clothes, furniture, things for the house—all were put off indefinitely.

Children's Lives Unspoiled

Yet, Jim and Ruth made every effort to insulate the children from the fight and the effects of the struggle. For the kids—Brown, eleven; Bruce, nine; Douglas, seven; Hudson, five; and Roberta Olsen, eight—life went on as usual: happy, gay and exciting. Both Jim and Ruth liked to take the gang out on hikes into woods near their home. There were toys to be made down in the cellar woodworking shop; there was wood chopping to be done; and there was gardening.

A reporter interviewed Dr. Boyd after he had been working for eight months without salary and asked the Australian-born mineralogist whether he still maintained the Aussie custom of eating steak for breakfast.

"Huh," Dr. Boyd replied. "We rarely eat meat at all."

Jim Boyd's remark created the impression that perhaps his kids were going hungry, and again family and friends barraged them with proffers of assistance. But the Boyds still firmly refused help.

Sure, Ruth admits there were moments when she was angered by the situation. "I was irked, all right," she said, "but I never was prepared to throw in the towel."

The Boyds have a three-acre plot of land in Maryland. There's a good-sized garden and the family, adults and kids alike, raise all kinds of vegetables. Strawberries, too. There has never been any question about the Boyds having enough to eat. Their meals abound with vegetables and fruits raised and canned by themselves.

As for Mehitabel and Archie, the two brown-and-white cats, there was plenty for them to eat, too, and if the kitchen ration was not enough there were plenty of field mice near by.

Jim's penchant for carpentry and machine work helped a little during the long pay freeze. He and Ruth pitched in helping fix up the unfinished upstairs. It so happens they both like to putter around repairing things.

Through it all, Jim Boyd threw himself into his work at the bureau with his characteristic driving energy. He put in long hours, usually showing up for work at 8:00 A.M. and leaving around 6:15 P.M., which is two hours after the regular quitting time.

There was so much work to be done—

EATING—*with Charlotte Adams*

TONY VENTI

Macédoine of Fresh Fruit from Pierre's in New York City

PIERRE'S at 52 East Fifty-third Street is one of the best of those intimate little French restaurants with which New York abounds. Since it is near the Columbia Broadcasting Studios, it is interestingly haunted by radio performers, producers and advertising people.

Pierre Ferro, the headman and a chef himself, is a restaurateur of charm, humor and bounce. He recently opened Westbury Manor, which he modestly dubs "the finest restaurant on Long Island."

Pâté Maison at Pierre's is something not to be missed, and the Swiss cheese soufflé comes golden, delicate and fiery hot to your table in individual baking dishes. It is a beautiful thing to see and to eat.

Luncheons are from $1.75 to $2.50, dinners from $3 to $5. The tiny bar serves excellent drinks.

I've chosen the perfect all-year-round dessert from Pierre's for you to do at home.

MACEDOINE OF FRESH FRUIT

Depending upon the season, combine any three or four of the fruits available. A June mixture which will give you an idea of an ample quantity for 4:

1 cantaloupe
½ lb. seedless white grapes
1 cup strawberries, halved
½ cup fresh pineapple

Wash grapes and dry well. Cut up pineapple, and use a round ball cutter for the cantaloupe. Slice berries. Put all together. Sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar, if desired, and anoint with lime, lemon or orange juice, or, if you prefer, add maraschino juice or kirsch. Let stand in refrigerator at least two hours before serving.

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"Let's talk business so I can put this on my expense account"

COLLIER'S — JARO FABRY

constructing and operating synthetic fuel pilot and demonstration plants, seeking a cheap method of converting the vast Colorado shale beds into oil, developing sources and building up stock piles of manganese, copper, lead, zinc and some 90 strategic minerals in all, helium production, developing new types of explosives, and, despite John L. Lewis' unceasing barbs, working to cut down mine accidents and casualties.

Looking back now, Jim Boyd can see how it was "a desperate gamble."

"But I was too deeply absorbed in my work to realize it then," he says. "Ruth carried the brunt of it. She had time to think about it. But she is not the kind to show it on her face or in her manner. She saw to it that there were no vexing problems for me at home. She saw to it that I was free to throw all my energy into the bureau. She carried the heavier burden, and through it all encouraged me in my work and never had any doubt that the Senate would finally come through with the confirmation."

Political Prophets Fumbled

By the fall of 1948 the outlook for the Boyds was grimmer than ever. Certainly Tom Dewey would be under no obligation to carry on the battle for confirmation. All the political prophets agreed that Harry S. Truman didn't have a prayer of a chance getting elected President. Mr. Truman had never asked Jim Boyd his party affiliation; for that matter, neither had Secretary Krug. But President Truman had vowed to back Jim down the line.

"I hate to back down in a fight," President Truman had said, in effect, when he called Jim to the White House the year before with the Atomic Energy job offer, but he added, "I'll leave the decision up to you, Jim." Ever since Jim—and Ruth—had chosen to stay and fight, the President had taken every opportunity to encourage Jim.

A "friendly" senator approached Dr. Boyd and confided that in view of John L.'s unyielding opposition, it was hopeless to expect to win.

Friends urged Jim to give up public service and instead take any one of a dozen jobs in industry with more pay and less heartache.

Around Washington, Jim Boyd was regarded with awe. "A stubborn fellow," folks said in admiration. "Not stubborn, but persevering," insisted Ruth Boyd. John L. Lewis couldn't understand at all why Jim Boyd was so "tenacious." Through various statements and editorials in his UMW Journal, Lewis hinted darkly that Dr. Boyd might indeed be an agent of those coal-mine operators who were more concerned with costs than with mine safety. Why else would anyone stand so much abuse without pay?

Strangely—perhaps it was not so strange, knowing the Boyds—neither Jim nor Ruth expressed or felt rancor toward Lewis. "I admire the man," Ruth once said. "Lewis is as clever as he can be. He always goes after things, although I can't say I admire the way he's going after Jim."

John L.'s big fault, in the opinion of Ruth Boyd, is that he has a poor sense of judgment. "Anybody who doesn't appreciate the ability of Jim Boyd has no judgment," she commented.

"Everywhere he's ever been," Ruth went on, "Jim has inspired the people working with him, around him. People usually like him, and so would John L. if he'd give himself a chance to get to know Jim."

Ruth Boyd never met John L. Lewis. Jim has met him only once, in March, 1947, when Lewis appeared before the Senate committee to denounce Boyd's nomination. Later, when, as acting head of the Bureau of Mines, Boyd established the Secretary of Interior's National Bituminous Coal Council to deal with the economics and conservation problems of the soft coal industry, Lewis refused to

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another reason why

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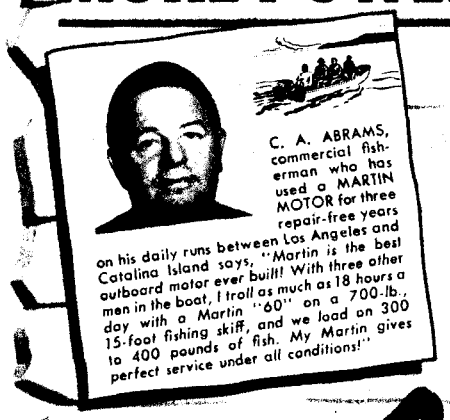

C. A. ABRAMS, commercial fisherman who has used a MARTIN MOTOR for three repair-free years on his daily runs between Los Angeles and Catalina Island says, "Martin is the best outboard motor ever built! With three other men in the boat, I troll as much as 18 hours a day with a Martin "60" on a 700-lb., 15-foot fishing skiff, and we load on 300 to 400 pounds of fish. My Martin gives perfect service under all conditions!"

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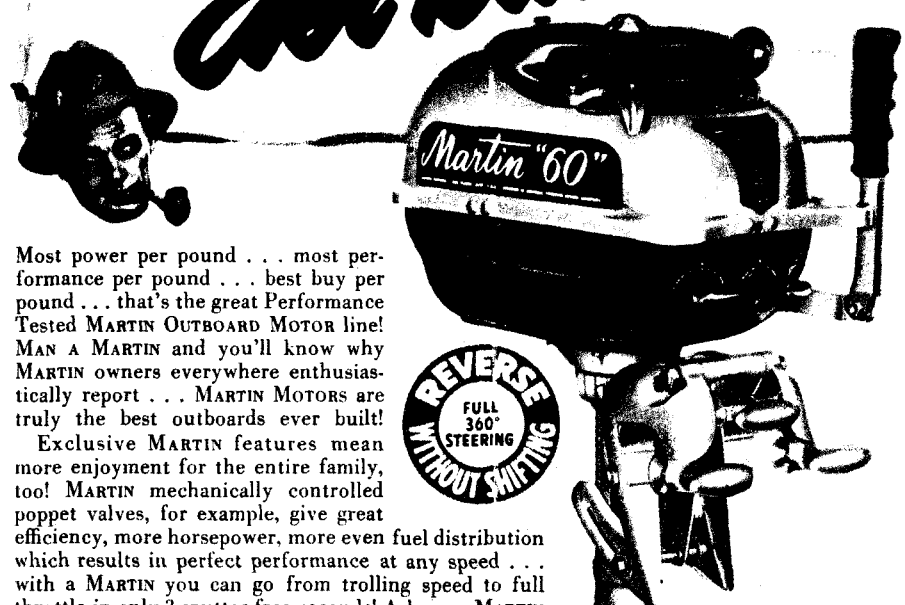

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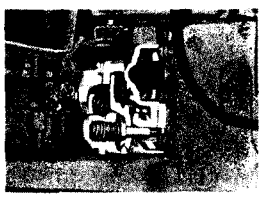
THE HEART OF THE MOTOR



Operating in the intake manifold between the carburetor and the crankcase, the mechanically controlled intake poppet valves in a MARTIN MOTOR, illustrated here, are the first major improvement in two-cycle outboard motors in many years. They give MARTIN MOTORS the same smoothness of operation found in the finest automotive engines, assure instant, flood-proof starting, and even fuel distribution resulting in more power per pound.

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participate either personally or through a representative.

Despite Lewis' profligate use of intemperate language, Jim and Ruth Boyd feel that John L.'s attacks on Jim are not personal. "John's a wonderful actor," Ruth told an acquaintance. ("My life is but a stage . . ." Lewis said on one occasion. And once he asked aloud, "What makes me tick? Is it power I am after, or am I a Saint Francis in disguise, or what?")

John L. Reveals His Motive

Only on one occasion, in a burst of emotion, did John L. publicly disclose his real reason for opposing Dr. Boyd. "In the name of all the coal miners in the country," Lewis shouted, "I want to say to the committee now . . . that the coal miners do not want to work in these mines with only that protection that would come from a man appointed by J. A. Krug to safeguard their lives. . . ."

Lewis had built up a frenzy of hatred for Krug during the soft coal mine strike in 1946 when the government found it necessary to seize the mines in order to prevent industry-paralyzing strikes. Krug was the President's coal mines administrator. He yielded numerous concessions to the United Mine Workers, including the original five-cents-per-ton contribution to the miners' welfare fund—now 20 cents a ton and amounting to $100,000,000 a year—but Krug never did yield enough to satisfy John L.

Most often, John L. and his lieutenants charged that Dr. Boyd was "unqualified" for the Bureau of Mines directorship because the agency had been established in 1910, through the urging of the miners, to promote mine safety and health, whereas Jim Boyd lacked practical coal-mining experience. Safety is the important function of the bureau, Lewis declared.

He ignored the fact that the scope of the bureau's work had widened to include national security activities and that mine-safety operations now utilize but 14 per cent of the Bureau of Mines personnel and annual budget. Besides, Lewis argued, inasmuch as the UMW represented the largest single bloc of the country's miners, the UMW ought to have something to say about the naming of the director of the bureau. In other words, John L. was saying that he ought to have the right to veto the President's nomination.

Lewis tried hard at the beginning to be impersonal about Dr. Boyd. "We know nothing to his detriment," Lewis confessed to the Senate committee. "He may be a man of character. He may be a scientist of eminence. We don't know." But the miners resented, Lewis asserted, the selection of someone out of "obscurity."

It is true that Jim Boyd "didn't know a soul" when he first came to Washington in 1941 to serve as chief of the metals and minerals division of the War Department.

But by the end of five years' war service he was recognized as one of the armed forces' outstanding experts on requirements and allocations, not only of minerals but of all materials. He was General Lucius Clay's right-hand man when the latter was director of matériel. And when Clay went overseas to run the American occupation government in Germany, Jim Boyd went along to become director of industries.

"We were amazed to learn how many people had heard of Jim," says Ruth with understandable pride.

Secretary of Interior Krug explained his selection of Boyd, whose ability to perform he had been able to test within the War Production Board, this way:

"The task of directorship of the Bureau of Mines no longer embraces technical attainment alone. The man selected for this position must have a broad comprehension of resource problems and a thorough understanding of the economic and security aspects of our national minerals situation. In other words, this man must be primarily a minerals statesman."

Jim Boyd cut his eyeteeth on mining. Julian Boyd, his father, once operated a gold field in western Australia. Jim was born there, in 1904—in the mining town of Kanowna. At three, Jim fell down an abandoned 70-foot shaft, but was rescued unscathed.

When the elder Boyd went off to the first World War, Jim's mother ignored the threat of submarines and took her brood of four to England, there to advance their education.

After that war Julian became superintendent of mines in Death Valley for the Pacific Borax Company and, in 1922, brought his family to Hollywood. Three years later he took the oath of citizenship, and Jim, short of his twenty-first birthday by a month, automatically acquired American citizenship.

At Hollywood High School, and at the California Institute of Technology, Jim studied for aviation engineering. Then he became interested in a new field of mining—geophysical prospecting. He spent the next two years ranging the United States and Canada, probing the earth's crust for minerals. In 1929 he decided to carve a career in mining. He entered the Colorado School of Mines, near Denver, to study geology and geophysics. He earned his master's degree and his doctorate, and then stayed on as a member of the faculty, building up a thriving consulting practice on the side.

He met Ruth in the winter of 1931. It happened at a party given by the honorary housemother of Alpha Tau Omega, of which Jim was president. Ruth was an attractive girl, quiet, but with a keen sense of humor.

"Three weeks after we'd first met, I told her I was going to marry her," Jim vividly remembers.

Denver-born, Ruth had been reared in a comfortable home in the country-club district. Her father, Dr. Harry Brown, is a prominent obstetrician, and her mother a civic leader.

"A forceful couple," says Jim of Ruth's parents. "They refused to spoil Ruth, although she was an only child."

After being graduated from Colorado State University, Ruth returned to Denver to teach languages at Randell School run by an aunt.

ARTHUR ELLIS

Dr. and Mrs. James Boyd pose with two of their four sons, Bruce, 9, and Hudson, 5, in their Colesville, Maryland, home, which served as a fortress during the battle with Lewis

Ruth had been teaching a couple of years when she first met Jim, a handsome, personable six-footer. She liked his sun-bronzed face, the trace of crisp Aussie in his speech, his blending of light-spiritedness and earnestness. After that first meeting there were horseback rides and trips to the mines. The mine visits were made as part of Jim's work for his master's degree, but it was so easy to convert the trips to delightful picnics. Jim and Ruth were married in August of 1932.

The succeeding nine years were serene. The Boyds acquired a rambling house and two boys. Then, in August of 1941, Reserve Captain James Boyd was called to active duty. He was assigned to Washington. Ruth followed with the children and was joined by the housekeeper, Mrs. Olsen, and her daughter; and they made their home in a rented house in suburban Virginia.

Jim Boyd worked day and night, first on minerals programs, later on all kinds of material. Ruth, meanwhile, brought two more boys into the world and, like so many other American wives during the war, not only held the fort at home but helped out in the Red Cross as well.

It was in 1945, when General Clay took over the prodigious, pioneering task of running an occupied country, that he urged Jim to go with him. Jim and Ruth talked it over.

With the end of the war in sight, Colonel Jim Boyd was certain of an early discharge. Going with General Clay would mean an indefinite length of duty and separation from the family. But Jim went with General Clay.

The Army's Need Was Greater

"We decided the general needed Jim more than the family did," Ruth says. "Clay had an almost impossible task and he needed people he could trust."

Colonel Boyd was made director of industries in Germany. His job was to liquidate Germany's war potential and at the same time rehabilitate industry, including German mines. Jim Boyd's exemplary efforts in Germany earned him a second decoration; he had received the first—the Legion of Merit—for his work in Washington.

In the summer of 1946 Jim Boyd returned to civilian life. He turned down Interior Secretary Krug's request that he join his staff. He turned down offers in industry.

He and Ruth decided it was time to return their family to the peaceful quiet of a college professor's life. So he went back to the Colorado School of Mines to become dean of the faculty.

But Secretary Krug refused to take no for an answer. By March of 1947 he had convinced the school, Jim and Ruth that Jim's background and ability were needed to run the Bureau of Mines. That was how Jim and Ruth unsuspectingly stepped into the greatest battle of their lives.

Dr. Boyd immediately became concerned over the shortage of vital minerals and sought development of new resources to fortify stock piles. He and other government officials were thinking of future emergencies. The bureau's principal project is to discover inexpensive means of converting our limitless coal deposits into oil.

Scientists under Boyd are also seeking practical methods of converting now useless oil shale into liquid fuel. One Colorado shale deposit alone contains potentially three times more oil than all the American present liquid reserves, according to Dr. Boyd.

Progress in Mine Safety

Despite John L.'s reluctance to cooperate, Dr. Boyd drove ahead with an improved mine-safety program. He asked for 100 more inspectors, got 50 from Congress. He streamlined staff administration to permit more inspections of more mines each month. He assigned engineers to develop new safety techniques. He initiated safety-education programs among mine officials and workers. He succeeded in cutting down the number of accidents and casualties—only a little, to be sure, but enough to show an encouraging approach to the problem.

Nonetheless, Lewis remained adamant. When, early this year, President Truman again asked for approval of Dr. Boyd, the UMW leader called a two-week protest strike against confirmation. Some 450,000 miners put down their tools.

This demonstration of Lewis' vindictiveness only served to ignite strong feelings for Dr. Boyd right in the middle of the protest strike.

For two years Lewis had been able to thwart Senate confirmation of Jim Boyd's appointment. And for 15 months the acting head of the Bureau of Mines had carried on his work without pay. Then, on March 22d, the Senate finally acted. It gave its approval to Dr. James Boyd as director of the bureau.

For John L. Lewis it was his worst public defeat since 1940 when he signally failed to rally the votes of labor—and the miners—on behalf of Wendell Willkie.

For Jim and Ruth Boyd, it was vindication. Neither was elated by the victory.

"Jim had a job to do that people in the government and in the minerals industry thought he could do best. They placed their faith in him. Jim couldn't let them down," Ruth said.

Several days later, friends and admirers filled the huge auditorium of the Interior Department to see Dr. Boyd sworn in. The Boyd household was there, too, all except Brown and Douglas, who were in Denver with their grandparents. There were cheers and applause, and even a few tears. But there were no tears in the eyes of Ruth Boyd. As always, her face was calm and her eyes were bright.

Perhaps she was thinking about the two great decisions of her life. The first, to marry Jim Boyd, had brought them both happiness; the second, to fight for integrity, had brought them both peace of mind. THE END

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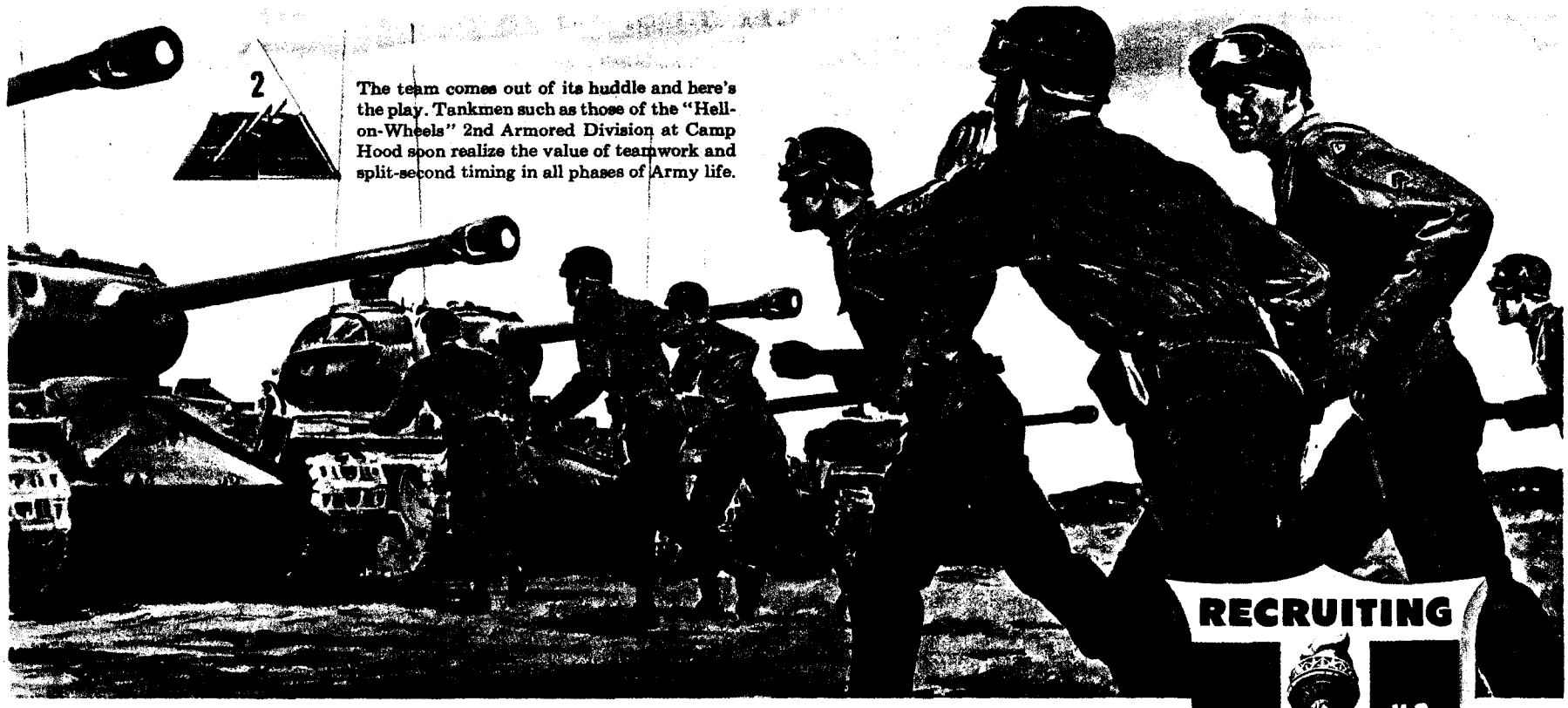

The team comes out of its huddle and here's the play. Tankmen such as those of the "Hell-on-Wheels" 2nd Armored Division at Camp Hood soon realize the value of teamwork and split-second timing in all phases of Army life.

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Leadership, initiative, quick thinking are recognized and rewarded in the Army. The non-commissioned officer of the 11th Airborne Division directs his men as they set up mortars and machine guns after a drop through space.

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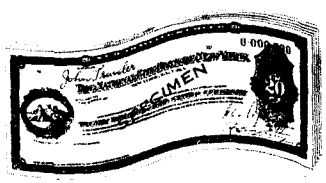

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NOBODY PUSHES BOB AROUND

Continued from page 25

When Montgomery and Thomson delivered the Guild's ultimatum, Mayer nodded to Bioff and the two of them left the room.

On their return, a few minutes later, Mayer announced that the studios would recognize the Guild. One word from Bioff had apparently accomplished the trick. As they left Mayer's house, Thomson turned to Montgomery and said, "Wasn't that wonderful of Bioff?"

Montgomery, who had once entertained Harry Bridges for the express purpose of acquainting himself with the subtleties of trade-unionism, made a reply which has since become a classic bit of advice for apprentice organizers. Holding up his forefinger in a warning gesture, he said, "Watch it!"

As it was later proved in court, Bioff was a Capone labor racketeer, extorting enormous tribute from the studios in return for keeping the motion-picture operators docile. He had stepped into the Guild negotiations, not out of any burning concern for labor, but because he planned to take over that union for his own purposes, one of which would be to restrain it from making stiff demands of the studios.

Three weeks later he made his first move. This took the form of a phone call to Montgomery, then the Guild president, asking him to reinstate a woman who had been suspended by the Guild for 90 days. Despite his blithe spirit on the screen, Montgomery is capable of unequivocal brusqueness when angered. In this instance he simply hung up on Bioff. This unprecedented rudeness convinced the extortionist that the actor must be taught better manners when addressed by a Capone man.

The next day Montgomery found the tires on his car slashed; a few days later the upholstery was given similar treatment; and shortly afterward a bomb was discovered concealed under the back seat of one of the Guild cars.

Sleuths Investigate Bioff

The actor, infuriated instead of intimidated, persuaded the Guild to give him $5,000 to spend on an undisclosed project. With this, plus some $7,000 of his own, he retained two former F.B.I. agents to probe into Bioff's activities. What they eventually brought forth was so explosive that Montgomery himself was momentarily at a loss as to what to do with it.

"Having collected all this evidence," he says, "I didn't know what to do next. But fools rush in, so I said, 'I think I can fix this thing.' I put in a call for Morgenthau, who was Secretary of the Treasury at the time."

It was, as he discovered in the ensuing months, not quite so simple as that. He found himself so thwarted at every turn that he seriously considered dropping the whole matter. The ordeal of being smeared as a Communist, risking physical harm, and having to pose for pictures in the company of publicity-hungry public officials was beginning to weaken his crusading spirit. It was at this point that a Treasury agent suggested that the cause might gain some momentum if the dossier on Bioff were turned over to Westbrook Pegler. Montgomery agreed.

As a result of the columnist's savage attack on Bioff the racketeer was brought to trial and convicted. Pegler himself was awarded a Pulitzer prize. Everything considered, it is understandable if Montgomery was a bit startled when the columnist concluded his series by taking a slap at him personally.

This, however, does not disturb Montgomery, for he feels it sufficient reward to be able to contemplate the security that movie actors enjoy nowadays. "Movie actors," he likes to say, "aren't really so bad when you get to know them."

Oddly enough, he became one himself only through the purest chance. He was sharing a furnished room in New York with an aspiring actor named Sam Janney when opportunity beckoned. Unemployed and rapidly running out of the funds he had accumulated while working on a Standard Oil tanker, he would have accepted any job at all. Furthermore, he had never had time to plan a career anyway. He was at Pawling School in New York State when his father, a vice-president of a rubber company, died unexpectedly in 1920, leaving him, his mother and an older brother virtually penniless.

Up until then he had never had to cope with reality. There had been the comfortable home in Beacon, New York, where he was born on May 21, 1904; adequate pocket money; and even a summer abroad. With his father's death, he left school and went to work in a machine shop. After this came the job as a deck hand and, following that, his approaching indigence.

One day, for want of something better to do, he decided to accompany his roommate on a round of the casting offices. By the time he returned to his room that evening he had been hired to do a walk-on in a William Faversham production. He has been an actor ever since.

Eventually, one of Montgomery's performances on Broadway was impressive enough to bring him an offer from M-G-M. He accepted it without conspicuous enthusiasm, advising his cronies in the West Forty-fifth Street speakeasies that he would be back in six months. As things turned out, though, he did not manage to tear himself away until 1940, when he enlisted with the American Field Service as ambulance driver in France and thus became the first American actor to participate in World War II.

Montgomery had not been at Metro very long before he made it apparent that he was a singularly purposeful young man. When it became apparent to him that he was being "typed" in a succession of frothy pictures like So This Is College, he set about to persuade the studio that he should be given a wider variety of parts. Coincidentally, it was only the determination of certain executives to punish him for his Guild activities that made it possible for him to get his way. His role as the psychotic killer in Night Must Fall, which his disciplinarians felt would curtail his popularity (although he himself was convinced otherwise) proved that he is as sensitive and versatile an actor as there is in the business.

Metro, however, continued to view him as disquietingly headstrong. Later, when he went to war, the studio suddenly decided that it held a proprietary interest in this assertiveness and began to refer to it as "the fierce fire of his convictions."

Montgomery requires only one explicit word to convey his opinion of this.

Soft-Pedals Service Record

His own reluctance to discuss his war record, which included, besides his service in France, three and a half years in the U.S. Navy, from which he was discharged with the rank of commander in the winter of 1944, is, of course, a rare thing for Hollywood. Montgomery, however, is not much concerned about whether or not he observes the peculiar by-laws obtaining in the film colony.

Day in, day out, he is a good deal more concerned with what is transpiring over the conference tables of world diplomacy than over the tables in Romanoff's. As a result, he is impressively well-informed on any number of vital issues of the day. What is not generally known is that he was to have been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy if Dewey had been elected last November. Disinterested observers feel that he would have made an admirable choice.

In the first place, he has for some time now been one of the most indefatigable workers for the Republican cause and would therefore have been eminently acceptable to the party's high command. In the second, he would have been able to call upon his own extensive Navy experience for guidance. Finally, he is not the type who would have been readily bewitched by the blandishments of Washington hostesses. He is not much of a man for parties anyway.

Although he is usually represented on the screen as an irresponsible young toper, Montgomery is, in reality, a serious-minded man of forty-five who considers it something of a spree if he takes more than two highballs during the course of an evening.

Montgomery is tall and lean and, like Richard Cory in Edwin Arlington Robinson's celebrated poem, seems to glitter when he walks. He carries himself with the chipper air of a man who has just played a fast game of squash at his club. This is not surprising, for besides being

COLLIER'S "Oh, caterer!" PERRY BARLOW

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a member of the select Links Club in New York City, he is, along with Richard Barthelmess, Fred Astaire and Elliott Nugent, one of the four movie actors who have been tapped to wear the red-and-blue tie of the Racquet & Tennis Club in the same city.

Regarded by one of New York's leading tailors as one of the world's most impeccably clad men, Bob Montgomery shares his club's disdain for Hollywood by refusing to wear either his Racquet tie or any other piece of neckwear in a Windsor knot. Because of their very restraint, his ensembles are apt to seem extremist against the wild splash of most Beverly Hills haberdashery. He favors such conservative outfits as a single-breasted navy-blue suit with ticket pocket, a white shirt, a detachable white paper collar of the type he wore in the Navy, and a shepherd check tie. He also, if the occasion permits, favors Tattersall waistcoats and the button-down Oxford shirt.

His friends feel that this inability to be standardized is the one factor which might possibly hinder him if he should ever decide to enter politics—an ambition, incidentally, which he admits with disarming candor ("I'd like to be in Congress, but nobody's asked me to run," he remarked not long ago). Otherwise, however, he would be an acceptable Republican candidate for pretty nearly any office he might seek.

Among other things, he is a liberal, a trade-unionist, a tireless party worker, a militant anti-Communist, a shrewd businessman who heads his own producing company, and such a persuasive talker that he recently induced Jane Cowl, who has no liking for movie work, to appear in his production of Come Be My Love. He is also an irreproachable family man.

Around the middle of June each year, Mrs. Montgomery, who was an actress until her marriage in 1928, and the two children—Robert, Jr. (Skip), who is thirteen and a student at Santa Barbara School, and Elizabeth, sixteen, who is studying at Westlake—leave their home in fashionable Bel-Air and move to Towners, New York. There they live in a modest two-story farmhouse.

Montgomery joins them whenever his picture schedule permits. Mrs. Montgomery, who is not well known in Hollywood, is a familiar figure in Towners, where she does her own marketing. She is a pretty, bright-eyed woman whose tiny figure is dwarfed by the baba coat she wears on gusty fall days. Her sister, who is married to Arthur Cushman, the head of an extensive chain of bakeries, lives only a few hundred yards down the road.

Montgomery, whose gun collection includes several highly prized Purdeys, spends his days at Towners tramping the countryside with his son in search of game.

His neighbors are much more impressed by him as an expert shot than as a movie star. Being by nature a rather homespun man, he is, too.

He is deeply touched by the affection in which these people hold him. It reminds him of something that happened one day shortly after the fall of France, when he was trying to get back to this country from England. In the course of obtaining the necessary clearances, he found himself part of a long line that was inching its way up to a window presided over by a spry little Cockney. As Montgomery finally reached the head of the line, the Cockney recognized him and his eyes began to twinkle.

"Fawncy *you*," he said, "queuing up to see *me!*"

Montgomery regards this sort of friendliness as a seal of approval from his audience and cherishes it deeply. It is, after all, the only seal of approval which he views as significant.

"After 20 years in pictures," he was saying the other day, "I have arrived at one conclusion—a picture may fail, a play may fail, but no audience has ever failed." THE END

I WAS KING OF THE SAFECRACKERS

Continued from page 30

signal, hit me like a scream out of the night. Nobody moved. Nobody breathed. But there was a noise. Somebody tapping. Softly, then louder. I knew what it was and my stomach was jumping.

"Herb!" I called to Cox. "It's the damn' beat cop. Get out there!"

"Get out there? You mean plug him?"

"Hell—no! Show yourself. Stay out of the light but let him see the uniform. Wave at him."

Cox stumbled out like a sick man, hugging the shadows for support. I felt for him. I was scared cold myself. But he did it. He waved at the cop, and the cop, glancing at the dummy safe, waved back. Late that night, long after our return, Cox sat alone in a corner and drank. He drank himself into a fog. He swore he was through. But he wasn't. Not for a long time yet.

Right now, looking back over my record, the Kroger job seems a masterpiece and I'm proud of the ingenious way we beat that mark. But actually it was a risky venture and out of character with the streamlined organization I had. We rarely made a foolish move and we had a system that kept us out of jail for years. We were never in a police line-up, we were never even questioned. We got our fifteen million because I insisted on discipline and careful planning.

We had meetings around conference tables like any other board of directors. The reports from our many casers were neatly typed out and we almost always made maps or blueprints of a job so each man would know where he was going. We had fake credentials of all kinds printed in underworld shops—lodge cards, licenses, stationery, calling cards and other items. Once we bought out a whole private detective agency so we could use the letterhead, state licenses, badges and gun permits.

The gullibility of the business people amazed me, for not one in a hundred ever bothered to double-check my phony letters of introduction. I've walked into a dozen banks with nothing more than a small deposit, an engraved card and letters I typed out myself, and had the manager eagerly show me through the vault and explain how the burglar alarms worked. We never had any trouble with alarms anyway; for a clever electrician, they're a cinch to by-pass. And those monstrous doors on today's bank vaults look almost vulgar to me. It's nice window dressing, but no peteman would frazzle his nerves trying to assault such forts. It was always much simpler to go through the ceiling or the back wall.

Banks were always a special challenge to me.

I thought of myself as a real-life Raffles, who had been lifted from a world of fantasy and placed against the stern, realistic background of concrete walls and steel vaults, and of flesh-and-blood watchmen, detectives and cops. I got a kick out of matching wits with the law, and in time it became an obsession in which the cash rewards were outweighed by the sheer thrill of getting away with the crime. We busted a lot of banks, including an experimental job out in Wayne, Michigan.

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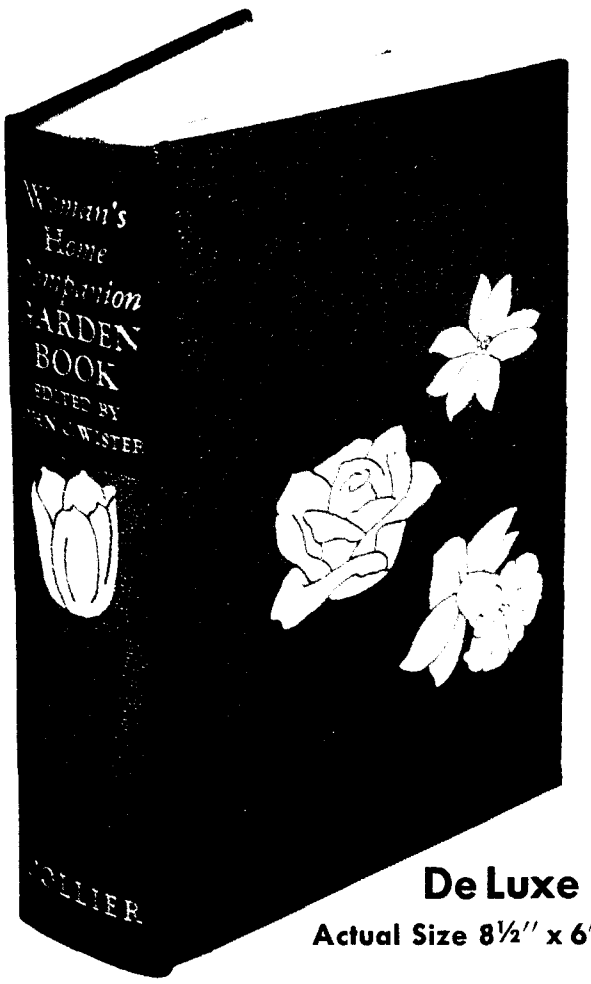

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spotters knew that a big automotive pay roll was delivered there once a week by armored car. We soon found out that the bank wasn't rigged with alarms, and that there was only one night watchman, an old guy named Tommy Morgan. There was a dentist's office across the street, unoccupied at night, and I made keys for the doors. Many an evening my brother sat in the dentist's chair from which he could see the guard walking around. Heavy smoke poured out of the bank chimney twice every night, at 10:00 P.M. and 4:00 A.M., and we concluded Morgan went into the basement to stoke the furnace at those hours. We tailed him for a week and finally I went out to see him.

I posed as a telephone information man and used the old sympathy gag to get the details of his job. He told me he went to work at 7:00 P.M., which we already knew, that he carried a shotgun and that he phoned the sheriff every night just before ten. There was only one drawback—he couldn't open the doors at night for anyone, even if the town were burning down. We'd have to get past him some other way.

We set the job for a Thursday night, when the pay roll was due, planning to be inside the bank before Morgan came to work. We left Detroit in the afternoon and took our time. Rolling along near Dearborn, I had to slam on the brakes to avoid hitting an odd-looking car blocking the road. Joe Bertsch, an old-school safe blower who would have suspected his own mother, thought it was a police trap and was all for drilling the guy right away. I cooled him off, which was lucky. The stalled motorist turned out to be Henry Ford, who was testing a new foreign car, and he apologized for getting in the way. The machine looked like a fast custom job, and I tried to buy it then and there, but Henry wouldn't sell.

Entry Through a Coal Chute

We were in Wayne at six. Fifteen minutes later we hack-sawed the bars on a basement window and slid down a coal chute. My brother Lou went first and I was right behind him. Big Harry was too fat to get through and griped because he had to stay outside. Cox had come to Wayne in a second car by another route, bringing a new man, Charlie McGuire. Charlie was a husky, blond kid from Chicago who was known all over the underworld for his big feet. He used to beef that the cops could spot his brogans a mile away. He had already distinguished himself in a couple of bank stick-ups, and Al Capone was trying to sign him up, but Charlie said he preferred our more genteel way of getting the easy dough.

I wonder where Charlie is today. He said he'd kill me if it took a hundred years and I used to keep seeing his face in crowds everywhere I went.

Lou, Joe and I lay under the stairs in the bank basement. Morgan came in at seven, thumping the butt of his shotgun like a guy with a wooden leg. He went round and round, driving us nuts for three hours. He phoned the sheriff at last, then came down the steps, still thumping. Lou threw a half nelson on him and Joe snatched the shotgun. I shoved my gat barrel right into his mouth and said, "One wrong move and you won't need a pension." He sagged like an empty bag, and I thought he was going to pass out. In his spot, I'd have been paralyzed, too.

We laid him on some old newspapers, and Lou went up to paste an envelope on the front window to let the outside men know everything was okay.

We blew the vault in jig time and then I got out a new tool I wanted to try. It was a twin-pronged punch designed to fit the double locks on safe-deposit boxes, and we went right down the line slamming it with a copper hammer. It didn't miss once. Some nights I can still hear that beautiful bang-bang-bang in my sleep. We skinned the boxes into our black bags, found the factory pay roll in a flat, lacquered box and scrammed.

We enjoyed the reviews on our debut in the Detroit papers the next day, but there was one thing missing. No one said a word about the hundred-dollar bill I had stuffed in Tommy Morgan's shoe.

Yes, I certainly loved a nice, clean bank job, and I told Cox to schedule two or three more while I took a short sabbatical leave. There is probably something bizarre about the whole idea of a criminal wanting to improve his techniques, but it wasn't silly to me. I had deliberately thrown away a lifetime of security and respect as a minister to assume the deadly risks of crime. I had a tiger by the tail. The mob was growing from month to month, and the overhead was unbelievable. We could never make crime pay unless we got six-figure hauls, and all the marks wouldn't be pushovers like the bank in Wayne.

We were going to need burners for the big stuff, but there wasn't a torch man in the mob.

I went down to the Detroit Y.M.C.A. and signed up for the night welding course. I stuck it out for almost two months, and wound up as the top welder in the class. The instructor offered me a job and said, "I never saw a guy with such a talent for the torch." Years later I got a similar endorsement from the cops, when they displayed my prize tools at police conventions here and there. When I finished the course, I designed a portable torch that would fit into my small bag. I had it made to order by a company in Chicago and it cost me $350. They thought I needed it on a kelp-gathering project in California and they promised it would work miracles. It did.

This little flame thrower of mine first distinguished itself in a big bank in one of Chicago's suburbs.

It was what you might call a spite job. Dr. de la Pena, who had a quaint habit of combing the newspapers for tips on sound projects, read an advertisement one day about a new bank then under construction. The ad boasted about a burglarproof vault and invited new depositors. We didn't like the impudent tone of their claims, so we gave this mark a priority rating.

I rounded up the mob and went right out to Chicago to look it over. The bank was on the ground floor of a big building still under construction, and we scrambled around for observation posts. There was a millinery store across the street, which Helen bought for a price the owner couldn't resist. Dr. de la Pena was even luckier. There was no office space available above the bank, but Dave just happened to be around when a prospective tenant unexpectedly canceled out. He moved right in and hung up his forged chiropractor's diploma.

Details of a Perfect Crime

We frosted the windows of the millinery store and put up a large Closed for Alterations sign. I set up a desk on the second floor of our store, and Cox got himself a job in an electrical shop a block away.

Day after day we cased that bank and everyone who worked in it. We tried to place one of the mob in a clerical job inside the bank, a stratagem we often employed, but he couldn't quite make the grade. That didn't matter because I made up for the deficiency with my casing glasses. These remarkable binoculars were Helen's scientific contribution to the mob. She had got them by working on a young astronomer at one of the big observatories in California. The guy certainly must have had star dust in his eyes. The glasses were handmade and unobtainable at any price. I could count the hairs on the chief teller's bald dome, and I saw the workmen putting the big vault together, layer by layer.

We spent about ten weeks on the preliminaries, tailing the night watchman, locating the juice that fed the alarm systems, establishing small accounts in the bank and mapping the invasion step by step. One dark Sunday night, when rain splashed the neighborhood, Jack Peer and Big Harry bracketed the watchman half a block from the bank. They flashed police badges and told the guard he was wanted at headquarters in connection with a gambling investigation.

"He's been very good, Mrs. Archer. He just toddled down for some bread and jelly and toddled back up again"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

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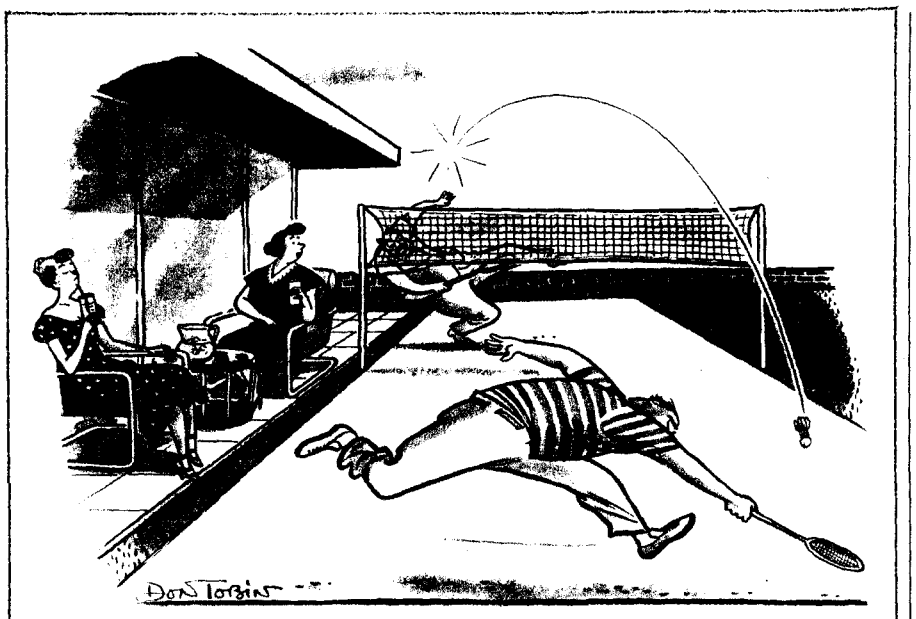


COLLIER'S "I hate to think of them tomorrow morning" DON TOBIN

"Gambling!" he roared indignantly. "Listen, do you know who I am? I'm the night watchman at the bank here and I gotta go to work!"

"At the bank, eh?" one of his captors said. "Too bad. You can come back later if you get sprung."

"Now wait a minute, fellows," he pleaded. "You're makin' an awful mistake. Phone my boss and he'll tell you."

"Okay. Let's phone him."

They walked into the bank with the sucker and two minutes later he was laid out on a long, oak table, tied hand and foot. The rest of us were in Dave's office upstairs and we started tearing the floor apart. We had already sawed the wood flooring, but it took us an hour to drill a hole through the concrete underneath. We dropped a rope ladder down through the gap and tackled the cement on top of the vault. There was a layer of steel rails next and beneath it a plate of solid steel half an inch thick.

We lowered the oxygen and acetylene tanks from Dave's office and fastened the hoses to the torch. I slipped on asbestos gloves, a burner's mask and a long asbestos apron, then I preheated the rails and turned on the oxygen. I always loved to watch that hot, hungry little tongue at work. The steel ruptured, bubbled, then drooled away, and in a few minutes we were down in the vault.

Loot from Two Big Safes

There were two enormous safes there, and I blew them while standing on top of the vault, holding the fuse wires in one hand and a battery in the other. We waited for the gases to clear, then lowered the ladder and gathered the fruits of our rape. The loot ran close to half a million, and before morning we were counting it in our rooms at a Michigan Avenue hotel in Chicago.

We went on a bank spree after that and knocked off three in a row. One was a tunneling job outside Cleveland (no wonder they call us gophers) in which we chopped a ten-foot passage into the bank basement. My bones ache every time I think of how we lay on the damp ground every night for a month, checking the guard's movements with a listening device like a stethoscope. Cox did a tricky job of killing the alarm circuits on that mark; he traced the wires right to the power pole and bridged them in broad daylight. It was the first time he had used a lineman's outfit, spurs and all, and we kept the stuff for future use.

It was also the first time in criminal history, I believe, that a big-time mob used an airplane for a getaway. I had chartered a plane from a barnstorming pilot—you paid the fee and no questions asked—and flew to New York to unload the stolen bonds before the bank could circulate a list. That idea was an inspiration, and we used it many times thereafter.

Another bank job in that same period nearly ended in disaster. This one was out on Jefferson Avenue in Detroit, an old brick building that we could have ripped in our sleep.

It was a blustery cold night and there was a thin sheet of ice on the streets that slowed us down.

Everything went smoothly until Big Harry arrived in his own car with the oxygen and acetylene tanks. He was lumbering toward the bank door, a heavy tank under each of his mammoth arms, when Joe Bertsch told him to get off the dime. Big Harry took a long step, slipped and went down like a slugged moose. The tanks popped out of his hands and clattered down the alley toward the street. We froze—like kids in a high-school tableau. Clank-clank-clank. The tanks bounced into a gutter and lay still. There wasn't a sound. No windows flew up. I guess our number just wasn't due.

Big Harry pulled himself up with a mighty grunt, plodded down the alley and retrieved the tanks. We went through with the job and cleaned out the joint. Big Harry moped right through the blasting and didn't open his mouth until we were back in our hotel, sorting the take.

"Chief," he mumbled at last, "I guess I better start wearin' rubbers—"

Several months later, when our reserves were getting low again, Cox said he had lined up a mark in Detroit that would make us rich for life.

"Chief, this crib has $14,000,000 in it," he said.

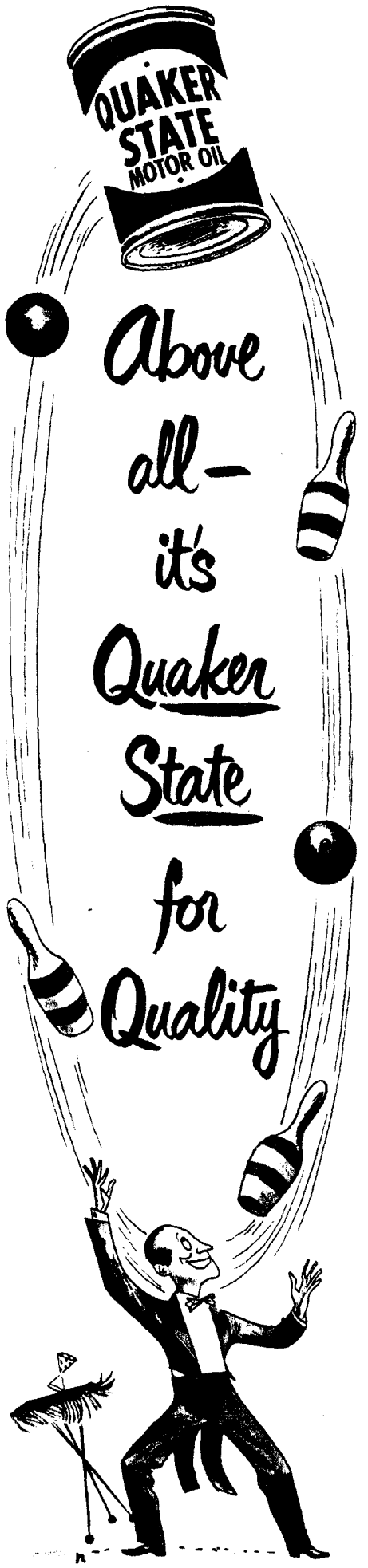
"Yeah?" I said skeptically. "What is it—the mint?"

"No, it's The Maccabees insurance outfit, right here in Detroit," Cox explained. "It's a cinch."

In some ways Cox was right. There *was* $14,000,000 in the vault. It *was* a cinch, more or less. But I still wonder if I would have gone through with it had I known it was going to age me ten years and change the whole course of my life . . .

The Maccabees' vault was the richest Wilson had ever found—and the preparations for cracking it were the most expensive, in both time and money, that the gang had ever made. During the tense weeks building up to the night of the robbery, jealousy and conflict split the members of the gang. Read this episode of suspense that marked the turning point of Wilson's fortune

IN COLLIER'S NEXT WEEK



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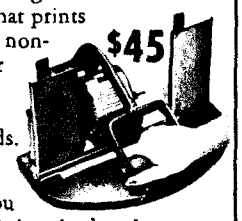

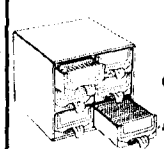

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TRANSFER AT KHARTOUM

Continued from page 29

where Hilary was or what he was doing. And besides, she was secretary to Sir Patrick Beeswing. What was rather worse, she had discovered only during the last few days that what Sir Patrick really wanted was not a secretary, but something else. Claire did not know how she was going to escape his attentions in London.

Claire was roused from these meditations by a light touch on the shoulder. If Madam would come this way, Madam's room was now ready. So Claire followed the long-gowned figure and soon she was entering a room with three beds in it. A modest, plain-looking middle-aged woman was sitting on a hard chair beside one of the beds with her hands folded. She had a round pink face and inclined her head in mute salutation as Claire came in.

The other occupied bed to the right had a green dress on it and a green traveling bag with a zip fastener. The owner, wearing a dressing gown, was sitting facing the mirror over the washstand doing her hair. She just said, "Hullo!" over her shoulder and went on doing her hair.

Claire went to the unoccupied bed, on which the attendant had already put her bag. She put her bag on the floor, slipped off her shoes, and lay down on the bed.

She had lain there for a minute or two when the other young woman spoke to her. "You weren't on our plane, were you?"

"Which was your plane?" Claire asked.

"The Dakota from Cairo to Nairobi. We go on at five tomorrow morning. Awful hour!"

"I go on at five thirty, which is almost as bad. That's the Skymaster from Johannesburg."

"Going home then?" The woman's voice brightened.

"I'm not quite sure at the moment where home is."

THE plain woman had arranged a beret on her head. Now, with a curtsy to each of them, swept voluminously out of the room like a ship in full sail.

The other young woman gazed after her. "Nice old thing!" she said. "Dutch. A teacher in some sort of missionary school. Doesn't speak much English—I don't think I could ever have been a teacher!"

Claire smiled faintly. The pretty figure was not clad in the green dress, and certainly looked very remote from being a teacher. While she was thinking this, Claire suddenly opened her eyes more widely. The other woman's voice had seemed strangely familiar while she was lying there; but it was only now that she realized why. It was exactly like her own voice. And, now that she looked carefully, she saw that the woman was astonishingly like her in other ways, too. The same blue eyes. The same hair. The same height even, to within an inch. They might have been twins.

"What are you staring at?" the woman asked.

"Nothing." Claire got up and put on a dressing gown and sat in front of the mirror. "What's your name?" she went on.

"Angela Soame," the woman answered. "It's not really a very suitable name. The Angela, I mean."

"Are you a secretary like myself?" Claire asked.

"Oh, no," Angela informed her. "I'm a cabaret artiste. Dance. Sing—Dance well. Sing badly. I was stuck in Cairo. Lucky to get out of it the way I did."

"How did you get out of it?" Claire said.

"Got engaged."

"Oh, that's exciting. Is your fiancé with you?"

"Yes, we're going to be married in Nairobi. That is, as soon as he gets his divorce from his present wife."

Claire remained silent. She knew that engagements of this nature were now fairly common, but she didn't quite know what to say about it. It was while she was walking past Angela's bed back to her own that she suddenly stopped dead. It was the label on the bag that arrested her attention. It was a green tie-on label and it had, in addition to the name Angela Soame in handwriting, the printed initials H.S. It had always been one of Hilary's fantasies to have his labels printed with his initials on them.

"Would you mind telling me your fiancé's name, Miss Soame?"

"Why, certainly," Angela replied. "It's Snowden. Hilary Snowden. I think Angela Snowden will be quite a nice name."

"Very nice indeed," Claire agreed. "Perhaps you'd just have a look at the label on my bag."

Angela's carefree manner became rather less carefree as she looked at Claire's label. It was a brown label this time, like the bag and Claire's dress, but it had the same initials, H.S., on it. Claire still had a supply of them amongst her traveling things.

"Why, that's funny—" Angela began.

"Very funny indeed!" Claire cut her short. "But you needn't worry. Though I am the present wife that you spoke about just now, I assure you that there will be no unnecessary delay at all about the divorce."

Angela sat down heavily on her bed and stared at Claire.

"Why the hell!" she began. "Why the hell they'd got to fix *us* side by side in twin beds, I just can't think!" It was at this moment that she noticed for the first time how alike Claire was to her, both in voice and appearance; and the realization seemed to upset her considerably. "So that's why he fell for me so suddenly!" she ended angrily. "It was all because I reminded him of you!"

Angela seized her handbag and dashed out of the room, not at all in the calm way in which the teacher had made her exit.

Claire finished her dressing slowly. It was no surprise to her that Hilary had found another woman; neither was it any consolation that the other was almost a replica of herself. Her first instinct was to go to bed and stay there; but she was due to have dinner with Sir Patrick in ten minutes' time and Sir Patrick did not like to be kept waiting. She could have had a headache, of course; but she was faint with lack of food as well as with anger at Hilary, and she decided to go through with it.

SHE was spared dinner with Sir Patrick, as it happened. She was already outside in the passage when an attendant came along and gave her a note. It was from Sir Patrick. He had had an unexpected summons to dine with the governor-general and he would not be needing her again until the following morning.

The next step was to avoid Hilary and Angela. By spying from behind a pillar she saw that they were sitting in the middle of the main dining room, and she went herself into a small overflow room and found a seat at a large table full of the passengers of a Danish air liner. It was while she was having a much-needed cocktail that she began to wonder why Angela had left the bedroom so suddenly. Obviously it was to go and tell Hilary what had happened; and if that were so, Hilary would try to find her and make explanations after dinner.

Claire decided over her coffee that as the interview was unavoidable, it had better take place where it was free from both interruption and overhearing; and after she had finished she walked slowly across the terrace, down the steps, across the roadway, and stood looking down at the silent-flowing Nile. Presently, as she expected, she heard a step behind her, then a voice.

"Claire!"

"Hullo, Hilary," she answered. "I gather you're on your way to Nairobi."

"I'm not now," Hilary replied. "I can't go on with it."

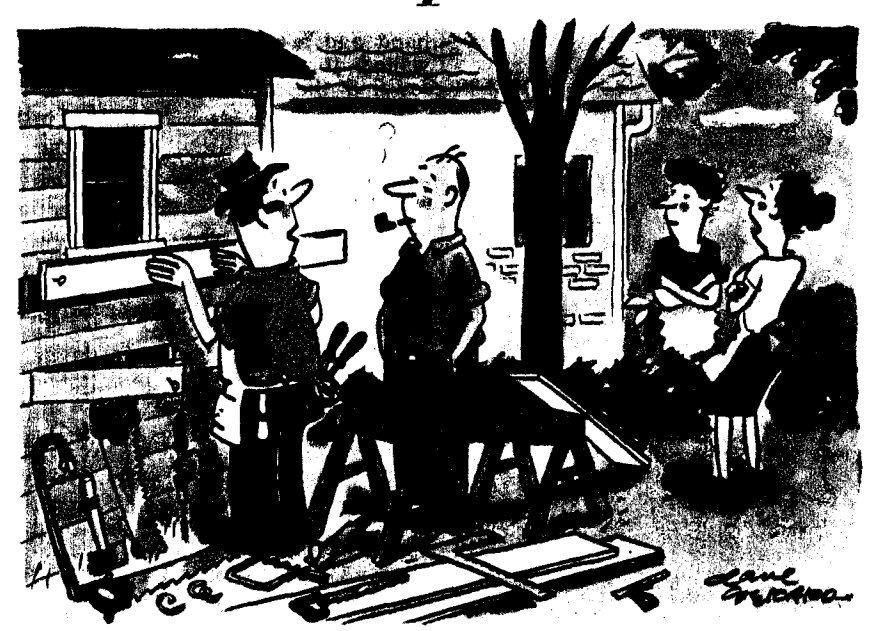
"Where did you find her?" she asked at length.

"In a night club in Cairo. I thought it was you at first. And when I found it wasn't, I was sorry for her."

"I hope you didn't tell her so."

"No, I didn't tell her so. Don't you

Viewpoint



"Decided to repair the garage myself—probably save 50 dollars!" "He purchased enough tools to build a ten-room house!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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see, Claire, that it was you that I wanted, you that I've wanted all this time?"

"What are you going to do in Kenya?" she asked.

"I've got a farm. I haven't seen it yet. But it's been vetted by a man who knows. You'd love it, Claire."

"I!"

"Yes. It's you I want there. I only asked Angela because she seemed so like you. And you had left me."

"Is she really so like me?"

"Not in the least."

"Then perhaps it will be a greater success than it was with us."

"I've still got our passport, Claire. Yours and mine. With our photographs on it. There wouldn't be any difficulty. As you know, they keep the passports at the airport. They'll hand them back tomorrow morning—the separate ones, I mean. Then when we reach Nairobi we'll use this one. No one will know you haven't come all the way from Cairo. Not even the air hostess."

"Aren't you rather forgetting Angela?"

"I'd see she's all right. Get her a passage home," Hilary explained. "It isn't as though she loved me. And she wanted to go home."

"It all sounds very simple, I admit. But aren't you also rather assuming about me? I'm traveling with a man, you know, just as you are traveling with a woman."

"What!"

"The man is Sir Patrick Beeswing. I'm his secretary. I haven't been with him long and he's spent a lot of money taking me on this trip to England."

Hilary paused a moment. "To hell with Sir Patrick Beeswing!" he said; then he put his arm around her.

"No, Hilary, no, no, no," she said. "It's not as easy as that. It's all very well to dream things here in this smooth velvety night. But we've tried it, and it didn't work. I'm going on with Sir Patrick to London."

Hilary saw that the opportunity had gone and he fell into step beside her as she walked away. "All right," he said. "I know how damned stubborn you are. I won't say any more. Except that I'm not going on to Nairobi with Angela."

They were going up the steps by now, onto the terrace. Claire had a sudden longing to fling herself into his arms right in front of all those people who were drinking there. She repressed it, however, and held out her hand.

"Good night, Hilary dear. I'm glad we've met again, and I hope you're happy, whatever happens."

Hilary smiled his old self-confident smile. "Good night, darling. And don't think you've seen the last of me yet. You haven't."

IT WAS after eleven when Claire went back to her room. By then both Angela and the teacher were in bed. The teacher lay on her back, propped rather high on her pillows. Angela, on the other hand, was curled up in a feline ball.

Claire undressed by the light of the bedside lamp so as not to disturb them. When she was in bed with the light out she knew she was not going to sleep a wink. It was outrageous of Hilary to think that he could switch from her to Angela and Angela to her just as though he had tickets for the theater and did not like to go alone.

But she must have slept for a time, for the next thing she knew was a touch on her arm and a whisper in her ear.

"Mrs. Snowden, please! Claire!" Angela said.

"Yes, what is it?"

"We must talk. Time's so short. It's past one already, and the planes will be leaving at five and five thirty."

Claire looked across at the teacher to make certain the Dutchwoman still slept.

"I don't see that there's anything to talk about," she said.

"There's this," Angela answered harshly. "I'm a no-good and you've probably guessed that. But I'm not so bad that I'll stay with a man who's kidding himself all the time that I'm somebody else."

"So you're not going to Nairobi?"

"No."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"That's just it. I've only got a few pounds. Couldn't you let me take your place as far as London? I've been a stand-in in the films once. And I did take a course in shorthand and typing. I wanted to go to London from Cairo, but I didn't have the fare. It was only because I was desperate that I agreed to go with Hilary."

Claire suddenly found herself giggling. She was thinking not of herself, or of Angela, or of Hilary. She was thinking of Sir Patrick. After his initial overtures had been repulsed, a secretary was just a piece of office furniture to him. He would never realize as long as she looked the same.

"Let's see how you look in my dress," she said suddenly.

Angela put it on and rearranged her hair, and Claire found that she might have been looking at herself in a mirror.

"You really want to do this?" she asked finally.

"Yes, I do. And you?"

"I think it's what I want to do, too," she said warmly.

THAT same morning, only two hours later, the terrace was filled with bleary-eyed people, all afraid that they might miss the bus to the airport. Hilary Snowden was there, looking very unhappy, and when he saw the green dress he came straight forward.

"I'm sorry, Angela," he began breathlessly. "But I can't—"

"Can't you, dear?" Claire said quietly.

He took another look. "Darling! But what about Angela?"

"She's taken a job as secretary to Sir Patrick Beeswing."

Hilary chuckled and helped her into the bus.

Half an hour later on the same terrace, Angela, in Claire's brown dress, went up to the smooth portly man who had been pointed out to her as Sir Patrick.

"Good morning, Sir Patrick. A nice morning."

"'Morning, Claire. Had a good rest, I hope?"

"Very good, thank you, Sir Patrick," Angela replied.

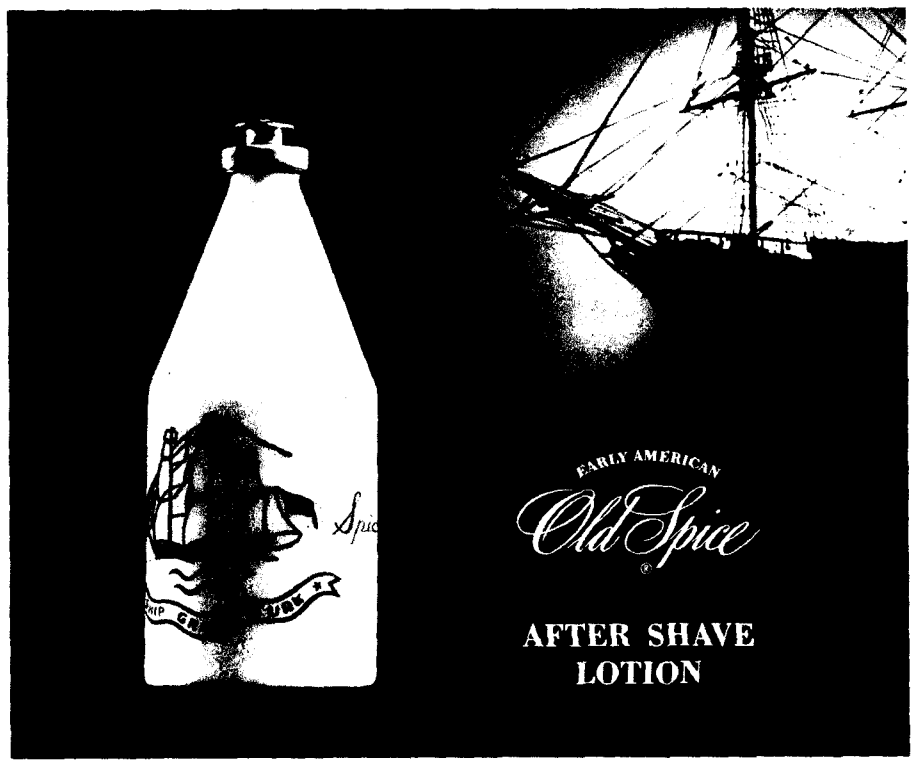
"Got the Wentworth report handy in your case?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Then let's get going. Suppose we'll have the usual damned delay at the airport." . . .

Sir Patrick was a little puzzled over his secretary. When he had engaged her in Johannesburg, he had assessed her as a first-class stenographer even if her manner was a little cold. He had hoped to get over that coldness in time; and he did. It was distressing, nevertheless, that in addition to certain traces of amnesia, which he attributed to the excitement of the journey, her shorthand should have turned out in the end to be barely even adequate. However, she was an excellent receptionist and satisfactory in other ways; so he kept her on, and really now would be quite lost without her.

Hilary and Claire, too, found themselves again on the farm in Kenya and were as happy as they had been during the war. As for the moral of the story—if there is one—it seems to be that those people who insist on issuing passports to us, and stamping and endorsing them and stamping them again, do not really control our movements any more than they do our emotions, and might usefully go and employ themselves on something more profitable. THE END



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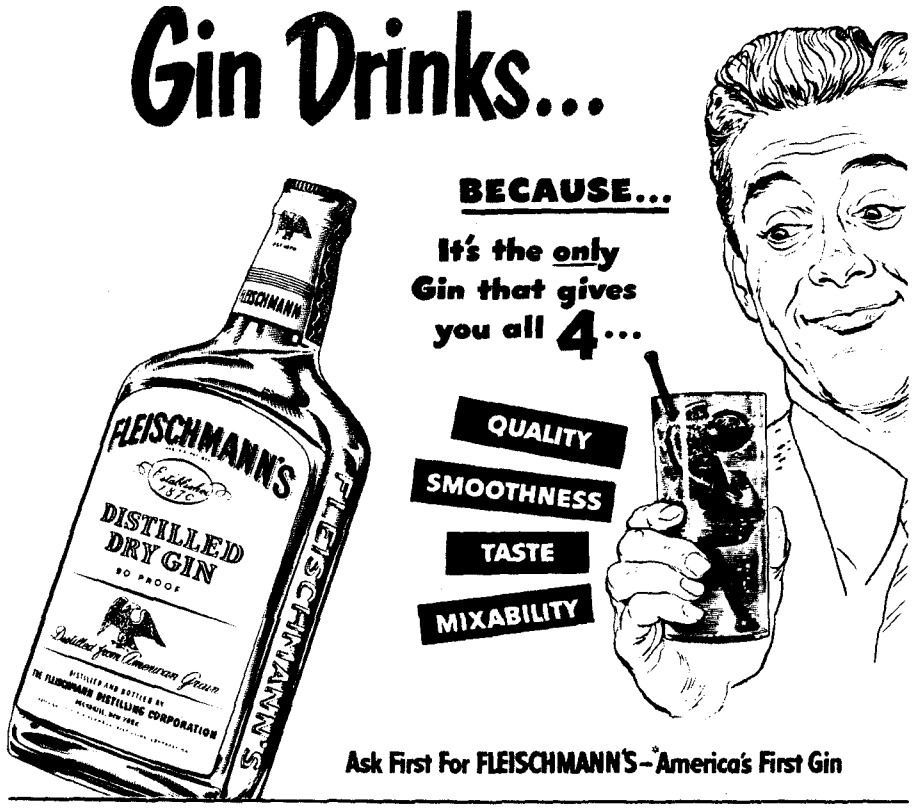

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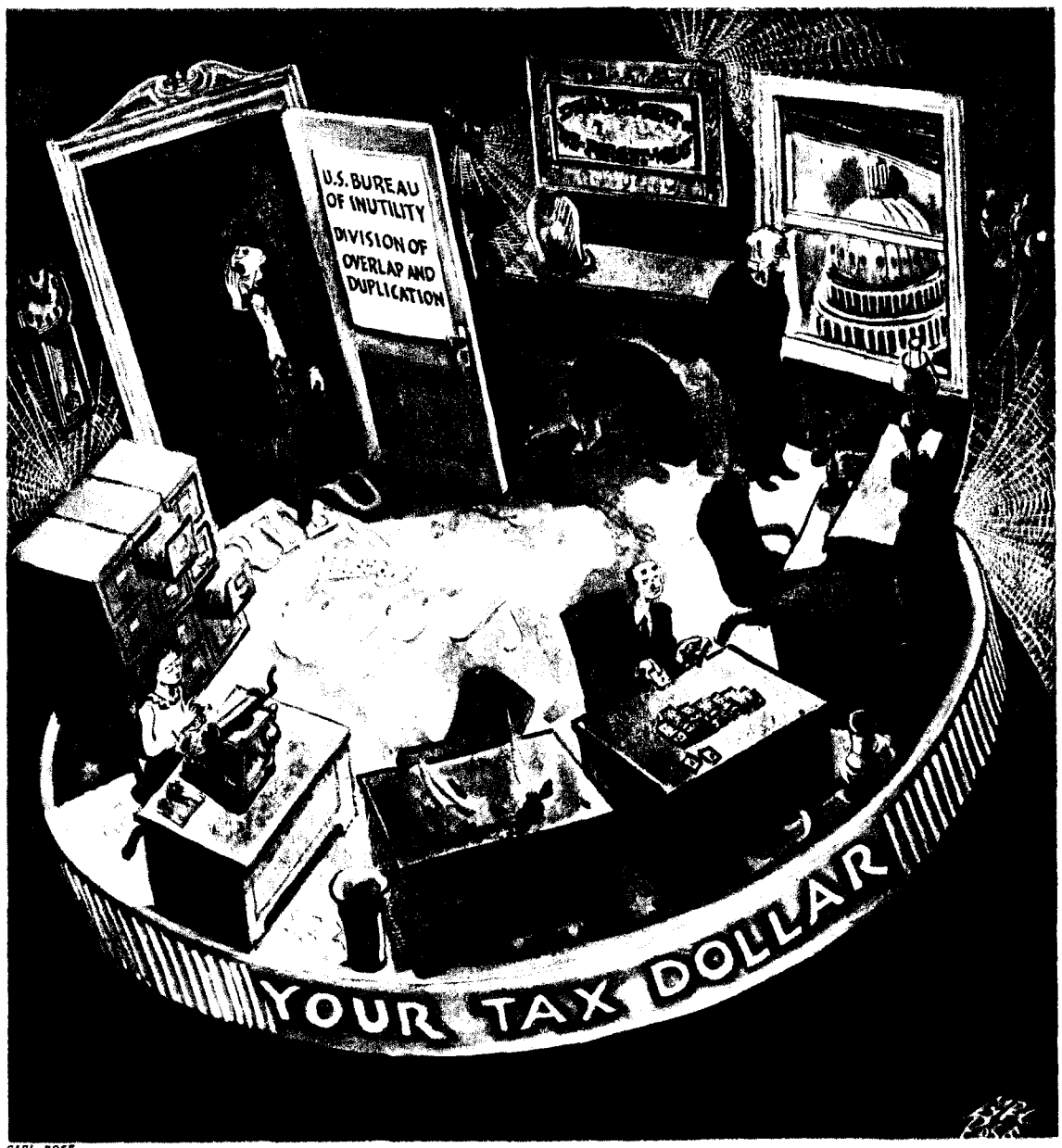

CARL ROSE

MAKE YOUR CONGRESSMAN WRITE YOU A LETTER

THE PRESS has presented such a powerful case for the Hoover Commission report that it might seem needless to give it another boost. There is no longer any problem of selling the report to the public. In fact, there never really was much of a problem, for the report sells itself.

It is an airtight guarantee to cut government spending by billions if the commission's recommendations are carried out. Everybody is in favor of government economy, just as everybody is against sin, at least in principle. It's when they get down to brass tacks that the trouble begins.

Speaking of brass tacks, there is a play called Two Blind Mice, now running in New York, which sticks some tacks into the well-padded figure of our federal bureaucracy. Its plot has to do with a mythical government agency that is still flourishing four years after Congress had voted to abolish it. One New York newspaper assigned a Washington correspondent to review the play and report on how it compared to actuality.

It turned out that the fiction was a rather pale carbon copy of the facts. The Washington correspondent cited, among other examples, the story of Precinradio, Inc. This was an organization set up by the government in 1942 to combat pro-Axis broadcasts in South America. It cost $700,000 a year, and it is still in the process of liquidation.

He also recalled the U.S. Spruce Production Corp., established in 1918 to provide wood for World War I airplanes. Its work was finished in three months. Twenty-six years later, after a second World War had been fought and won with the help of spruceless aircraft, the corporation was finally dissolved and its officers stopped drawing their salaries.

These are only two small examples of the monumental waste, inefficiency and duplication that the Hoover Commission uncovered. The hitch is, a lot of people make their living doing useless or expendable jobs for the government. They aren't all in Washington, either. Almost 90 per cent of government employees work outside the District of Columbia. That makes them constituents and voters. Some have already started to put the squeeze on their congressmen to spare the ax in their particular case. And some congressmen already are beginning to hedge.

This is just what has happened in the past to a number of good plans for government reorganization that never got to first base. It shouldn't happen to the Hoover Commission proposals. Congress must act on the ex-President's plan for two reasons: It is the best and most complete reorganization program ever presented, and the need for it is greater than ever before.

The government, with all its commitments, is skating on thin financial ice. Its citizens can't continue to waste billions of their tax dollars on government inefficiency. And that includes those citizens who draw their pay from the wasted dollars that eventually come out of their own pockets.

Congress knows all this. If enough constituents get after the members, maybe they will do something about it this time. But it isn't just a case of saying, "Write your congressman."

Write to him, sure. But don't tell him, ask him. Ask him to answer your letter and let you know what he is doing about getting action on the Hoover reorganization plan. Ask him whether he will be for it or against it when it comes to a vote. If you don't hear from him, you may safely put him down as one who pays lip service to government economy, but whose heart still remains true to the old boondoggle.

Hail! Chemical Prohibition

WE AWAIT with interest and some misgivings the full impact of Antabuse on our native culture. Antabuse is a new Danish drug which, taken in tablet form, acts as an automatic drink rationer. It ignores your first drink of alcoholic beverage. But if you take a second, the drug hits you before the drink does.

One Antabuse and two Martinis are reported to produce these interesting reactions: The subject blushes; his heart palpitates; he is beset by a feeling of apprehension.

Offhand, we wouldn't say that this is going to solve the problem of excessive drinking. A burning cheek, a bounding heart and an acute uncertainty also mark the onset of puppy love. Businessmen can probably be found who would testify that the combination of a pretty secretary on the knee and an unexpected wife at the office door can induce the same reactions as the combination of Antabuse and alcohol.

But these reactions have never threatened the position of either puppy love or pretty secretaries in our national life. And there is no assurance that the same reactions, chemically induced, would succeed where the Eighteenth Amendment failed. In fact, the only certainty we can foresee is an uncertainty. With Antabuse on the scene, one could never be sure whether the telltale blush denoted a secret shame or a second snort.

Nonsway Communism?

THE RUSSIANS boast that Moscow's new skyscrapers will be rigid and inflexible. Unlike such decadent capitalistic structures as the Empire State Building, they will not sway in the strongest wind.

It might be nice if the designers of these buildings could do a job on the Communist party line when they finish their present assignment. Things would be considerably safer and more comfortable if Soviet policy toward the outside world were as firm, predictable and dependable as the skyscrapers promise to be.

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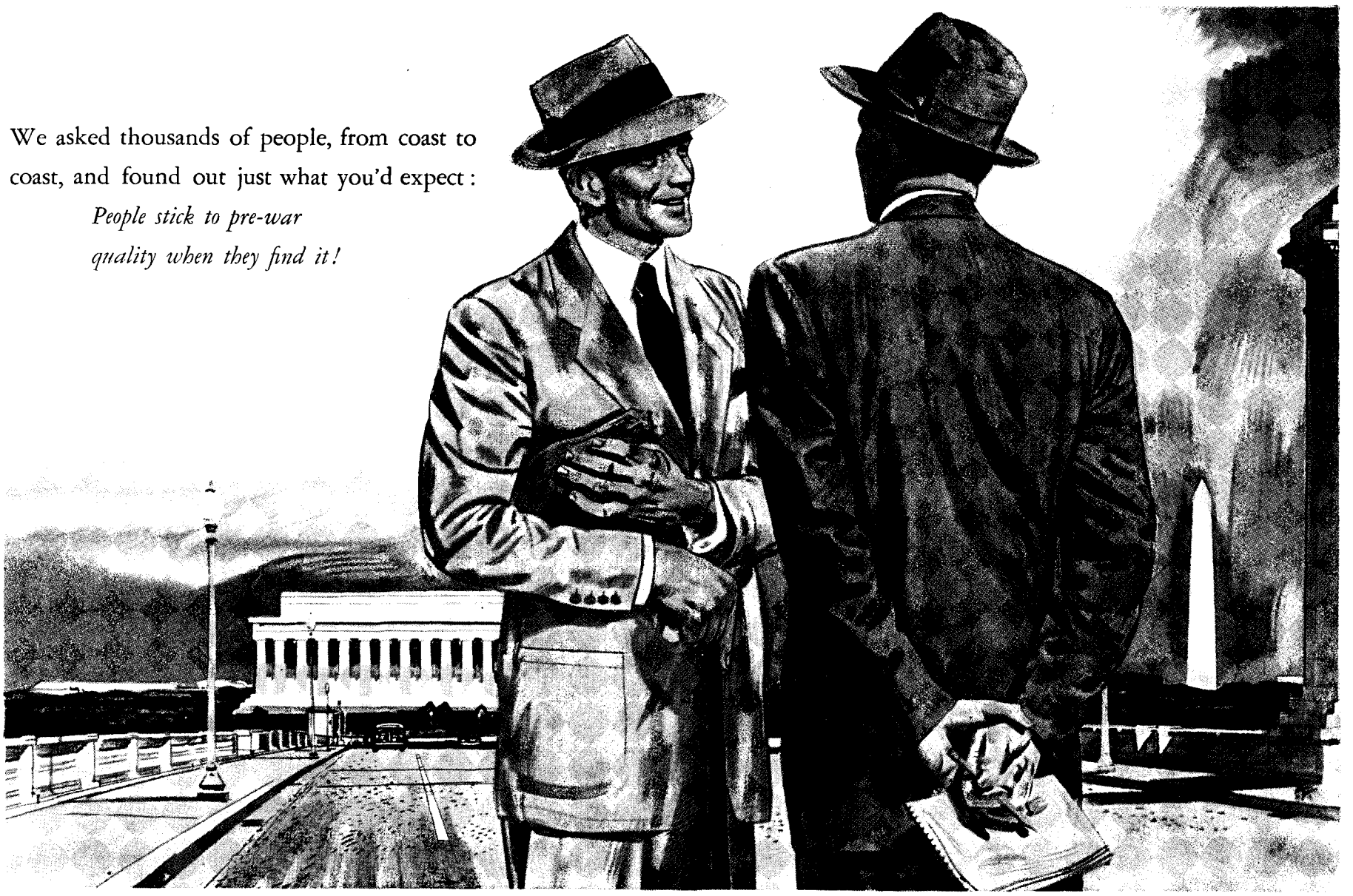

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